Collier's

JULY 31, 1943

TEN CENTS

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SHORE-TO-SHORE INVADERS SEE PAGE 12

GRAPH BY HANS GROENHOFF

THE LONG ROAD BACK

Radioed from Moscow

By Quentin Reynolds

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ly 31, 1943

MRS HAROLD SMITH 12B
851 N WASHINGTON
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7AU43

Armour ideas make the most of meat

12 new sandwich ideas from Armour

Here's good eating for the home front! Easy to make – and easy on points, too!

You can go a long way toward keeping that family of yours nutritionally fit by knowing a few simple sandwich tricks. For appetizing sandwiches always get a big welcome—and if planned with a little care, they can provide 5 of the 7 basic foods your family should eat every day.

For instance, these 12 new sandwich ideas from Armour's kitchens contain meat, bread, butter, eggs and several vegetables—all essential foods for a well-rounded diet. They're sandwich fillings that have what it takes to satisfy the active workers in your family. They have variety, they carry well, keep well, and are easy for *you* to prepare.

Armour and Company offers a wonderful choice of fine foods for all 12 of these interesting sandwich fillings. You'll find them thrifty, too. One can of Armour's Treet makes fillings for as many as 10 to 12 sandwiches (at only ½ point each).

Of course, you'll make many of your sandwiches with leftover meats. But for variety, always include at least one different sandwich in every sandwich lunch. So save these suggestions. They were worked out by Armour food economists whose experience can be of real help to you in making the most of meat.

Armour's
Treet

1. TREET AND EGG SALAD SANDWICH:

On one slice of enriched white bread place 2 thin slices of Armour's Treet (1 can gives 10-12 thin slices – makes 5-6 sandwiches). On other slice spread egg salad made by chopping 1 hard-cooked Cloverbloom Egg, mixing with 1 tsp. chopped green pepper, add salad dressing.

2. OLD FASHIONED SANDWICH:

Place 1 thin slice of Star Old Fashioned Loaf (a blend of choice Armour beef and pork) on one slice of whole wheat bread. Spread second slice of bread with creamed Cloverbloom Butter and mayonnaise mixed in equal portions. Include 3 or 4 tiny green onions between layers.

Armour's
STAR

3. STAR LIVER SAUSAGE SANDWICH:

Place 2 liberal slices of Star Liver Sausage on one slice of rye bread. Spread a thin layer of creamed Cloverbloom Butter on other and top with shredded or chopped raw cabbage. Serve a dill pickle with the sandwich. Cabbage will not wilt in a sandwich even after standing.

4. Chopped Treet Sandwich: Grind 1 can Armour's Treet and mix with equal parts of ground peanuts and salad dressing to moisten. This mixture makes 10-12 sandwiches. Keeps a week in your refrigerator. Serve with sweet pickles.

5. Star Salami Sandwich: Place thin slices of Star Salami on rye bread. Spread second slice with creamed butter mixed with prepared mustard.

Sandwich Tips

Keep sandwiches moist by including mayonnaise, creamed butter, mustard, or a crisp, chopped vegetable. Wrap each sandwich separately in wax paper.

Spread fillings right to edge of bread, but not oozing over. Cream your butter for easy spreading.

Mustard, lemon juice, horseradish or mayonnaise added to creamed butter makes it go further.

Lettuce wilts, so wrap it separately in wax paper. It can be added to the sandwich just before eating.

Use different breads: Nut, Whole Wheat, Enriched White, Raisin, Rye.

6. Star Bologna and Cheese: Place a thin slice of Star Large Bologna on a piece of enriched white bread. Spread a second slice liberally with Cloverbloom Cream Cheese softened with cream and mixed with a little prepared horseradish. Put together to carry or serve open faced for lunch at home. Include sliced radishes.

7. Treet and Tomato Sandwich: Place 2 thin slices of Treet on piece of whole wheat bread. Spread Cloverbloom Butter creamed and mixed with a little mustard on the other slice of bread – top with thin slices of tomato. If the sandwich must stand several hours before being eaten – wrap tomato separately. It can be added to sandwich just before eating.

8. Brown Bread and Cloverbloom Cream Cheese: Use rather thin slices of steamed Boston Brown Bread. Put together with a thin layer of creamed Cloverbloom Butter and a liberal filling of Cloverbloom Cream Cheese softened with cream and mixed with chopped green pepper. Really delicious for parties, home lunch, or lunch box. Stays moist and delicious.

Cloverbloom

9. Star Bacon and Peanut Butter: Spread one slice of whole wheat bread with Armour's Peanut Butter mixed with salad dressing in equal amounts. Place chopped, crisp Star Bacon over the peanut butter.

10. Star Ham, Mustard and Piccalilli Sandwich: Spread one slice of whole wheat or rye bread with softened Cloverbloom Butter and top with a slice of cooked Star Ham. Spread second slice of bread with a light layer of prepared mustard, top with a thin layer of piccalilli.

11. Cloverbloom Cheese and Olives: Lay thin slices of Cloverbloom Swiss, American or Pimiento Cheese on one slice of bread. Spread second slice with mayonnaise and top with thin slices of stuffed olives.

12. Victory Sandwich: Spread one layer of whole wheat bread with creamed Cloverbloom Butter. Top with freshly grated Cloverbloom Pimiento Cheese. Add a layer of freshly grated raw carrot. Top with a second slice of bread.

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's Branded Products:

Star Ham and Bacon **Star Beef, Lamb, Veal** **Star Sausages** **Star Canned Meats**
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

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Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

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BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

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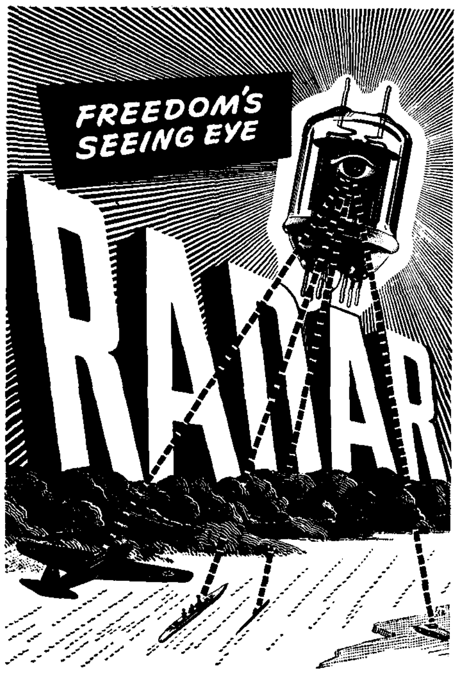

Motorola Radio
ENGINEERS

ARE PROUD OF THEIR PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS MIGHTY WEAPON

The entire American radio industry early in 1942 was called upon to quickly assume the job of turning out a vastly increased quantity of military radio communications equipment. How efficiently this order was carried out can best be attested to by our armed forces . . . on land, on sea and in the air. Without question, America and its Allies have the best communications equipment in the world, and it is these superior "eyes and ears" of modern warfare that are helping to win our fight for Victory and a lasting Peace.

HOW RADAR DOES ITS WORK

"By precise use of radio waves, the location of enemy ships and planes are plotted swiftly and exactly as they sail or fly beyond reach of the most powerful field glass. Mist and cloud . . . not even the blackness of the darkest night can hide the enemy from the electronic tube and its associated equipment."
(OWI release, May 14, 1943.)

Motorola Engineers are famous for their pioneering of many significant electronic principles. Specialists in the field of Portable and Mobile A-M and F-M radio equipment, they will be as ready for the American public on V-Day as they were when America called them into national service.

Expect Big Things from Motorola—They're in the Making!

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, the Motorola organization was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added Star for continued excellence of performance. Motorola is proud of the part it has been privileged to play in the speeding of Victory.

ARMY E NAVY

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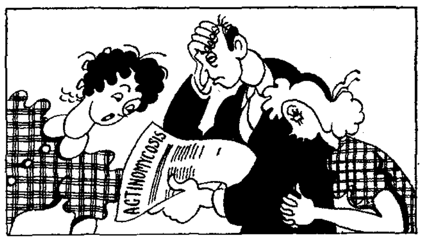
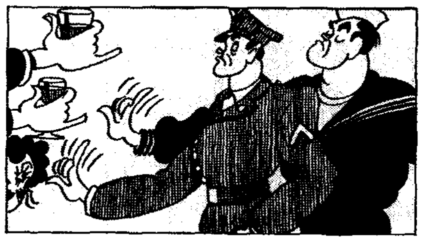
ANY WEEK

WE WISH to warn you that you may be suffering from actinomycosis and not know it. So why not write today to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., who, according to Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, is in a somewhat bitter pet because he had a vast number of books on The Cure and Prevention of Actinomycosis (Streptothrichosis) or New *Treatise on Granulomatous Botts in* Man and Beast, and no takers. Mr. Kavanaugh has written to the Superintendent of Documents urging him to adopt the OWI's policy of advertising the war and to Sell Actinomycosis To the People. "Who knows?" demands Mr. Kavanaugh. "Washington is probably rife or something with actinomycosis which, as everybody knows, is picked up from streptothrix parasites. If you have a mess of granulomatous botts it's ten to one it's actinomycosis. Your Superintendent of Documents is eager to help you shake them off in spite of the paper shortage. Go on. Be a good guy and send for your copy."



A WOMAN we know has a colored maid and between them there is a bond, since both have sons in the Army. "What branch of the service is your son in, Emma?" asked the employer. Emma seemed a trifle vague. "Whut you mean branch, ma'am?" Her mistress explained: "Is he in the infantry, the artillery, the engineers, the cavalry or what?" Emma brightened. "No, ma'am, Sidney ain't in nothin' like that. He's in the corporals."

WE'VE received several protests from customers who insist that this and other magazines are saying that some of the men in our Armed Forces drink, use profane language and even gamble. And certain subversive publications have hinted that the lads get women on their minds. We are guiltless. We know from experience that soldiers, sailors and Marines never swear, drink, game or have truck with women. Moreover, we civilians can't be too careful of the example we set to our fighting men. We are now on the trail of a rumor that a Georgia town is about to pass an ordinance requiring all civilians when taking a drink indoors to draw the shades lest passing service men see, and be tempted. Tempted to bust in perhaps.



BUT Miss Daisy Haig of Los Angeles, California, informs us that some perfectly horrible language was used not long ago in the presence of a number of Jap prisoners. And by civilians, too. Moreover, there were American soldier guards present. Until the bus in which Miss Haig was riding reached Manzanar, California, it was filled with civilians. At Manzanar there is a large Jap concentration camp. An Army captain boarded the bus there, told all the passengers that they would have to give up their seats to Jap prisoners who were being transferred. And he made them do it, too. The Japs got on, grinning. Some of the civilian passengers got off, swearing dreadfully. But some stayed on, standing and saying things that must have shocked the Japs, to say nothing of corrupting the Army guards, including the captain. What would those civilians think if this were to get back to Japan, and Jap soldiers began swearing in front of American prisoners? But those Californians are probably ashamed of themselves by now.

ANOTHER military note comes from a Chattanooga gentleman who, in his haste, failed to mention his name. A country boy, he reports, from the Deep South was doing sentry duty at Fort McClellan. It was along toward midnight and the country boy from the Deep South was getting a bit nervous, not being used to being out so late at night. It is the habit of officers to try to surprise sentries by creeping up on their posts and making strange noises. This happened to the country boy from the Deep South. He not only heard the strange noise but saw the noisemaker, who was hiding behind a bush. Whereat he laid down his rifle and yelled: "Who is there? Answer quick before I come around that there bush and punch hell outa you." If we had this contributor's name we'd write to tell him the story has the odor of World War I corn. But it's just as well. He'd only write back saying, "So what?" . . . W. D.

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Collier'

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THIS WEE

JULY 31, 1943

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Some heartening facts for those who worry about Cancer

ALL OVER the country, medical science is waging an intensive battle against cancer.

What progress is being made? Are more lives now being saved?

The answer is "Yes!" The proof is to be found in the growing thousands of patients who have been cured of cancer and who literally have new leases on life.

Although it is now generally recognized that cancer is curable, medical men would like to impress the public with one important point:

> **The chances of cure depend directly upon *how early* the disease is recognized and treatment begun. Cancer, in the beginning, is a local disease, confined to a small area. If not treated, it spreads until cure is very difficult, often impossible.**

Doctors know that people sometimes delay examination of a suspicious symptom through a tendency to "wait and see." If you are one of these, or if there is such a person among your family or friends, your own peace of mind calls for an immediate examination. Encouragingly enough, authorities tell us that only a comparatively small percentage of such symptoms prove to be cancers upon examination. This is borne out by the following report of a leading cancer clinic . . .

> **Of several hundred women who applied for examination because they had suspicious symptoms and suspected cancer, only 11½%, or slightly more than one in ten actually had the disease. Imagine the relief of the other 88½% who learned that they did not have cancer!**

Thus, the symptoms which rightly cause people to think that they may have cancer do not *always* mean that cancer is present. However, they usually do indicate that something is wrong which needs medical attention. The difference can be determined only by a careful examination. It is always best to play safe. The presence of any of the following symptoms warrants an immediate visit to the doctor . . .

1. **Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.**
2. **Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.**
3. **Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.**
4. **Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.**
5. **Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.**
6. **Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.**

The tremendous strides which medical science has made in treating cancer will become even greater as each of us *fights cancer with knowledge.* Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

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75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

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Illustrated left to right: The Exmore, The Milburn, The Westfield

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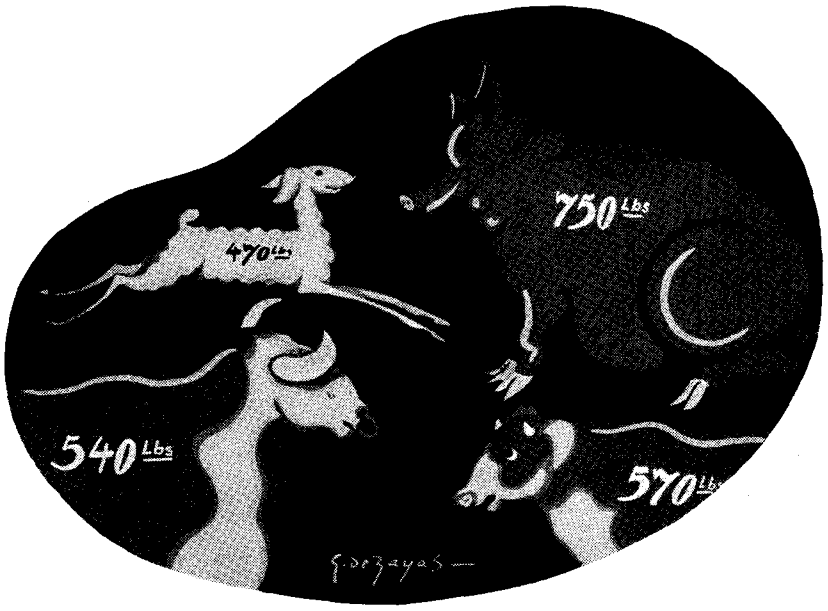


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For every 1,000 pounds on the hoof, sheep and lambs produce 470 pounds of usable meat, beef cattle 540 pounds, veal calves 570 pounds and hogs 750 pounds.

Although capital punishment was still imposed in prewar Belgium, death sentences were commuted automatically to imprisonment for life since an execution in 1863 at which the bungled work of the guillotiner caused a witness to go insane.—*By Ensign William Mittendorff, Ocracoke, N. C.*

A remarkable "single-sex" family, which produced 35 sons and no daughters in four consecutive generations, was discovered a short time ago in California. The head of the family, an only child, had three small boys; his grandfather, 12 sons; and his great-grandfather, 19 sons.

Besides being a fortress, the Rock of Gibraltar is also a Crown Colony that, with barely 18,000 civilians, is not only able to pay its governor $30,000 a year, but also to finance itself in every other way, the major part of its revenue being duties on liquor and tobacco.

Water is not found in the lungs of many persons who have drowned. A number of these victims, when sinking the first time, suddenly develop a spasm of the larynx which tightly closes the throat and causes suffocation through the absence of air rather than the presence of water.—*By T. T. Taylor, Terrell, Texas.*

The bargain basement of a large Boston department store regularly reduces the price of every piece of merchandise one fourth after it has been on sale for two weeks, one half after three weeks, three fourths after four weeks and then gives the article to charity if it is still unsold at the end of five weeks.

A new study of the consumption of dentifrices discloses that 74 out of every 1,000 Americans never use any kind, not even salt or soda. . . . Owing to its greater weight a wedding ring for a man generally costs from 50 to 75 per cent more than the matching ring for the bride.

A remarkable new machine, 175 feet long and costing $800,000, is used in the production of airplane engines in a plant in South Bend, Indiana. With 162 tools, it cuts and finishes 130 cylinder heads simultaneously in two hours, or 151 times as fast as the former method.

During the nine years of its existence, the Federal Communications Commission has revoked the licenses of only two standard broadcast radio stations and refused to renew those of only 15 others out of more than 9,000 applications.

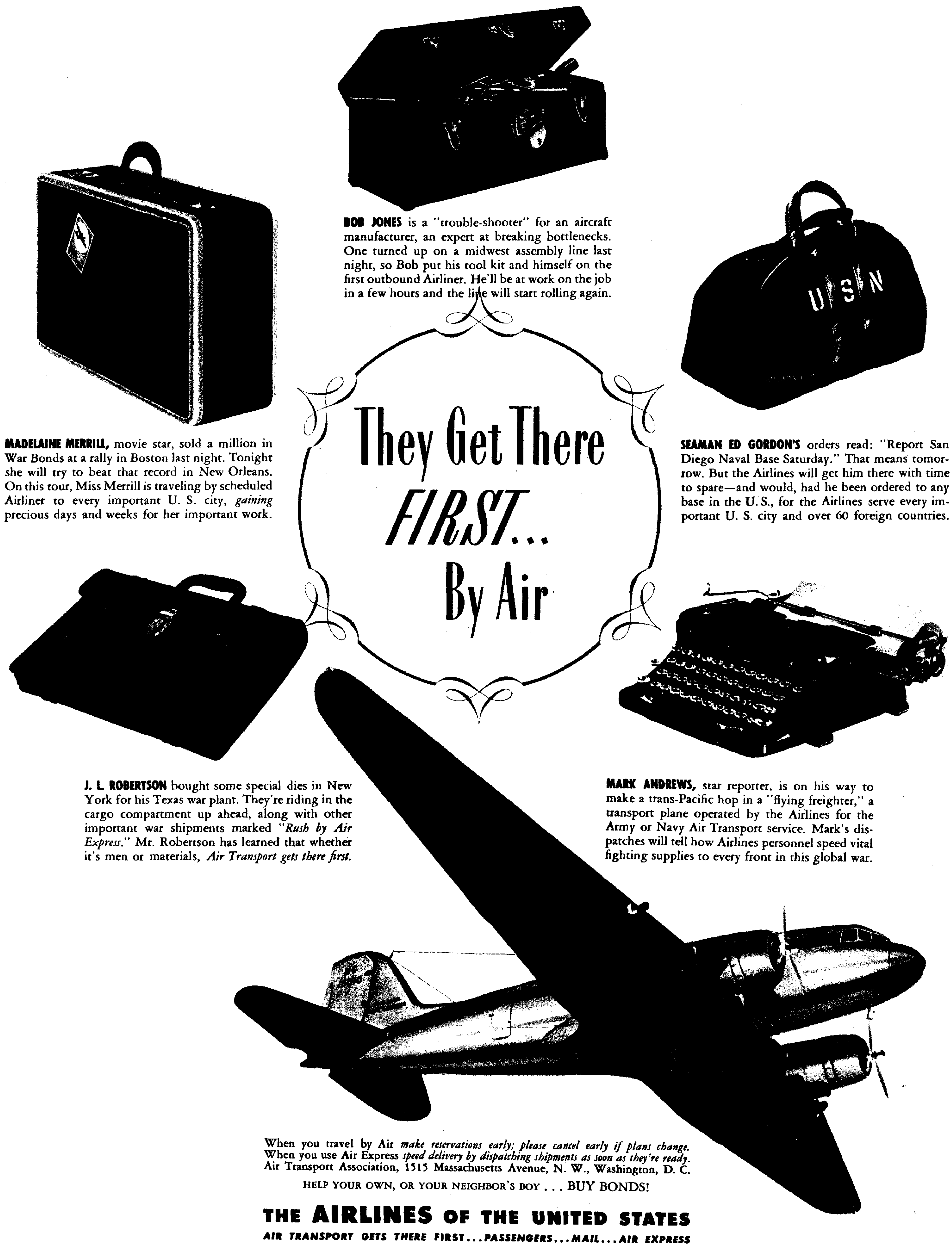
Everyone in Capetown, Union of South Africa, stops his work daily at 12 noon to observe a two-minute period of silence, the men with bared heads, to honor their dead war heroes. The period begins with a gun signal and ends with the bugle call, "The Last Post," the country's equivalent to taps.

The 2,516 miles of track abandoned by our railroads in 1942 included a stretch running through Promontory Point, Utah, the historic spot where the tracks of the Union Pacific from the East and those of the Central Pacific from the West were joined on May 10, 1869, completing America's first transcontinental railroad.

Since 1917, Russia has published 15,000,000 copies of books by American writers, over 6,500,000 having been the works of Jack London and 2,000,000 those of Mark Twain.—*By Mary Louise Sayre, New York City.*

The Allied and Axis air forces use today about 400 types of war planes. . . . Hitler is pronounced "Gitler" by the Russians because their language has no H sound. . . . At least 150 brands of leg make-up lotions and creams are now on the market and their 1943 sales are likely to reach 50,000,000 bottles and jars. . . . The sea lanes traveled regularly today by Allied convoys have a total length of 80,000 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



They Get There *FIRST*... By Air

BOB JONES is a "trouble-shooter" for an aircraft manufacturer, an expert at breaking bottlenecks. One turned up on a midwest assembly line last night, so Bob put his tool kit and himself on the first outbound Airliner. He'll be at work on the job in a few hours and the line will start rolling again.

MADELAINE MERRILL, movie star, sold a million in War Bonds at a rally in Boston last night. Tonight she will try to beat that record in New Orleans. On this tour, Miss Merrill is traveling by scheduled Airliner to every important U. S. city, *gaining* precious days and weeks for her important work.

SEAMAN ED GORDON'S orders read: "Report San Diego Naval Base Saturday." That means tomorrow. But the Airlines will get him there with time to spare—and would, had he been ordered to any base in the U. S., for the Airlines serve every important U. S. city and over 60 foreign countries.

J. L. ROBERTSON bought some special dies in New York for his Texas war plant. They're riding in the cargo compartment up ahead, along with other important war shipments marked "*Rush by Air Express.*" Mr. Robertson has learned that whether it's men or materials, *Air Transport gets there first.*

MARK ANDREWS, star reporter, is on his way to make a trans-Pacific hop in a "flying freighter," a transport plane operated by the Airlines for the Army or Navy Air Transport service. Mark's dispatches will tell how Airlines personnel speed vital fighting supplies to every front in this global war.

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.*
When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.*
Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

contains LANOLIN*

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin* removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

*REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

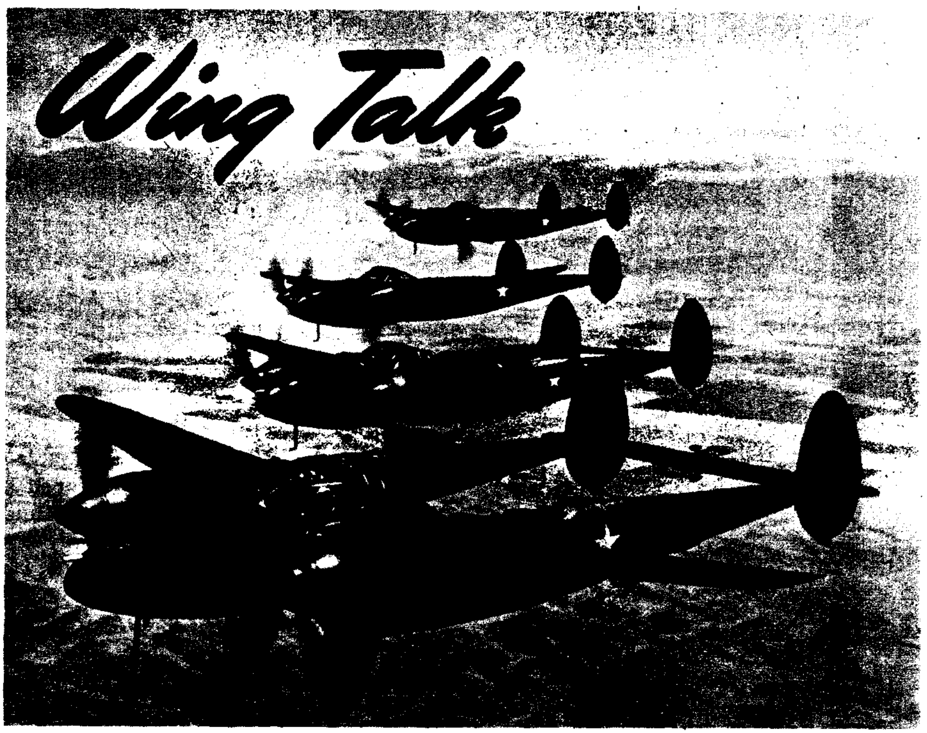
EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!

Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.

Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Wing Talk



HANS GROENHOFF

Although primarily a fighter, the P-38 Lightning can handle almost any job from low-level bombing to spanning the ocean

THE kid's name is John V. Bendoritis, and his home is in Eagle River, Wisconsin. On April 28th, precisely at 8:45 in the morning, he wheeled a four-motored Liberator bomber into the wind on a certain desert landing field bordering the Mediterranean and took off in a cloud of red dust for Naples. He had just barely come over, and it was his seventh mission.

In the big ship with him were nine other men. Three of the ten are now living and all tell the same story. The other two survivors are a waist gunner named Joseph E. Tamuleircz of Millis, Massachusetts, and the copilot, Lieutenant E. E. Reynolds of Amarillo, Texas.

It was a lovely day with a few cumulus clouds over the blue sea, and Lieutenant Bendoritis and his men felt pretty good. They had a load of 500-pound demolition bombs in their bays, which they hoped shortly to dump on the Vittorio Emanuele mole and adjoining quays.

They circled around over the field for about half an hour, picking up the rest of the formation, and then headed out to sea. This was about 9:15 A. M. At about 9:50—Lieutenant Bendoritis remembers because he was checking his instruments—they went down to about thirty feet above the water to get a true reading on the altimeter at sea level before starting the usual long climb into the stratosphere.

LIEUTENANT BENDORITIS had one hand on his wheel and the other on his altimeter adjustment knob—a little gadget like the one with which you set your speedometer.

He says the next thing he remembers is the wheel starting to move in and out of its own accord, as if somebody or something had taken over the controls without his knowing about it. He glanced across the cockpit at Reynolds but the copilot's hands were folded in his lap. Bendoritis still wasn't very worried and he reached for the wheel with both hands.

"I don't know whether I ever got that other hand on the wheel or not," he said, "because just then we hit the water, and the whole front of the plane broke off."

The next thing Bendoritis remembers is a big wave of green sea water which washed him out of the cockpit and into the Mediterranean as the plane sank.

"I saw Reynolds swimming around near me. He seemed to be having trouble getting his life vest down from around his neck, so I started over to help. Then I felt a pain in my left leg and figured I must have sprained it, or something. I turned over on my back to take a look, and the sea was all red behind me."

One more look was all that was necessary. He didn't have the leg.

Fliers in the American Air Forces have a saying which they reserve for times when they are quite sure they are going to die, and on that day Lieutenant Bendoritis said it twice. He said it to himself once when the plane first hit the water, and again when he saw the red-tinged sea.

The phrase is, "This is it."

HAVING made up his mind that this indeed was "it," the lieutenant asked Reynolds—quite calmly under the circumstances—if he had his .45 along. "I knew I was bleeding to death," he pointed out, "and I thought it would be a lot better that way. I was already feeling a little weak and I don't remember what Reynolds said about the gun, because just then something bumped into my arm. It was a hunk of board with a package tied to it."

There then took place, some fifty miles out in the tossing water of the oldest sea known to man, one of those miracles which never cease to make men wonder.

The hunk of board nudged the lieutenant under the arm and bumped against his chest. It was too small to serve as a support, so he pushed it away. It nudged again. This time he looked down to read the lettering on the little pouch. It said: "U.S.A. MEDICAL DEPARTMENT."

Lieutenant Bendoritis says he was a little too far gone to be surprised. He reached into the pouch and drew forth a modern, foolproof, Army tourniquet which, with the help of Reynolds and Tamuleircz, he applied to what was left of his leg, thus saving his life.

The rest of the story is quite a common one off the coast of Africa these days. The three men found a life raft floating near the wreckage of their plane and climbed aboard. At four o'clock they were picked up by a British navy patrol boat, and Lieutenant Bendoritis and his crew were back in an American Field hospital in Libya some hours later.

He's not only going to get well, but the surgeon says, with the amputation ten inches below the knee, he can have things fixed up so he'll be able to dance.

Lieutenant Bendoritis has other ambitions. He wants to fly a Liberator over Naples again, but it's doubtful if they will let him do that. They don't want to strain his luck, if it was luck. ★★★

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 31, 1943

GISSIMO, JUNIOR

BY
HARRISON FORMAN
RADIOED FROM CHUNGKING

Chiang Kai-shek has a son who is quite a person in his own right. Named Chiang Ching-kuo, he is building a model state to serve as an example for New China

Young Chiang enforces hard justice in New Kannan. When an expectant mother pleaded that she could not pay her jailed husband's debts, he said the state wouldn't either, then gave her free prenatal care. He dispensed dunce caps to women caught gambling and sentenced them to six months' hard labor

RECENTLY the wives of some wealthy merchants and bankers of New Kannan in South China, caught playing mah-jongg, were brought before Commissioner Chiang Ching-kuo.

"Don't you know gambling is forbidden in New Kannan?" said Chiang.

"Yes, but—" the women stuttered.

"There can be no 'buts' about the law," Chiang interrupted. "The law explicitly says 'No gambling,' and you know very well the penalty for violation."

Whereupon, Chiang pronounced punishment: Wearing paper dunce hats inscribed "Gambler," the women were paraded through the streets and forced to kneel for three hours in front of a monument to fallen soldiers in a city park amid the humiliating comments of their fellow citizens; then they were sentenced to six months at hard labor, cracking stones for construction of the city's new streets.

Strong stuff perhaps, but only by such determined measures was it possible to transform into a model of enlightened government a district which four years ago possessed all the wickedest vices of old China—a district of opium-sodden, bandit-ridden towns and villages reeking with filth where gambling and prostitution flourished, and the corrupt gentry ruled as ruthless feudal barons.

Tucked away in a corner of South China within a few minutes' flight from Jap air bases, New Kannan is bigger than Massachusetts, with a population of nearly two millions. Its administrator, Chiang Ching-kuo, is the 32-year-old son of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. But don't think New Kannan is a soft job that his son holds by grace of parental influence. New Kannan is exclusively young Chiang's—created by efforts marked by ability and carried forward by a personality worthy of his father.

Returning to China shortly after the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities, after twelve years in Russia, young Chiang faced a stern father.

"I have ideas—progressive ideas—and I want an opportunity to prove them," Chiang Ching-kuo said, and, after momentary hesitation, added, "And I'd like to try them out under the worst possible conditions."

The Generalissimo gave him his chance. He sent him to New Kannan in southern Kiangsi Province, where "the worst possible conditions" existed.

When young Chiang arrived and took over the administration of the eleven counties in his district, he discovered he'd taken on more than he bargained for. The arrogant landed gentry regarded him suspiciously with ill-concealed contempt. The merchants of vice ignored him and continued to operate gambling houses and opium dens, confident of the protection of corrupt officials. Highwaymen battened on the countryside; bloody clan feuds took their regular toll of life while the common people, long resigned to abuse, were indifferent.

Young Chiang said little but quietly took stock. Systematically he visited every corner of his domain, stopping to talk with officials, peasants, merchants and artisans, listening to complaints and suggestions. Always he walked—sometimes as much as fifty miles a day. Every village, he observed, had built a fortress tower of heavy stone for protection from bandits. Halfhearted military expeditions against the bandits had failed to discourage banditry.

Young Chiang made his decision. Respect for law and order must be re-established before he could hope for anything constructive. He selected the biggest of the bandit gangs and set out with only a single servant. Proceeding up a rocky defile, he was suddenly challenged by a sentry who searched him and brought him before the chieftain. The bandit leader, Wang, expressed amazement at Chiang's temerity in coming unarmed.

Young Chiang smiled and said, "But I've brought a couple of bottles of excellent wine, over which let us have a little talk."

With innate Chinese courtesy, Bandit Wang invited him in.

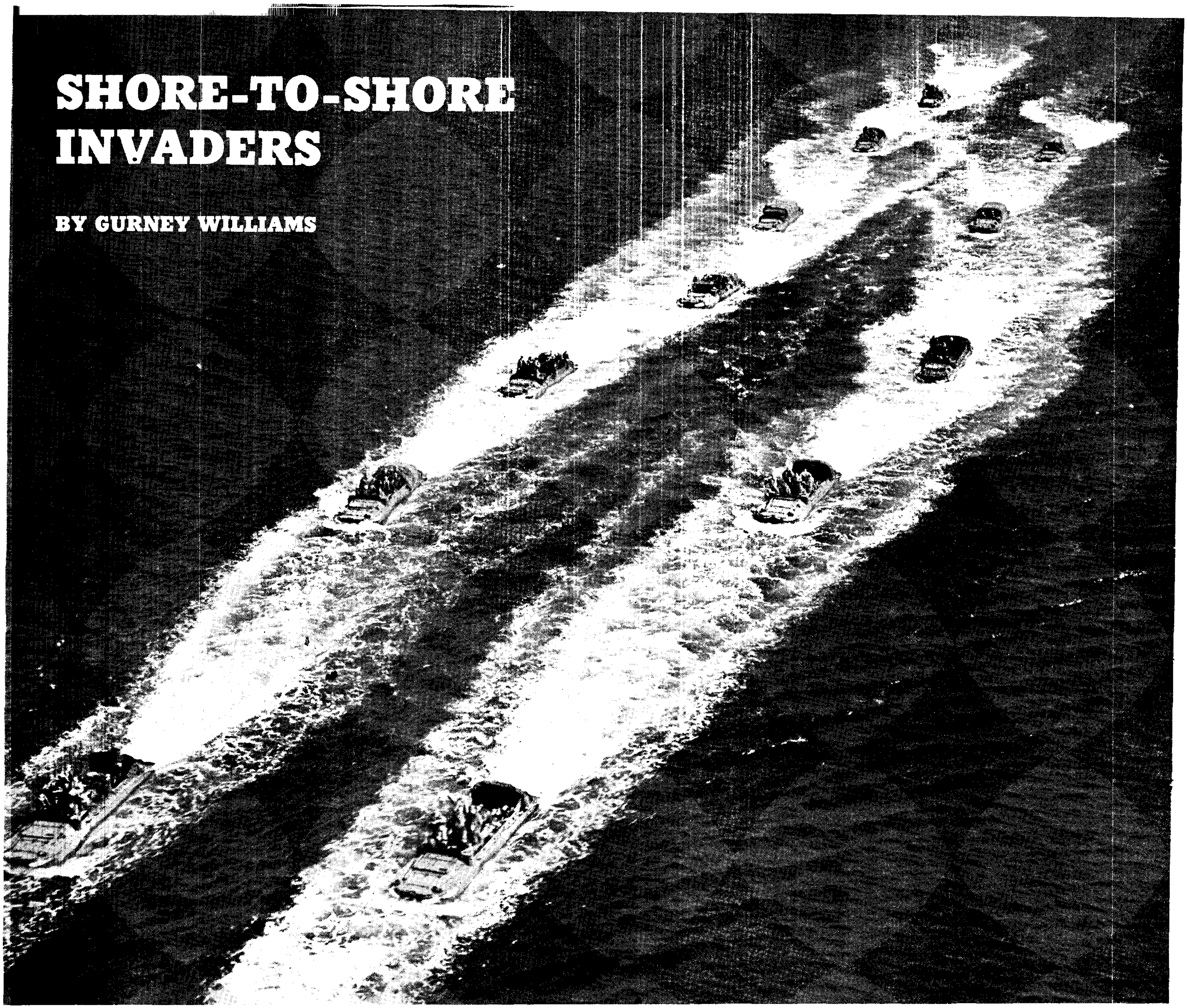
"Of course I was somewhat excited and worried, too," young Chiang admitted to me. "But I knew bigger issues were at

(Continued on page 61)

Chiang greets his Russian wife and son, Ailan, upon arrival at Kweilin. Their five-year-old daughter stayed at home. They seldom speak English, use Russian for family conversation

SHORE-TO-SHORE INVADERS

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

A dozen "Ducks"—the Army's new 2½-ton amphibian trucks—plow through the ocean to prove they are as much at home at sea as on land. Their speed is a secret but their value in shore-to-shore invasion operations is obvious

A fast LCP (Landing Craft for Personnel) roars toward the beach. This high-powered counterpart of the bootlegger boat of Prohibition has no ramp but backs quickly off the beach after the men leap over the side

LCPL 17
LCPL

In the smallest of the ramp-loading barges, troops shove off from a "friendly shore" to attack an "enemy shore" (see front cover). The Army crew wears the Navy rain (or zoot) suit and self-inflating belts

Storming an enemy beach from a transport is a Marine specialty, but the Army's new Amphibian Engineers travel in the same boats all the way

A BUNCH of sun-tanned soldiers wandered into Sarasota's Main Street one day last April dressed according to G.I. but wearing paratroopers' boots with pants legs tucked inside. Military Police from the local air base took one scowling look and swarmed down on the visitors. "Pull those pants legs," they barked, "outta those shoe tops!" But the amphibian engineer soldiers just laughed and laughed, because their dress (which includes the ski troopers' peaked caps and Navy rain suits) was regulation.

You couldn't blame the MPs, though; it was the first time they'd seen any representatives of the Engineer Amphibian Command, an invasion outfit that got under way in May, 1942, and has since quietly and busily worked its way out of the experimental stage. One unit of this new outfit got its baptism in the African invasion last November, and the 2,170-mile trek of thirty-some landing barges from Florida's west coast to the shores of Cape Cod this spring received some notice; but up to now anything else about the Command has been known publicly only by a few hundred shore vacationers and several thousand sea gulls.

The motto of the Engineer Amphibian Command is Put 'Em Across and its principle is aptly put by Brigadier General Daniel Noce, chief of the U. S. Army's amphibious operations in the European theater, who built this vital force from scratch.

"Water between us and the enemy," he says, "is an avenue, not an obstacle."

The need for a special amphibian force is pretty obvious. Over long stretches of water, men and matériel must of course be carried by transports. For these the Navy is responsible, and their landings are referred to as "ship-to-shore" operations. The separate and distinct function of the amphibian engineers is "shore-to-shore" transportation. The shortest crossing might be a river too wide to span with a ponton bridge. The longest crossing under good weather conditions might be a hundred miles or more. Thus the shore-to-shore system may be used in crossing the Mediterranean, the English Channel, or from island to island in a series of hops all the way from New Guinea to Tokyo.

When military men in this country realized that a specially trained and equipped amphibian force was a necessity, they turned first to the Marines, who, long before this war began, had learned the technique of landing in lifeboats and getting the craft back off the beaches.

About three years ago the Leathernecks refined their equipment by adapting the special boats with which Prohibition's bootleggers put their heavy cargoes ashore from Florida to Maine. For the rum-runners, Caribbean boatbuilders had evolved a special type of high-speed, spoon-bowed, shallow-draft barge with a bottom designed to stand up under sand-bar groundings, and with the ability to back out into the surf for a quick getaway. This type of craft, equipped with a ramp in the bow for quickly unloading personnel and supplies, was the answer for the Army. The Navy's Bureau of Ships produced these boats for the E.A.C. and is still responsible for procuring all of the amphibian engineers' floating stock.

A little over a year ago, General Noce gathered together at Camp Edwards a nucleus of men from nearly every branch of the service. They represented the Coast Guard, the Marines, the Coast and Geodetic Survey; even British Combined Operations and the Royal navy.

While they worked out the details of shore-to-shore invasion, an officer-procurement program got under way. In reply to a letter dispatched to yacht clubs and other organizations having to do with boats came 15,000 applications from enthusiastic boatmen, professional and otherwise. Likely candidates were interviewed and within 90 days the officer ranks were filled.

Enlisted personnel (and some of the officers) consists largely of former clam diggers, lobstermen, pleasure craft owner-operators, river boaters, speedboat racers, and farm boys who grew up with gasoline and Diesel engines. These and thousands of specialists—marine maintenance men, pilots, navigators, ship's carpenters, longshoremen and demolition experts—were trained in one or more of the E.A.C.'s 58 special technical schools.

There are four elements to the amphibian engineer's mission. First is water transport of combat units from a friendly "near shore" to a hostile "far shore." Supported by naval and air forces the engineers must clear and mark the beach, unload supplies, demolish obstacles, build roads and lay out dumps for ammunition, gasoline and oil, water and rations. Their third job is the evacuation of the wounded, salvageable equipment and prisoners. The last gigantic chore is to resupply the combat outfits. All this may go on for weeks until adequate port and dockage facilities are available. E.A.C. personnel is trained to fight, but theoretically only 10% of their job is fighting.

Transport for Any Operation

What and how much the landing craft carry—and they can transport anything up to a 30-ton tank—is limited only by the number of boats available. The personnel work with everything from nine-man rubber boats to the huge LCT (Landing Craft for Tanks) which is manned by the Navy. In between, there is the small LCVP (Landing Craft for Vehicles and Personnel) and the medium LCM (Landing Craft for Mechanized Equipment). All are ramp-loading and crewed by three or four men whose titles—coxswain, boatswain, engineman and seaman—are something new under the Army sun. Completing the fleet are Patrol, Command and Navigation boats, and amphibian vehicles.

The latter class includes the now familiar Alligator (amphibian tractor) and the recently announced Duck, which got its name effortlessly from the manufacturer's designation DUKW. Almost incredibly versatile, it's a 2½-ton, six-wheel truck chassis with a boat built around it. A ride in a Duck from road to beach, through breakers, into the ocean and back again, is something astonishing in vehicular sensations.

One of the E.A.C.'s headaches was developing a standard landing craft which could be made in pieces and sent abroad in the hold of a transport. While all the Joe Knows bellowed that it couldn't be done, the Command and the Bureau of Ships and one Mr. Higgins of New Orleans went ahead and did it. On a certain Saturday of last year the decision to adopt the new boat was made. On the following Monday several hundred E.A.C. men were at the Higgins factory to begin a 30-day training period on the assembly lines. Five days later, experts were overseas supervising the building of "far shore" assembly lines for the parts Higgins turned out. Plenty of these boats are bobbing around in foreign waters today. At the Higgins plant, 3,000 different parts are being fabricated, boxed, crated, lowered into the holds of transports and taken overseas in units of a hundred. The plan saves 80% of the space

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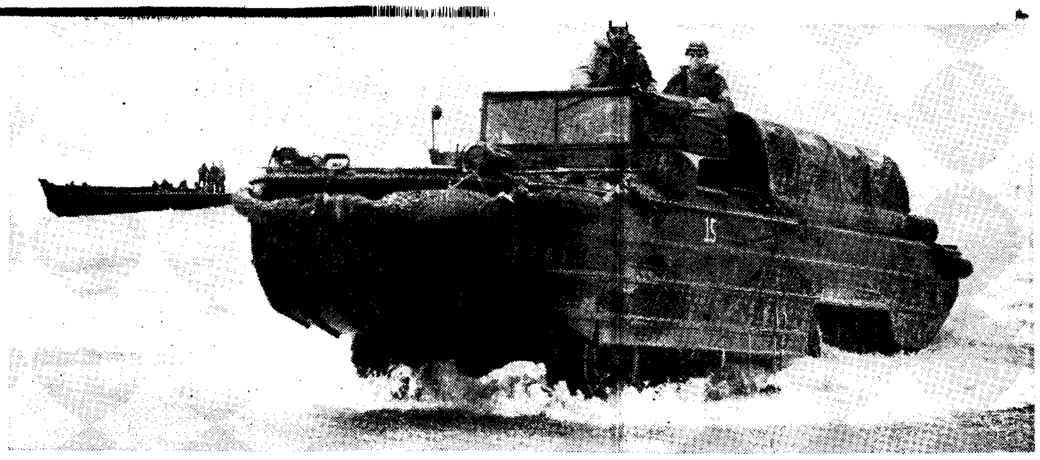
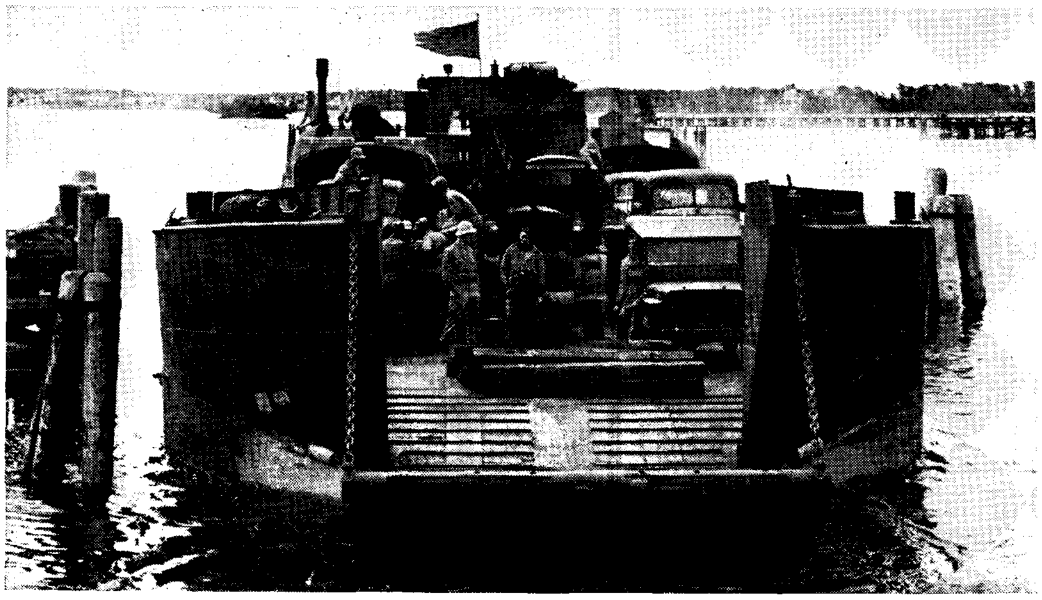
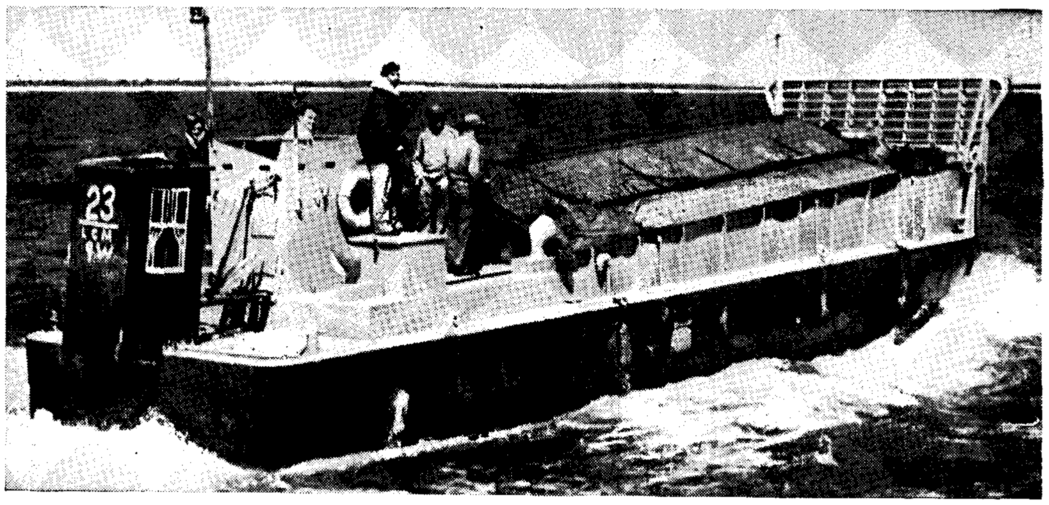


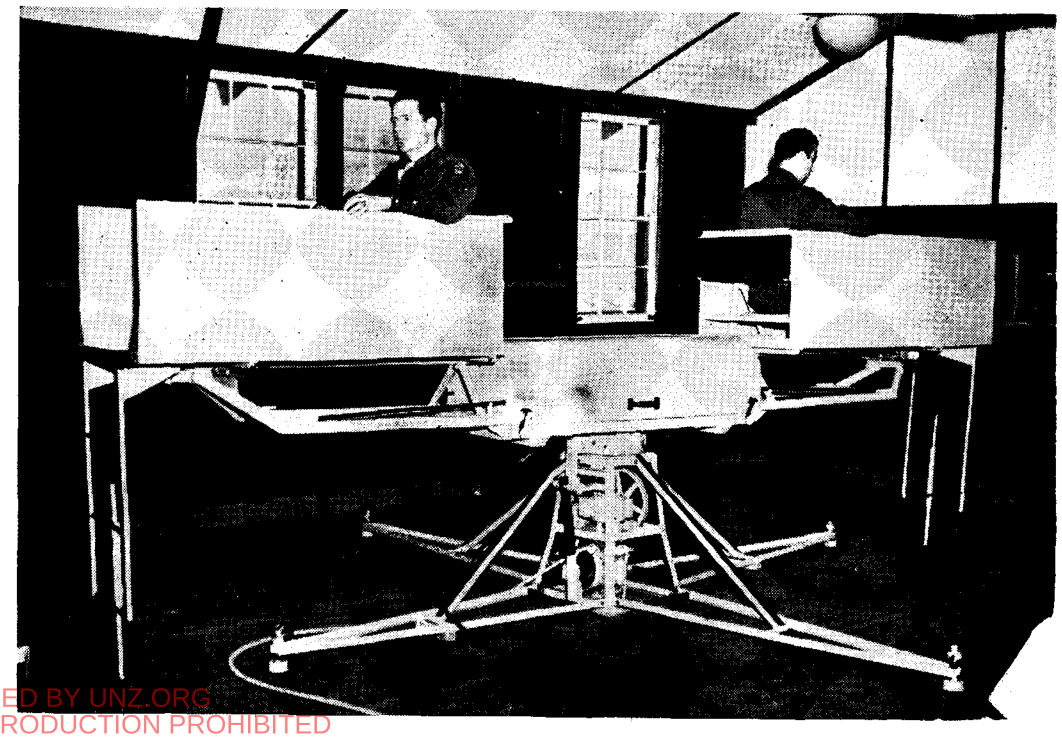


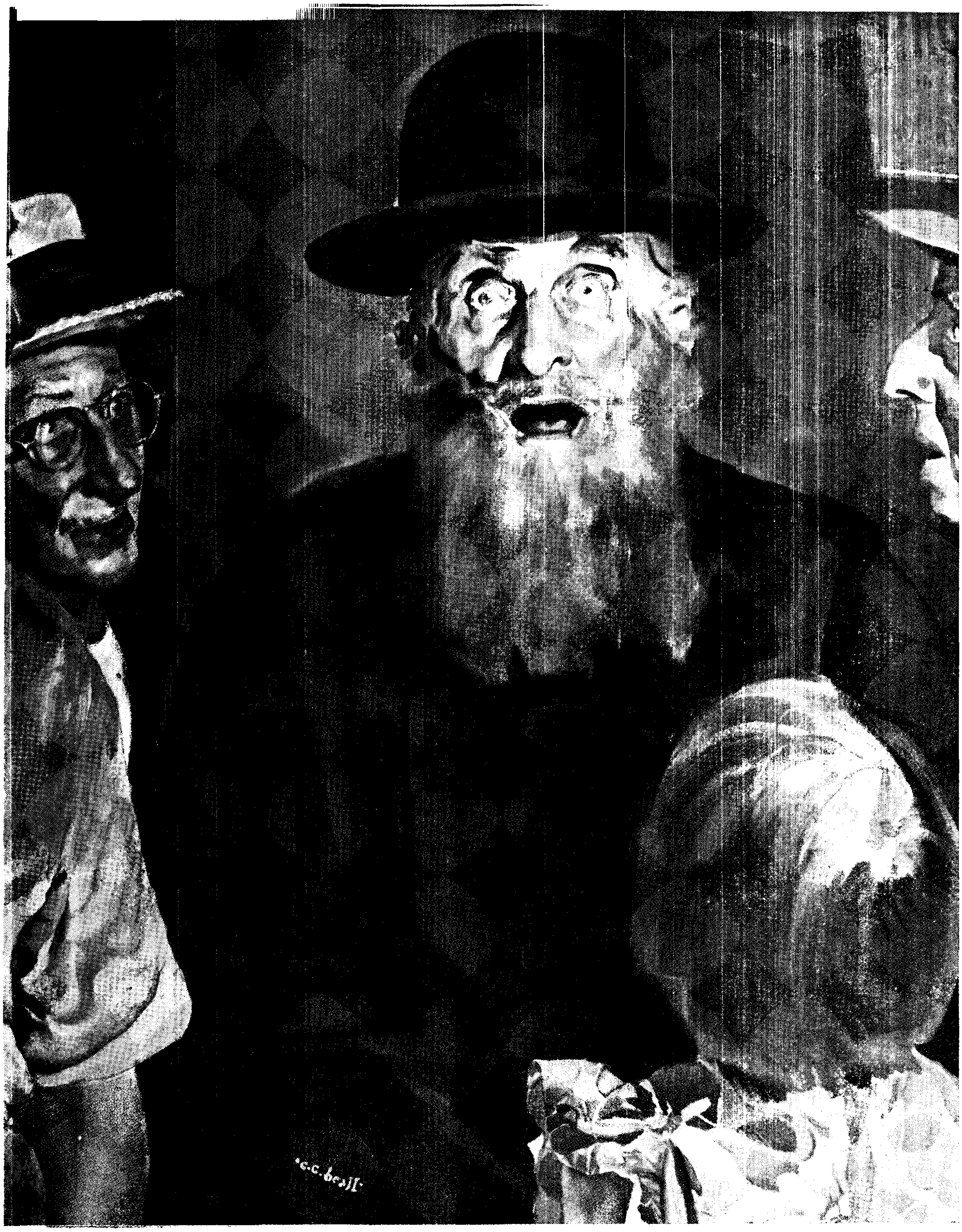
At top of page: Salt water dripping off its hull, a Duck rolls ashore after its sea trip (opposite page). Ducks carry men or cargo. Above: The largest of the landing barges transports heavy supplies and vehicles ranging from jeeps to tanks. The Navy mans this craft



One of the 30-odd tank lighters nears the end of the 38-day voyage from Florida to Massachusetts. Bunks under canvas slept 10 men. Few barges boasted the "plumbing" seen here at stern with painted window

The world's only seasickness machine, shown at rest with metal hoods removed, determines the soldier's allergy to motion. Collier's correspondent vouches for its realism; he lasted less than four minutes





Aaron Sholomas opened his eyes and what he saw overwhelmed him. He stood trembling and a fear melted his heart. Not far away, a great fire was burning

GOD IS GOOD TO A JEW

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

This is more than a story about people. It is more, even, than the story of a race. Through Aaron Sholomas you experience the ordeal of Man and the victory of the human spirit

AARON SHOLOMAS' eyes were without light. This was because death looked out of them. In the street or sitting in a room Aaron Sholomas looked like a man staring at the top of his coffin.

Such a man is a troublesome one to see moving about. The people in the neighborhood where Sholomas had come to live avoided his mottled white beard and offered him no greeting when he passed. They had learned that it did not matter if they spoke, for the old refugee in the long black coat was unaware of them.

It was a neighborhood occupied chiefly by Jews who were a busy folk full of the activities of poverty. And since among these is always religion, there were many houses of worship fronting the crowded streets. They were modest temples that raised no towers but seemed to kneel over the curbings.

In one of these synagogues, Sholomas spent much of his time, but even here he attracted no companions. Other old men wearing prayer shawls looked at him, saw the gaunt face, the shaggy eyebrows, the bony hands holding the prayer book, saw his lips moving soundlessly as if they were trembling rather than praying, but, though their hearts hurt at the sight of him, none of them went beyond a silent nod of greeting. They knew his story and there was about Sholomas, still standing before God, a thing that squeezed at their souls and made them unable to speak.

When he had walked out of the synagogue, many of the pious ones hid their heads in their prayer shawls and prayed deeply for the refugee from Poland and asked God to bring him peace.

On the hot summer afternoons when Sholomas was not in the synagogue, he went to sit on a bench in the small neighborhood park. It was an arid, dusty and almost leafless park that seemed to have been coaxed into existence by the weary old men and women who came to rest in it. Here Sholomas sat in his long black coat, his black alien hat, as if he were freezing to death. No one sat down next to him. For how can you say hello to someone who doesn't know the sun is blazing?

IN THE evenings, Sholomas, the refugee, climbed three flights of stairs and entered a small room that had been provided for him by a family to which he was distantly related. He walked up the steps like a man in a dream and he offered no greeting to the anxious faces that opened the door of the tenement flat.

The head of this family that sheltered Sholomas was a man of seventy named Jacob Rabinowitz. He owned a small shop in which women's dresses were made. He was a robust, pink-cheeked, hearty-voiced man and would have looked well as a great captain of industry. But his heartiness had never lifted him beyond the edges of misfortune. His shop was small, his earnings were precarious, and his strong hands were twisted with fifty years of hard work.

Nevertheless, there was a sort of indomitable childish beam on his large face, and his pride as head of his tenement family was as strong as if he were presiding in a castle. He roared when he spoke, frowned autocratically on all interruption, ate lustily and was full of a gurgling love for all the faces at his table. It pleased him mightily that, despite his age, it was his hands that still provided food and a roof for his own.

Jacob had a wife who was stout, ailing and preoccupied fanatically with her kitchen stove, as if she were preparing a constant feast. Her name was Sonia and she had once been called Sonia the Beauty With all her age and girth, her head was still tilted to one side in the arrogant manner that had delighted Jacob Rabinowitz when he first saw her fifty years ago.

There was a daughter of forty seemingly as old as her mother, and two granddaughters of thirteen and fourteen who were fragile, blue-veined children and looked as if they had escaped the robust mold of the family. There was also Jacob's brother, a dodderer of seventy-eight named Hershel.

This Hershel was a red-eyed, feeble old fraud, full of mock piety and mock wisdom and mock suffering. He spent most of his time making sad faces and looking rebukingly at his robust brother and his other active relatives. He had given up trying to earn a living in his middle years, due to many fancied diseases and to the solvency and good nature of the younger Jacob.

Other faces had been in this tenement

(Continued on page 68)

THE LONG ROAD BACK

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ADIOED FROM MOSCOW

**ollier's correspondent visits the
ospitals of Moscow, where great
urgeons are performing mira-
les. Soldiers who feel them-
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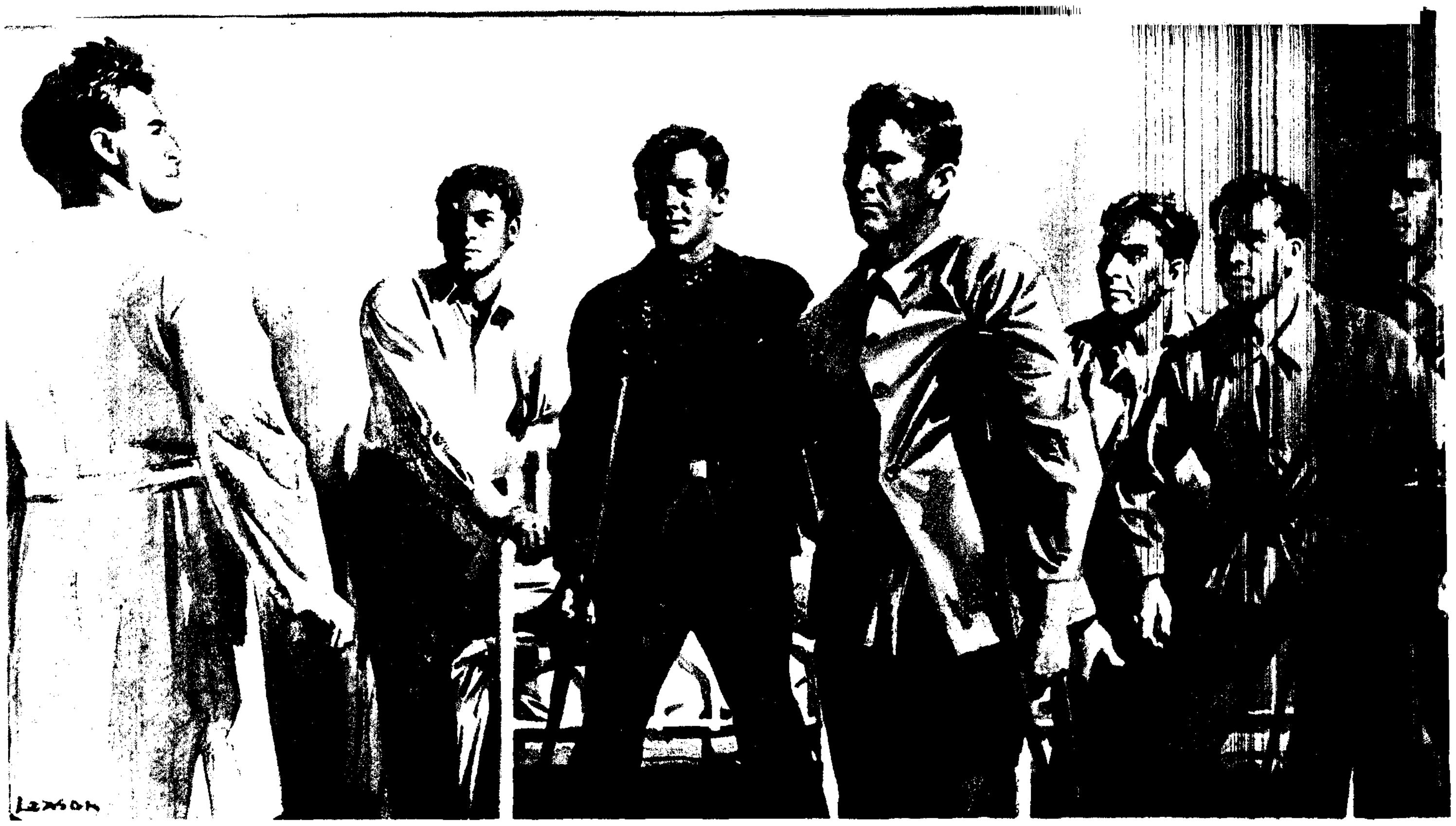


Each room had a leader, who reported to the doctor. "Room eight. Four bed patients and six walking patients. All in order. Nothing to report"

THIS was a war hospital in Moscow, and brilliant young Doctor David Lobok was showing me around. He introduced me to the smiling young Red army man on the bed. Then he reached down and gently pulled the covers off the wounded man. There wasn't much left of him—only a body and a head. Both legs were off at the thighs and both arms were off at the shoulders.

"Let's see you sit up, Lieutenant," the doctor said gaily.

Lieutenant Ivan Shinov smiled and nodded. He had been practicing for some weeks now. Gravely he turned on his side to lean on the stump of his right arm. Then he hunched his body up slowly, laboriously. Other patients in the room were watching. He made a lunge upward, teetered precariously, kept his balance and turned a triumphant face toward us. The girl sitting beside him showed her pride in a quick smile.

"Good work, Lieutenant," the doctor said. "Soon we'll have you walking. Tell our visitor how you got your wounds."

"It was outside of Stalingrad," the lieutenant said. "I stepped on a mine, and it wounded both my legs and both my arms. I had to lie there for two days in the snow before they could come for me. My arms and legs were frostbitten. They took me to the hospital and cut them off. I met Nadia there. She was a nurse." He smiled at the girl who sat beside his bed.

"It's like one of those stories you read about," Doctor Lobok smiled. "Nadia nursed him and, I guess, gave him something to live for. Then Nadia and he were married, and when he was brought here, Nadia was transferred to a Moscow hospital. They are both very happy."

This hospital in Moscow is filled with cases like that of Lieutenant Shinov. Only the worst cases are sent to Doctor Lobok. In addition to being a great surgeon, Lobok is a great psychologist. Usually, armless and legless men would just as soon die as not. They feel themselves completely cut off from human relationships, that they will be half-men in a world of giants. The treatment they get at the front-line hospitals confirms this view in their own minds. Everyone is sorry for them. They are cared for as though they were children, and dim-witted children at that. Excessive kindness and the looks upon the faces of their fellow patients and visitors contribute to their melancholia. Then they come to Moscow and fall under the spell of Doctor Lobok. He is tall, fine-featured, with a heavy shock of black hair. He is only thirty-four.

"I get tough with them at first," he said, with a laugh. "I'm really not an unkind man, but too much pampering is bad for them. It makes them resigned to the fact that they are confirmed invalids. I tell them that they aren't invalids. If a shoemaker loses his legs, he's not an invalid. He can go on working as he did before. Ah, but if a violinist loses but one finger, he is then an invalid. I make them stop being sorry for themselves. That takes time and patience, but look around and talk to these men. See if we have not to some extent succeeded."

There are no wards in this hospital. There are large bright airy rooms, each with ten beds. As we walked into a room, patients who lounged on crutches or who were able to stand stiffened to attention. Each room had a leader who turned smartly to the doctor and said something like, "This is room Number Eight. There are four bed patients and six walking patients. All are in order. There is nothing to report. Tovarisch Nachalnik."

The doctor would listen gravely and he would say, "At ease." Then he continued, turning to me: "These men are all soldiers or pilots. I purposely impose this slight military discipline on them." He smiled. "It might seem silly to you but it keeps them thinking in military terms. If they are capable of standing some discipline, they are not mere hopeless wrecks. It gives them some self-respect—self-respect that all soldiers have for themselves.

"Yes," he added thoughtfully, "healing limbs is fairly easy. The earliest known operation was an amputation. Hippocrates performed it a few thousand years ago. Here our big job is to heal minds, to make men want to live again and to be independent."

It was visiting day, and half the men had guests. In one bed, seventeen-year-old Mikhailov was showing off gaily to his mother. He, too, was legless and armless—a legacy of the fighting around Kalinin. He sat up and then asked Nurse Prohis for his "bracelets." He would show his mother how he ate.

The nurse hooked broad elastic bands around both arm stumps. Into one she inserted a hinged fork, into the other a knife. When she held a plate in front of him, he proudly showed how he could cut his food; then he lifted it to his mouth. This boy was facing life confidently. You knew that he would be all right. In another room was handsome young Lieutenant Vassils Zalesski. He had been a parachutist and had been wounded in both legs and arms while descending from a plane outside Voronezh. His girl was visiting him and both of them were laughing happily as we walked into the room.

"Remember when you first came here?" Doctor Lobok laughed, slapping him on the back. "You said to me, 'Doctor, don't waste time on me. I'm finished anyhow.' You were foolish, weren't you?"

"I was indeed," the lieutenant agreed. "But you promised you'd fix my nose."

"You and your nose," the doctor grumbled with good nature. "We'll fix it all right."

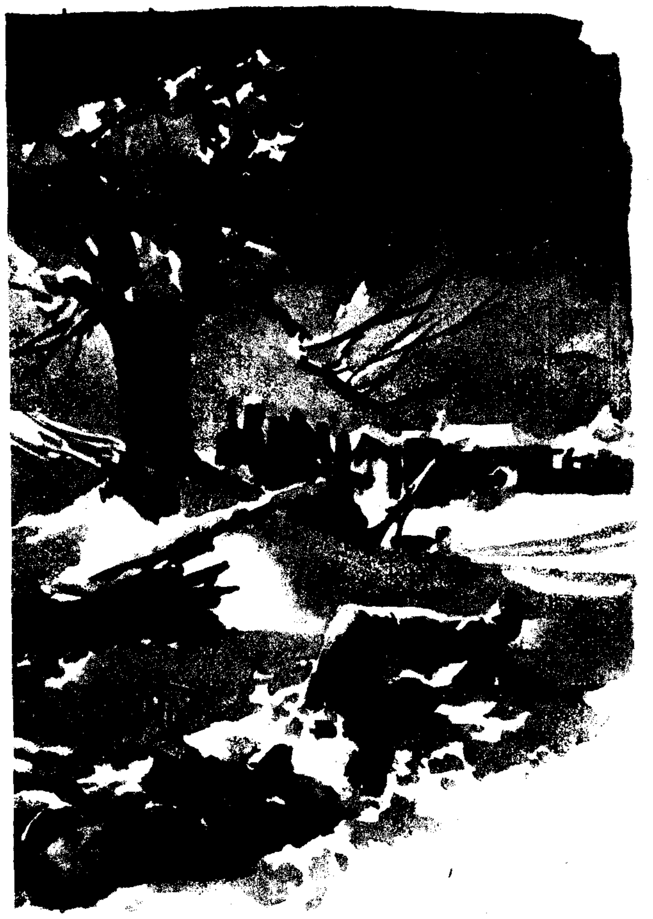
The tip of the lieutenant's nose had been shot away, but the doctor said that plastic surgery would eventually restore it to normal. As we walked out, Lobok couldn't help but look pleased.

"Two months ago that man wanted to die," he said. "Now he only worries about his looks. That's a healthy sign. He and that girl are engaged and he has almost forgotten that he has no feet or hands."

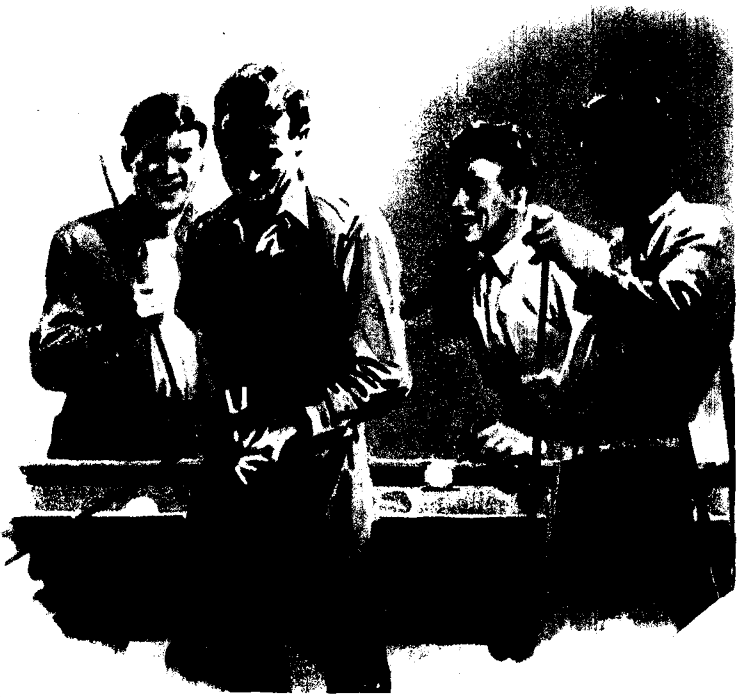
One of the most badly wounded men in the hospital was a nineteen-year-old youngster named Abram Shapiro. He had been wounded

(Continued on page 42)

"I had to lie for two days in the snow before they could come for me. My arms and legs were frostbitten. At the hospital, they cut them off"



In a small recreation hall, four legless men were playing pool. Two of them lacked right arms. They were very gay and were betting cigarettes

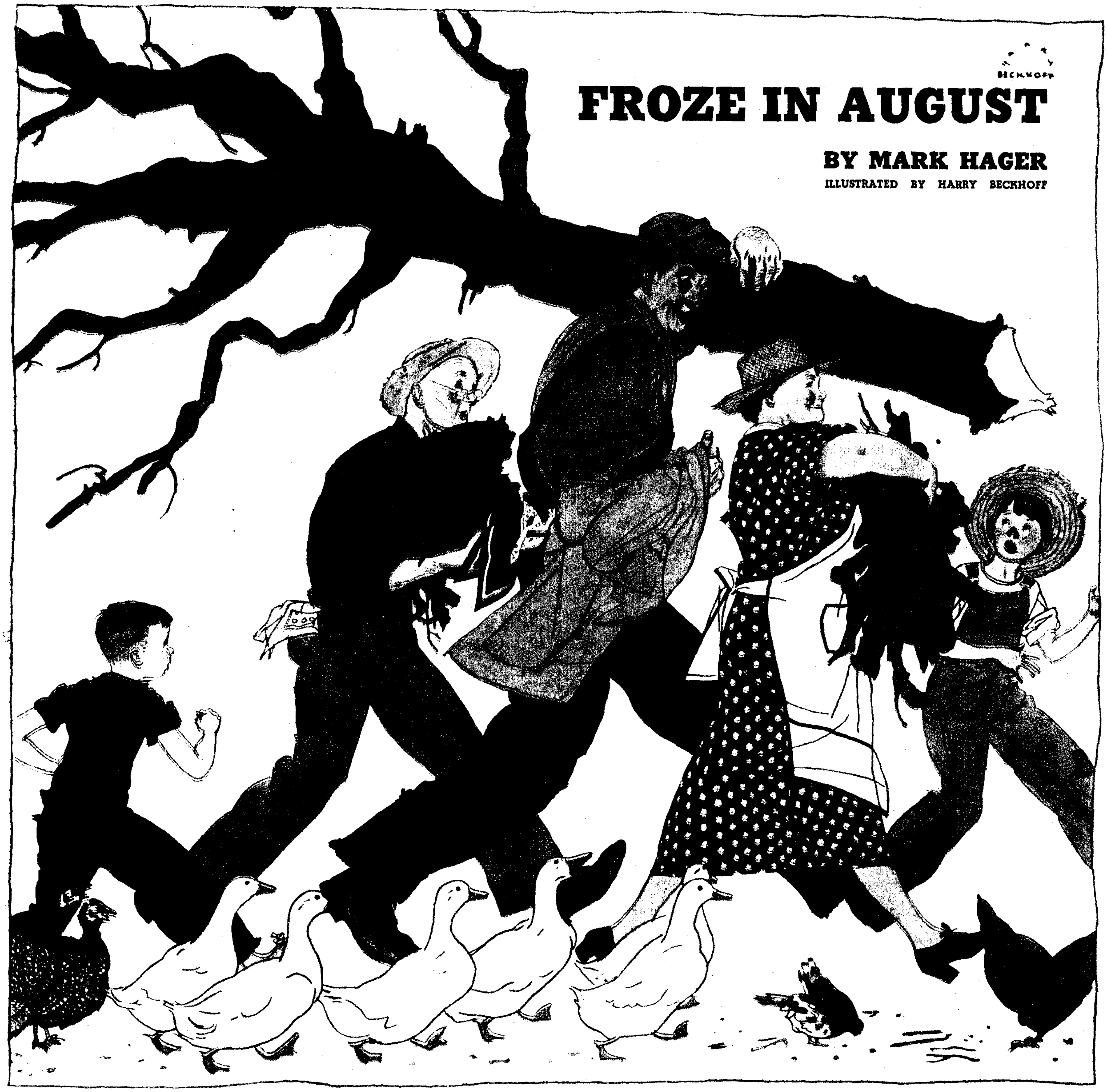


ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

FROZE IN AUGUST

BY MARK HAGER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



It was a show to see him carrying that tree along the lane. And by the time we got to the woodyard, everything on the place met us there

Henry Stone was a footloose food shortage all by himself, and the widow knew it. But when farm hands were scarce, she didn't let that bother her

THE guinea hens cut loose to hollering down at the house.

"That's a stranger passing by," I told the Widow Deskins.

"A no-account at that," she said. "He's playing a jew's-harp, strolling along the road, and it August and the harvest ripe and no manpower."

I said, "Well, it could be a man saw the notice down at the highway and came up, aiming to get work."

"Nope. A man that'll walk the road playing a jew's-harp ain't looking for work."

It was the truth that if ever a woman needed a man Mrs. Deskins did last summer. I boarded at her house and taught school; then she persuaded me to stay through the summer and help there on the place. I could see I was stuck. But it was the best place to board. She had long rows of last year's cured hams, shoulders and middling hung on hickory in the smokehouse. But when I looked above and below at the steep and rolling hills of rich meadow, too steep for any machine but human hands, it made my heart sick.

"Jew's-harp or not," I told Mrs. Deskins, "you'll have to get you another man. I've wasted a whole summer when I could be making a hundred bucks a week in the defense plants."

I stopped chopping on the dead chestnut tree and listened to the guineas and the jew's-harp. They were the worst guineas to holler. When you passed the Widow Deskins' lane, they'd line up on the fence on each side, and stretch their little necks and potrack at you. They didn't holler at the homefolks only when you changed clothes, put on a clean shirt or necktie and stepped out. They took notice then. They only hollered at Mrs. Deskins when she'd put on her Sunday clothes and start to church. But they were the worst on strangers, and the ranker the stranger, the louder they hollered. From where we were up in the field, we heard the man with the jew's-harp holler down at the gate at the house, and the children ran out and told him to come up in the field.

We saw him walking up through the grass field, slow of motion and strumming leisurely on the jew's-harp:

"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

"I can't place him," Mrs. Deskins said.

"Me, neither; if the Lord don't know him any better than I do, he's a gone goslin'."

But we could tell he was a big man. When he got closer, I figured if he had been straight, he'd have been close to seven feet. But he wasn't straight; he was stooped in the shoulders and knees, and about middle-aged.

When he got up in speaking distance, he set one foot forward up the hill and rested a big fist on his knee, holding the harp between thumb and finger.

"I saw the sign down the highway," he said, "sayin' to come up the creek till the guineas hollered. I'm lookin' for a night's lodgin'."

(Continued on page 45)

MISSION TO SALONIKA

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

The Nazis were so surprised, they were caught with their ack-ack down. But Homer was more than surprised. He was worried. A Greek bombardier in a U. S. Liberator doesn't like to drop blockbusters on his folks' homeland. What the colonel said may have changed his mind. For Homer grinned — and salvoed his bombs right down the alley for a strike

IT WAS the perfect raid. Fifty Liberators of the Ninth U. S. Air Force rose into the red desert morning. I rode in one. We crossed the Mediterranean. We traversed the sad, expectant mountains of Greece to where Mount Olympus beckoned with a torch of gilded clouds. There, echeloned triads pulled their formations together, turned, leveled off, and headed for the target.

This was the first American raid over the Greek mainland. It was much more. It was the beginning of a new air offensive in the Levant. Perhaps it was the prelude to invasion of the Balkans. Of all this, every man on every ship was lustily aware.

We were aware, too, of what it meant to the Greeks to have their tormentors bombed. The Greeks would know that at last the Americans had come to begin the task that cannot now be too far off—the task of liberating an oppressed ally. And those faded green hills veined with deeper green valleys seemed to tell us the same urgent story from the moment we crossed the rugged coast line, softened now by the bright opalescent haze of high noon.

At precisely one o'clock, the appointed hour, the bomb sight of our flight leader's plane held in the pattern of its hairlines three hangars, oil and munitions dumps, and an airfield with its scattered Junkers 88s like pinned bright-winged moths below.

Thirty seconds later the first bombs were released on the assigned objectives. "I don't want any bombs outside the target area," Flight Leader Colonel Keith K. Compton had said earlier that morning at briefing in a cool tent at bombardment headquarters. "I don't want any bombs on the village near by," he had added. "I want them all where they'll do the most good. If we can help it, not one Greek is to be hurt, not one Greek house wrecked or damaged."

The bombs went where they were directed. Thirty minutes after we arrived on the target, our objectives received more than a quarter of a million pounds of high explosives and steel. The Luftwaffe's bomber training center for all the Balkans at Sedes, just south and west of Salonika, no longer existed. We scrubbed the place clean.

The antiaircraft batteries, which we knew were located at the target's edge, remained silent. We gave Salonika a wide berth. The ack-ack there is terrific. We had expected the batteries off the field to fire. But they didn't. Nor did enemy fighters rise to meet our formations as we crossed the white edge of the sea into the mute welcome of mountains and high-blown clouds.

We flew south, across the Hellenic peninsula, and there were German and Italian fighter bases. We only half expected their Macchis and Messerschmitts to meet us coming in. And we fully expected to flush a few on the way home—but we didn't. We strained our eyes into the sun. They always come out of the sun. Tail gunners, waist gunners, turret men—new world creatures in heated flying suits, helmets and oxygen masks, with gloved hands on gun controls, scanned the limpid sky. But they saw only the confident wings and determined snouts of other Liberators. Occasionally one of the ships waggled its wings jauntily.

We recrossed the coast line, and the blue Mediterranean widened between us and the enemy. Our copilot turned his white grin on me and said, "There sure are a lot of airplanes in the air." I nodded and thought to myself gratefully: Yes, there are and they're all ours.

We were now down to where we could breathe normal air again. Oxygen masks came off. Somebody opened a gallon-sized tin of Georgia peaches. The raid was behind us.

Strictly speaking, the mission was successfully completed. There remained only the remote mechanical hazards of conked engines and emergency landings in water or, at the very worst, interception by enemy patrol ships. There remained the routine of landing at our base, interrogation by Intelligence officers on arrival and then maybe a drink or two at the officers' mess and then hot food, coffee, cigarettes, a little loafing in our tents and blessed sleep.

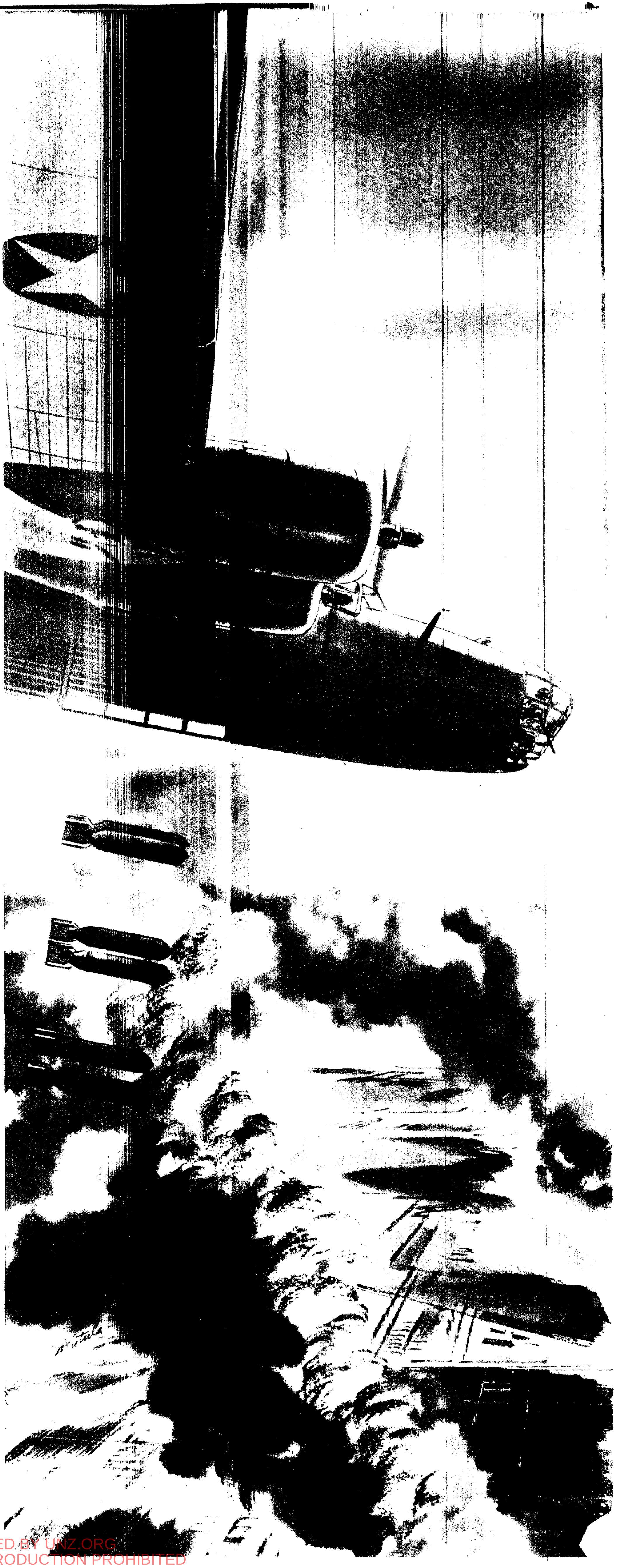
"All Our Planes Returned"

It was just another raid. It was a breeze. It was what your sons, brothers and husbands in the desert call a "baksheesh" raid, and baksheesh is Arabic for gratuity—bonus. The men and officers were grateful. For not all raids are like this one. It wasn't a baksheesh raid that Johnny Payne rode. He was my friend. I didn't know him very long back in the days when his group was stationed in Palestine, but long enough to love him.

They last saw big, blond, beautiful Johnny Payne trying to pull his big Lib out of a dive. The boys think Johnny was trying to land that ship. The Liberator hadn't yet been made that he couldn't land. A Messerschmitt got him. He and others are buried now Somewhere in Italy. Johnny saw Naples.

This raid on Salonika was a cinch, yet

(Continued on page 36)

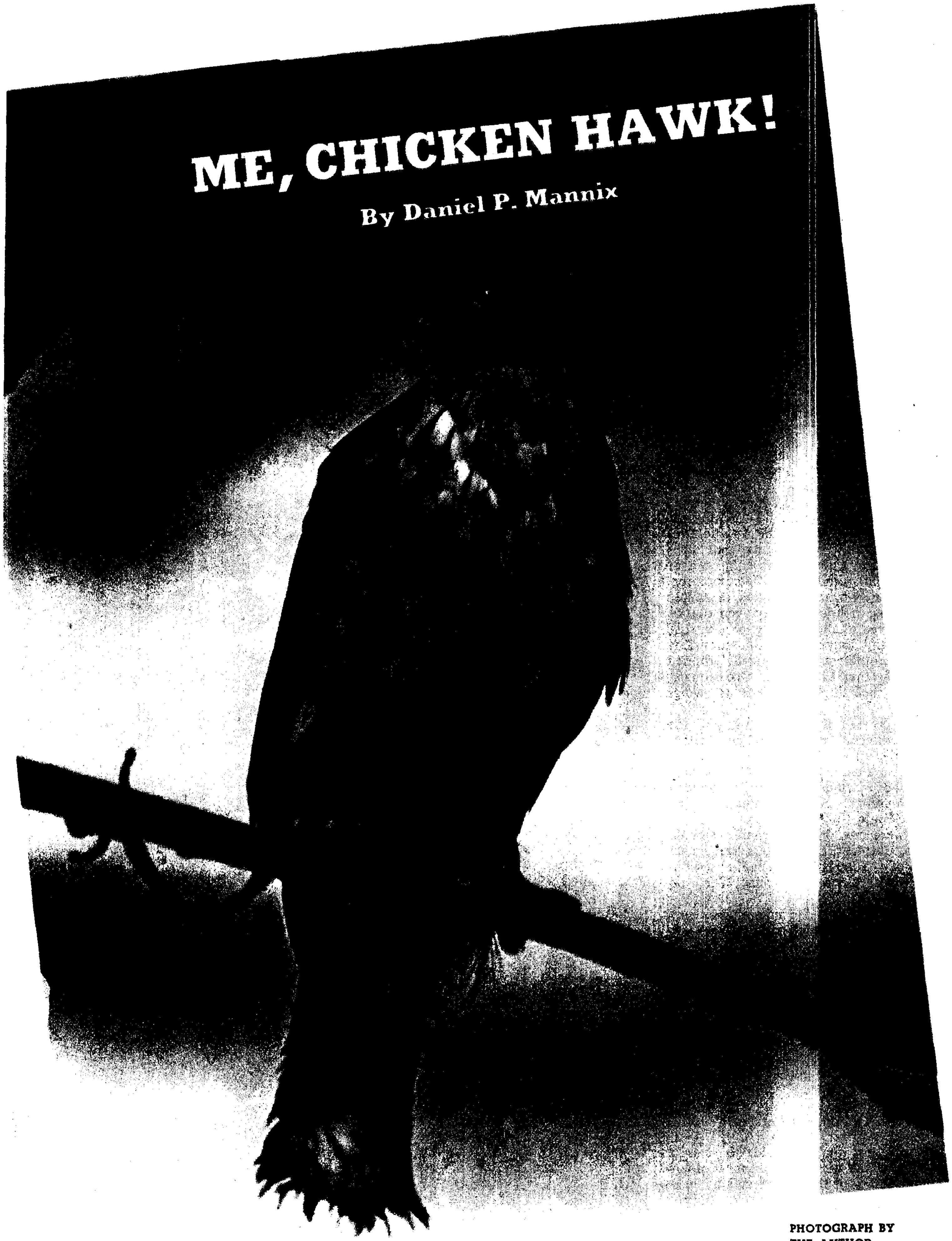


We did what bombers never do on a live target—make a second run. Ordinarily, it's fatal. And then Homer cried: "Bombs away, sir!"

ME, CHICKEN HAWK!

By Daniel P. Mannix

Most farmers aim their shotguns at the big Buteo hawks, who prey on rats and mice. Here's the small, incredibly fast chicken hawk in person. He "cases" the barnyard from distant trees, is seldom seen by the farmer. He's the Accipiter—the Bird Killer—hawk and he's bad



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

Here's a blatant braggart and the original dive bomber. His cousins usually take the rap for his chicken-stealing. This hawk thinks that's fine

MEET me, folks, I'm the chicken hawk. I'm probably the best hated bird in the world. In the farming country there are more legends about my skill and cunning than about any other animal, even including the fox. Very few people have ever actually seen me at work, but I'm the bird that has given all hawks such a bad reputation.

The whole trouble is, I'm a crack flier. I can fly at top speed through forests so thick that other birds with a quarter of my wingspread have difficulty getting around. I am desperately brave. I have been known to fly through an open window and grab a chicken that a farmer's wife was plucking. I have even gone right through a *closed* window after live chickens!

Scientists call me the Cooper's hawk, and say I'm found nowhere else in the world except in America. Farmers call me several things I wouldn't care to repeat. At the beginning of this autobiography, I've called myself a "chicken hawk." But get one thing straight. There is no one variety of hawk that can be truthfully called a chicken hawk, any more than there is one kind of lion that is a "man killer." A man-killing lion is simply a lion that has developed a liking for human flesh, and a chicken hawk is just a hawk that has found out chickens are good to eat. But the hunting habits of most hawks are such that they won't bother with chickens, while as for me, chickens are right down my alley.

First, let me tell you something about us hawks. There are six different tribes of us in America, counting the eagles who put on a lot of airs but aren't above taking a stray chicken themselves. We are all Raptores, "the rapacious ones," . . . all birds of prey and proud of it. The bald eagle, the national bird, belongs in our order. The other tribes of the family are the ospreys, the harriers, the falcons, the Buteos and the Accipiters. I'm an Accipiter, myself.

Now I'll show you why the other hawks seldom take chickens.

To begin with, the osprey positively wouldn't know how to take a chicken even if one came up and slapped him in the face. Ospreys live solely on fish, and farmers actually put wagon wheels in trees near their farms hoping that ospreys will build nests on them. You see, ospreys don't touch the farmers' chickens and they won't let any other hawks live in the same neighborhood with them. Sort of a dog-in-the-manger attitude, if you ask me.

As for the other tribes of hawks, eagles sometimes go after chickens, but it's rather like a four-motor bomber stealing apples . . . apt to attract a lot of attention. As for the harriers, the only harrier in America is the marsh hawk and he lives in swamps and eats such things as snakes and frogs. The falcons, who gave their name to the sport of falconry, are very high fliers, catching their prey on the wing far up in the sky where the wild duck and the homing pigeon travel. They don't find many chickens up there. But the English have started shooting falcons because they knocked off so many carrier pigeons which were bringing back important messages from ships at sea. This just shows that you can't win.

Meet the "Common" Buteo

That leaves only the Buteos. The Buteos are the birds that most people call "chicken hawks." This always hands me a terrific laugh. Buteos are the most common hawks of all and there are lots of different kinds of them. They're the birds you see sitting on telegraph poles or on the branches of trees near open fields. They spend a lot of time soaring in big, dreamy circles. In England they call 'em "buzzards."

Buteos live on rats and mice. That's why they hang around fields. Once in a coon's age a Buteo will find out that chickens are good to eat. He spends all his time sitting on the roof of the farmer's henhouse, flying down whenever he's hungry, and naturally the farmer instantly spots him and knocks him off.

Usually a Buteo won't touch chickens. I know of one case where a farmer saw a big Buteo flying down among the chickens every few minutes while the chickens were eating at corn troughs. The chickens didn't seem excited, but the farmer grabbed his shotgun and came pelting out. He had sense enough to look before he shot and found the hawk was catching rats that came out from under the henhouse to eat the corn. The hawk wasn't paying any attention to the chickens.

Well, we chicken hawks are a little different from that. We belong to the tribe of Accipiters which means "the Bird Killers." This is how I go in for chicken lifting, a secret I've never before revealed to anyone.

I fly quietly through the woods until I can see through the trees a farm with a well-stocked chicken yard. The chicken yard is generally laid out near the house and well away from the woods: No other animal—no fox, no wildcat, no bear even—would dare to make a try for those chickens in broad daylight. But we hawks discovered the power of sudden aerial attack long before humans ever did.

(Continued on page 48)

THE TEN-CENT MIRACLE

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

JOHNNY never thought a superior pair of ankles moving down the aisle of a Pullman car would start the wedding march humming in his head. But they did. They stiffened his back like a colonel's order, straightened his military cap, and set a machine gun clattering in his heart.

"What's eating you?" growled Mort, slumped sleepily against the window. "Not time to get off yet."

Johnny didn't answer. He was busy watching the girl as she took a seat facing him—five chairs away.

She removed her hat, shook her hair and rested her head back against the cushion. Johnny nudged Mort. Mort whistled softly through his teeth.

"Tough luck," he said. "Half an hour and you're back in the war."

"Three days in Los Angeles—nothing happens," Johnny muttered. "And on the way back to camp—it's too late." He felt very strange. It wasn't joy. It wasn't melancholy. It wasn't anything a good hamburger could satisfy. Whatever it was, Johnny liked it. He turned to Mort a little self-consciously. "This is it," he said slowly. "It's never happened to me before—but, brother, there sits the only girl who could make me save my money."

"Wait a minute," Mort protested. "It don't happen like this."

"I know when I'm hit," Johnny said. "No detours for Johnny Barnes. With me, it's socko!"

Mort made the grandiose gesture of a man looking around at nothing at all. "Well, she isn't married. No ring."

Johnny beamed, then grew thoughtful. "Did she see you looking?"

"Sure."

Johnny stole a glance and the impact of the girl's eyes left him dizzy. She must have been watching him. Casually she looked away and picked up a magazine.

"Mort," Johnny said slowly, "do you believe in miracles—the kind in the Bible?"

Mort pondered. "Somebody's wife turned into salt. And some fellow cut a road through the ocean . . ."

"Why couldn't something like that happen to us—to her and me?"

"Who wants a girl full of salt?"

"What I mean is—those are sort of million-dollar epics. I don't want the sea to dry up. All I ask is about ten cents' worth of luck. That's all. The rest I can handle."

Johnny glanced at the girl. Her eyes were on him but they held no invitation. She looked upset. Johnny had a moment's indecision; but one look at the way she held her head, and no one in his right mind would take her for a pickup.

The conductor passed through the car, calling, "Next stop Riverside. Bus for Camp Haan, soldier."

"All my life I'll remember the wonderful thing that almost happened to me one night on a Santa Fe train." Johnny's face was grim. He couldn't look at the girl now. If he did he was likely to do something stupid or impolite. Maybe he'd go over, pick her up in his arms and kiss her—hard. Johnny began to perspire.

Mort jammed his elbow into Johnny's ribs. "Take a look. She's getting off here."

"Yeah," Johnny said tensely. Inside he was filled with one long desire.

The train slowed down to a stop.

"Look," Mort said, "she's talking to the conductor— Whoops! Here she comes."

She swept past them, chin high. Her eyes were smoky, like burning autumn leaves. Her perfume lingered behind her. Johnny filled his lungs till they ached, then got to his feet and swung down the aisle.

He stood in the train shed, his eyes casting about uncertainly in the half-gloom for sight of the longish fair hair. Through the confusion of the crowd and the impatient hissing of engine steam, he heard Mort calling him. He turned around. Mort was standing near the step of the train. Behind him was the conductor. Johnny pushed his way back.

"I guess you're the one she meant," the conductor said. "She told me to give you this." In his palm lay a ten-cent piece.

Johnny stared at it.

"Take it!" Mort shouted. "It's your dime's worth of luck."

"She said it belonged to her father. He was in the first World War. It was his lucky piece." The conductor grinned. "She says to me, 'That soldier looks like a fighter, one that goes after what he wants. This dime might help him get it . . .' "

"You're darned right it will!" grinned Johnny, snatching the dime.

He found her in the station. In the midst of bustling noises, they stood looking at each other as if they were alone on an island. "I—I just wanted to thank you for the lucky dime," he said awkwardly.

"It has quite a story." Her voice was like wine. She looked up at him, a smile on her lips. "And a few complications."

"I like complications," Johnny said, searching her eyes.

They walked out to the street and stood beneath a palm tree. On the spring air came the heady fragrance of orange and lemon blossoms from near-by groves.

"I'm Mary Latham," she said. "We have a citrus orchard just a few miles out of town—my father and I."

Johnny tossed the dime in his hand. "Could I thank him personally for this sometime—say Friday night?"

"He'd be delighted," the girl said softly.

"Where does he live?"

She gave him the address.

Mort appeared at Johnny's side and nodded to the girl. "Excuse us, miss. Our bus is waiting."

"Friday night," said Johnny.

The girl's eyes were shining. "Goodby," she said.

Johnny's eyes lingered on her lips, then he grinned and joined the soldiers on the bus. As he sat down next to the window, he noticed Mort wasn't with him. He was on the street, still talking to the girl . . .

"LISTEN, sister," Mort said, "sooner or later my friend's going to look at the date on that dime. There was no war in 1931."

"Oh," said the girl in a distressed voice. "I forgot."

"I noticed it right away," said Mort, "but *he* won't come out of his pink cloud for weeks. Do you know what *he* thinks it is? He thinks it's a miracle."

"Yes, I know," she whispered.

"What?"

"I said I know," she repeated unhappily. "I—oh . . ."

Something in her voice touched Mort. He already saw himself substituting an older coin for the one Johnny had. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"My father was in the first World War," she said, "even if the dime wasn't. He lost his hearing. To help him, I learned lip reading and taught it to him."

"Holy cat! You knew everything we said?"

The girl nodded. "Please don't tell him I know how he feels."

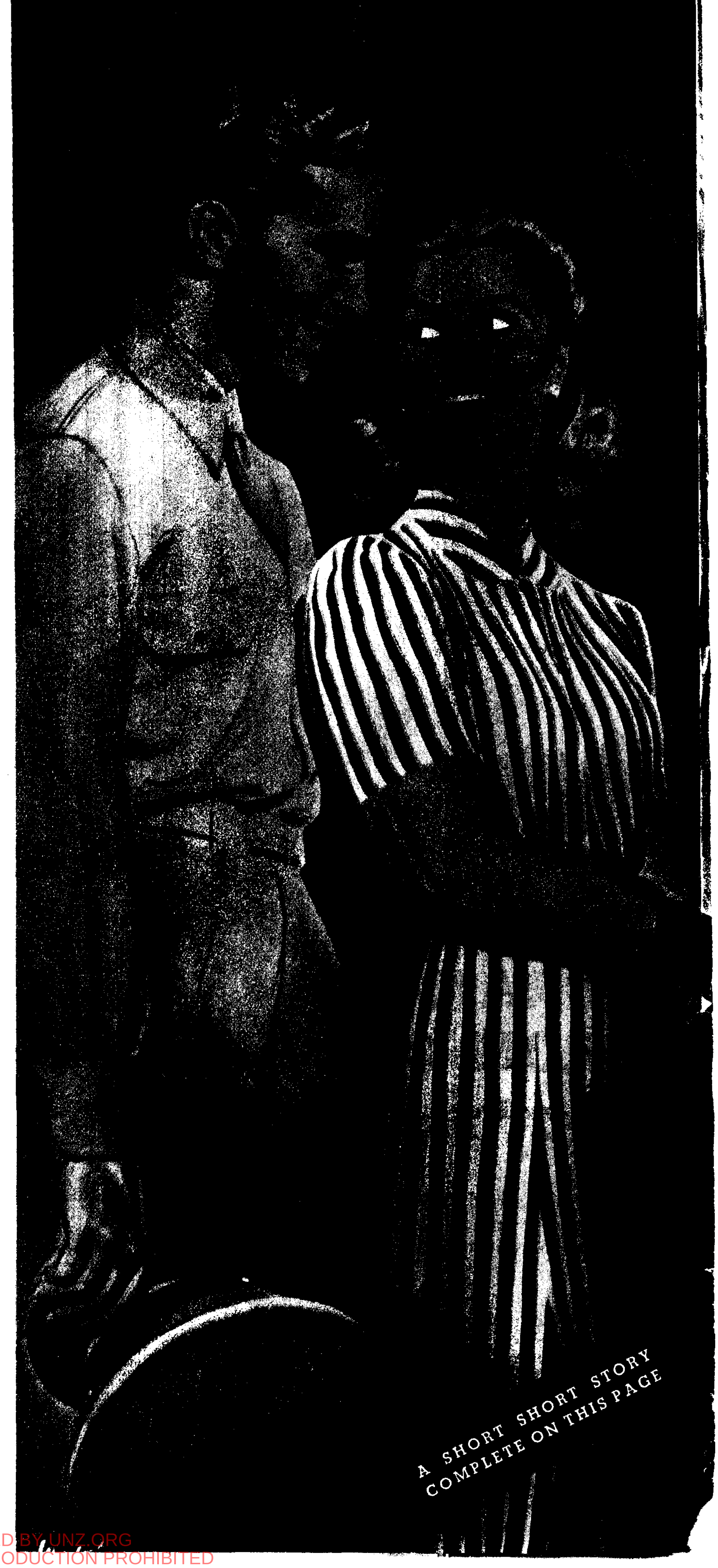
Mort was practical. "It would save him a lot of time."

"Not right away," she begged. "Please don't spoil our little miracle."

The bus driver was honking for the start. Mort circled his thumb and forefinger. "Okay," he grinned. . . .

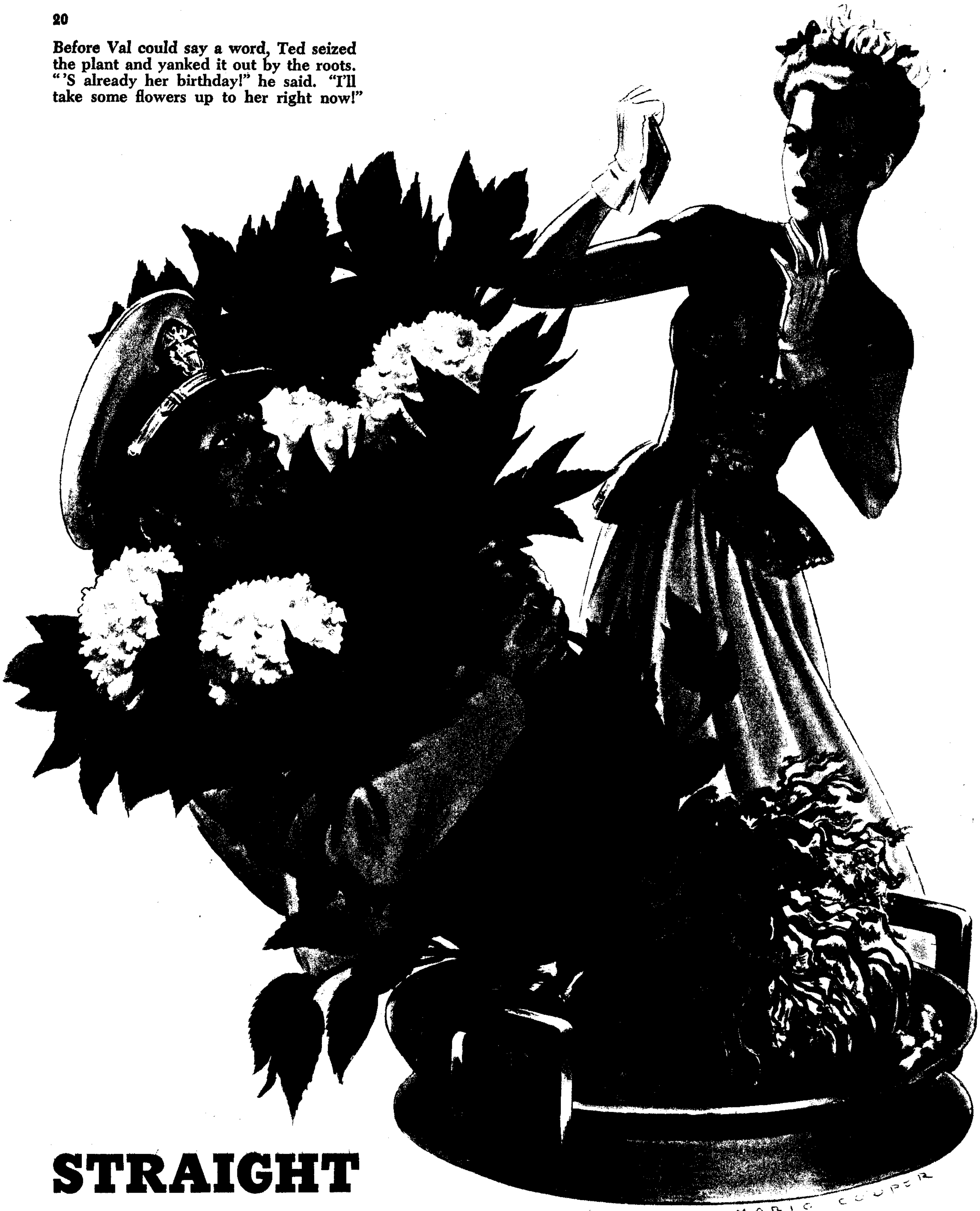
From his seat on the bus, Johnny watched the girl say goodby to Mort.

It was just like that mug, Johnny thought, to ask the girl about that 1931 dime. Mort needed a lesson in manners. No gentleman questions a miracle.



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I just wanted to thank you for the lucky dime," Johnny said. She looked up at him and smiled. "It has quite a story—and a few complications." "I like complications," he said



Before Val could say a word, Ted seized the plant and yanked it out by the roots. "'S already her birthday!" he said. "I'll take some flowers up to her right now!"

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

By Mary Freels Rosborough

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

When Val married Ted she didn't marry into his family—she married out of it

VAL didn't feel particularly brave as she went up the steps of the small, new, white building, adjoining the hospital, but just rather curious. She felt giggly, too— The morning milk delivery! She ought to breeze in with: "I've brought your pint of blood. Where'll you have it?"

Then she went in the door of the Blood Bank, and all the pleasantries froze on her tongue as she met the surprised and chilly eyes of the gray-haired woman at the desk.

The woman said, "Name, please?" to Val, as if she did not already know it, and her chiseled features did not change as she looked up at the tall, fair-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose sun-browned hands gripped her white bag so tightly.

"Why—!" Val said helplessly. "I haven't seen you since—"

"—Since you left my employ without notice," the woman finished, taking a card from the filing cabinet. "I haven't had a decent secretary since." Then she added, composedly, "Full name?" and for an instant there was no sound in the white room but the faint singing of the electric clock on the desk.

Val said, "Nora Valentine . . ." adding hastily, ". . . Jameson." As if the gray-haired woman did not know that addition, too.

She was gripping the pen as if her hands were cold and stiff; as if she were cold inside. But she wrote the name and asked routine questions, writing down the answers, until a nurse put her head in the door and said, "Next donor, please."

The nurse had a starched cheeriness and warm blue eyes behind glasses. The atmosphere was so different, so much more friendly in this other room, that Val gave a shiver and said, "Br-r-r!"

As she met the twinkling blue eyes, they both smiled.

"She's all right when you know her," the nurse said softly. "A bit intimidating, but she's one of our best volunteer workers. Has a son in the thick of it, somewhere."

Val felt guilty, as if she ought to say, "But I do know her! I was her secretary once and did her a dirty trick. I let her take me to Honolulu, and then I got married suddenly and left her." But she said nothing, rolling up the sleeve of her white silk blouse. The nurse consulted her card. . . . "You're a good risk, Mrs. Jameson. Not even sinus trouble."

She put Val on the narrow table and sat on a stool beside her and began to take her blood pressure. She kept up a cheerful murmur of talk as if to quiet any incipient nervousness.

Val almost smiled at the thought. After what she had been through, nothing like this could make her nervous. She gazed curiously at the steady blue eyes behind the glasses as they stared into space, busy with counting. She wondered if the nurse was thinking of something else—of someone she loved, perhaps—while her trained mind went about its business. The way Val's mind worked, calm and controlled on the surface, with that endless, unceasing terror underneath.

"I'd like to help here, if I could," she said, impulsively. She turned her head, saw the shining needle poised over the vein in her arm, and turned away abruptly, with an apologetic, "Go right ahead. I don't mind, really, but I never could watch even when anybody was taking a splinter out of my finger."

"No need to," the nurse said composedly. "And we'd like to have you on the desk. I'll put you down as a substitute."

NOW the needle prick was over, and the blood sang in her veins triumphantly, as if it knew it was pouring itself out for a braver use. There was not the slightest pain, and she gazed dreamily at the ceiling where a crack took on the shape of a winged horse and made her think of Ted. Ted had wings, too. She had seen them last, black against the blinding Hawaiian sun, looking steady and powerful and, at the same time, frail as a dragonfly.

She turned her head restlessly, met the nurse's eyes and smiled. "I can hear it gurgling out at a great rate."

"No, you can't! You don't hear a thing, really." The nurse was very positive, as if such an idea shocked her. "It's the fluttering inside your veins, that's all. Clench and unclench your hand, please."

Val kept on smiling, while she clenched and unclenched; she liked the feeling or the sound, or whatever it was. It made her feel powerful, able to help Ted or to do something important for someone she'd never know, who might need her terribly. . . .

The nurse stood up. "All through now!" She drew a blanket over Val. "I'll bring you a cup of tea after you've rested. I'll call you in a few moments, if you feel drowsy."

Val yawned luxuriously. She felt wonderful, a clean, white stillness all around her, and no sound but the vibrations of the nurse's quick footsteps as she crossed the room and went out a door.

The winged horse on the ceiling stirred slightly, as if he wanted to come to life and gallop off toward the crack in the corner, shaped like a house. . . . It was a house. In fact, it was the bungalow in Honolulu, on Beach Walk, near the Outrigger Canoe Club. There was the same slope to the roof, and the slender, flowering trees that she had never been able to spell. . . . The real-estate agent had been so proud of the house because it was built around a small paved court, with a trellis where orchids grew. At least he said they did and talked more about them than the plumbing. None had bloomed while Ted and Val lived there, but it had been nice to write home about. People expected such spectacular things as orchids blooming on your roof, in Hawaii.

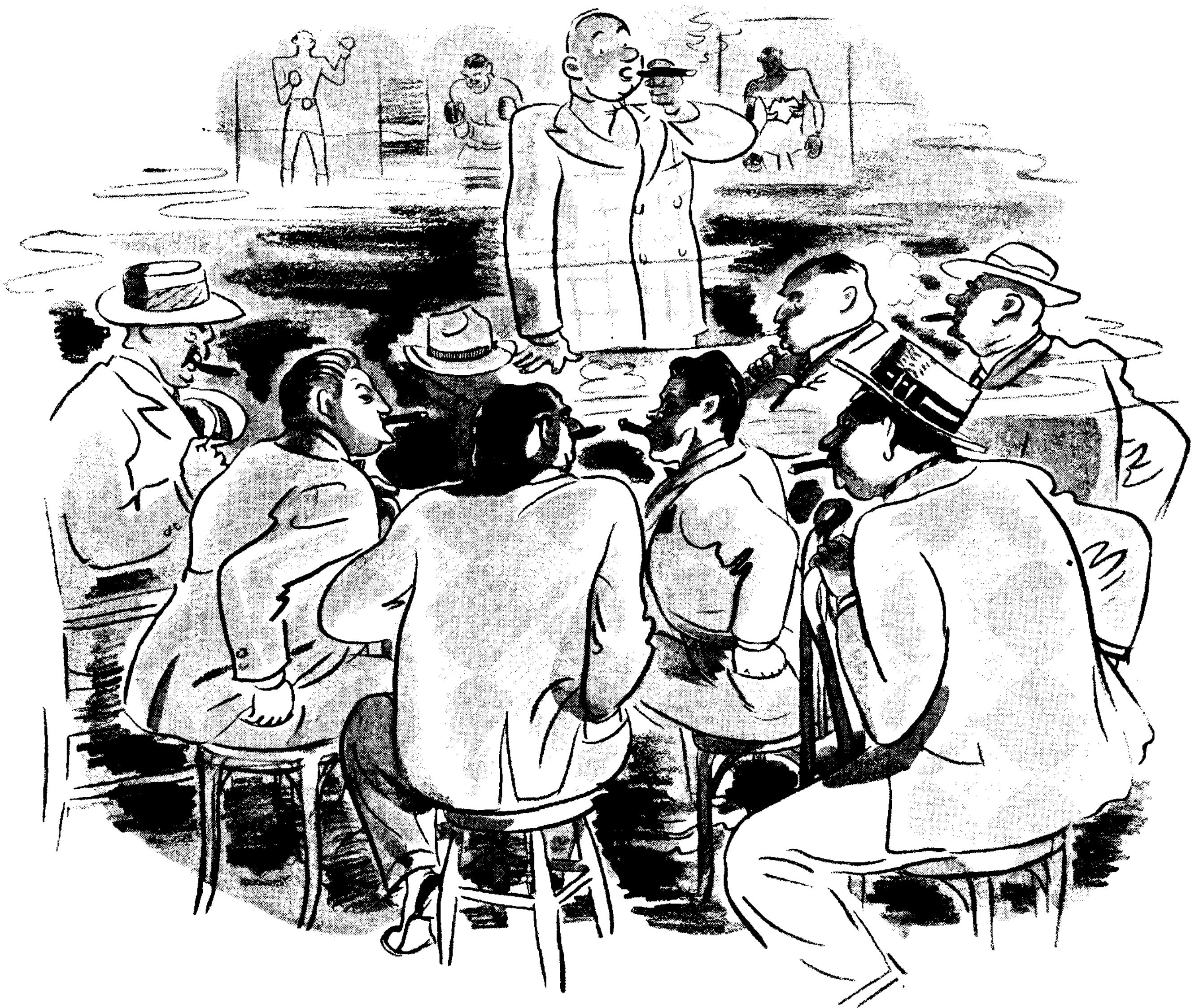
(Continued on page 64)

Passing of the First Floor Back

BY DAN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GARRETT PRICE

The strange goings-on at the National Sports Alliance, Red Ink, are ended, but they leave nostalgic memories in the wacky world of men who live by other people's fists



The Alliance was off to a good start. But when the office of treasurer came up, every manager reached for his wallet and watch and fastened a dirty look on his neighbor

ONE of the war casualties not reported on official lists is the National Sports Alliance, the world's least exclusive club and most unfraternal fraternity. The barnlike headquarters of this famous fight managers' debating and berating society, located above a garage on Jacobs' Beach, was only a towel's throw from Madison Square Garden. Not long ago, it was padlocked for lack of (a) interest, (b) principal and (c) members. Thus, unwept, unhonored and unsung, the decade's greatest single cause for confusion (next to Adolf Hitler) returned to the vile dust from whence it sprung.

"There's two National Sports Alliances," explained Al "Weskitt" Weill, who all but busted a gut trying to save the ship. "One's the National Sports Alliance, Inc., and the other, the National Sports Alliance, Red Ink. We used to be the other but now we ain't nothin' no more. Defunk, you might say. The war kilt us."

Jacobs' Beach, world-famous habitat of the genus *administrator pugni*, is now a long, lonesome road. Most of the good fighters are in the Armed Forces. The work-or-fight regulations have sent fight managers scurrying to defense plants where, for the first time in their dronelike lives, they are soiling their soft hands with honest toil. Only a few of the boys are left.

It was with the loftiest ideals that the National Sports Alliance was organized several years ago. There already existed a benevolent organization for taking care of indigent (known in the profession as "indignant") fighters and managers, called the National Sports Alliance, Inc. As Mr. Weill pointed out with characteristic subtlety, the only "Inc." connected with the new fistic fraternity was the bottle of red ink with which Phil Rosen, treasurer, kept its accounts.

The Alliance was off to a good start with the election of a president, a vice-president and a secretary. But when the office of treasurer came up for consideration, every manager in the hall reached for his wallet and watch and fastened a dirty look on his neighbor. Fight managers know one another too well to have a ballot for treasurer come out otherwise than one vote cast for each member present.

Lou Diamond, the Honest Brakeman, might have been suggested for the job. Lou has a reputation throughout the fight racket for uncompromising honesty because in all his years as a brakeman, no freight cars were ever reported missing from his trains. But Lou was in Florida, and the election was being held on Jacobs' Beach. So it looked as if the show would end in a permanent deadlock.

Then someone thought of Phil Rosen. Phil ran a cigar store across the street, had never heisted a safe, padded a swindle sheet or nabbed a lollypop from an infant. He was declared treasurer by acclamation without being permitted to say a word in self-defense, and during the life of the National Sports Alliance, he was custodian of the club's assets—the bottles of red ink.

There must have been money in the treasury at first, though, because when Charley Cook, the president, announced at one of the earlier and scantily attended sessions of the Alliance that he couldn't call the meeting to order because there was no quorum, Al Weill himself got up and made a motion that the chairman be permitted to draw upon the treasury up to $20 to buy one.

The idea behind the organization—probably the greatest flight of fancy ever taken by the human mind—was that fight managers needed protection from anyone except one another. "Consolidate and demand" was the motto of the managers as they got down to business. Their slant on the matter was that promoters and fighters were always conspiring to do them wrong.

"Our battle cry will be 'One for all and all for one,' " said Charley Cook, as he opened the meeting called to shape the Alliance's policies.

Despite Dan Morgan's cynicism, "that within a month it will be 'Everyone for *their* self!' " the managers enthusiastically drew up the following program of action:

No manager was to steal another's fighter.

Stray fighters who showed up in managers' nets were to be returned to their rightful owners.

Fight promoters were to be compelled to pay bigger purses.

Managers were not to engage in cutthroat competition.

Managers with more than three fighters were to "spread the wealth" of their surplus cauliflower to less fortunate brethren.

No manager was to speak disparagingly of another manager, but the sky was the limit on promoters, fighters and boxing writers.

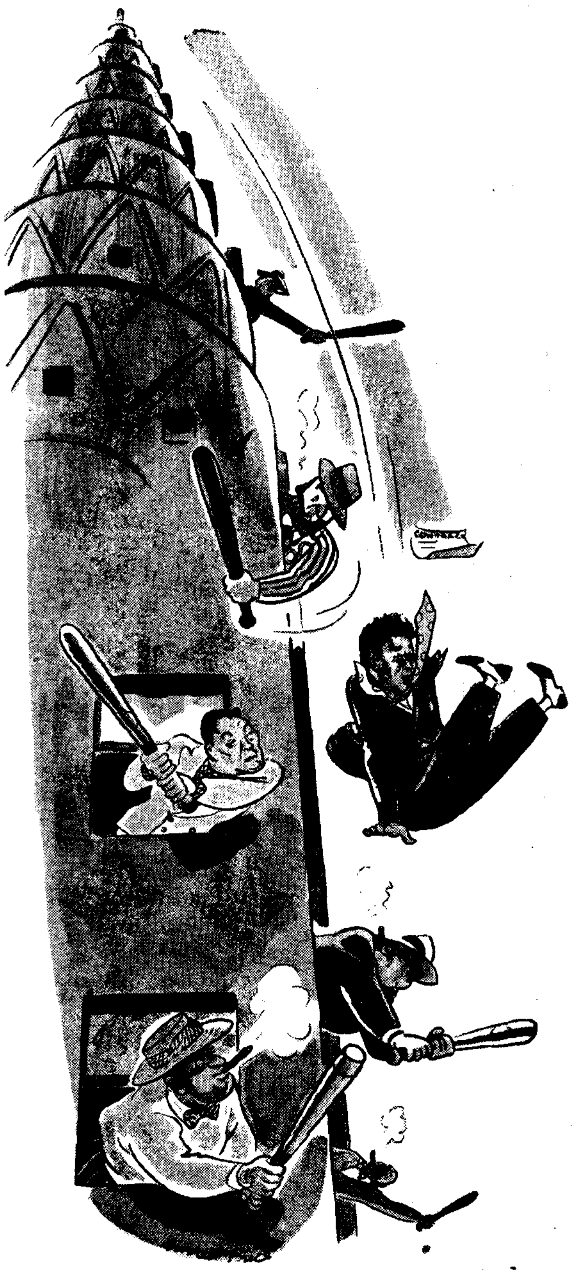
Weekly Bull Sessions Were Too, Too Much

At first the Alliance met every week. The session would get under way at 8 P. M. and would last until long after midnight. But, much as fight managers like to hear themselves talk, they soon tired of a good thing and decided to meet only once a month.

When the meeting was called to order, the Bill of Rights was suspended, not to mention those sections of the penal code having to do with libel and slander. A discussion might get under way on whether to admit foreign fight managers to membership, and before the boys in the back of the hall could holler "Sit down, yuh bum, yuh!" the speaker would be heckled by brutally frank references to long-concealed episodes in his private life. Four-letter words buzzed around the place like flies. No epithet was barred if it could be pronounced. Yet at the end of a four-hour soiree of slander, the members who had been bombarding one another most heavily with billingsgate would walk out, arm in arm, as if nothing had happened.

To meet expenses, the Alliance had—or thought it had—two sources of revenue besides dues, which somehow or other weren't counted upon. These were the commission on two pay

(Continued on page 40)



May I jump off the top of the Chrysler tower and get hit on the head with a baseball bat as shoot by every floor if I'm trying to swipe Bachman's fighter!" shouted Cold Deck Caplin

WE STARVE OUR FRIENDS

BY HOWARD E. KERSHNER

DIRECTOR OF RELIEF IN EUROPE FOR THE AMERICAN
FRIENDS' SERVICE COMMITTEE, 1939-1942; EXECUTIVE VICE-
PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION FOR THE ASSIST-
ANCE OF CHILD REFUGEES

Without helping our enemies, we could feed Europe's dying children, and so preserve the seeds of democracy in nations now under the Nazis' iron heel

THE freedom-loving people of Europe are slowly dying of starvation. The proud boast of the Nazis that they are a superior race is coming true. Those who have enough to eat are indeed superior to the tuberculosis-ridden, undersized, misshapen bodies of the starved inhabitants of the occupied countries. In some areas, seventy per cent of the children are tubercular or pretubercular. With the birth rate dropping and infant mortality rates rising fast, whole populations are being cut off at the source.

The days since I left France have not stilled the sound of weak though polite little voices begging for food, nor have they dimmed the sight of pleading little eyes looking out at me from the bloodless faces of children who will never grow up. Forgiving and gentle they were, but nevertheless they accuse us of murder—because we did nothing to prevent it.

While reading the story I have to tell, you should keep in mind that the war started on September 1, 1939. France surrendered and was partly occupied by the Germans June 21, 1940; the occupation was made complete last December. The Spanish Civil War started in July, 1936, and ended in March, 1939.

There is so much misunderstanding of the issues involved that I should like to answer specifically the objections usually made to child feeding in Europe. On the experience of the American Friends' Service Committee, which I directed from 1939 to 1942, I know for a fact that the Germans have never taken a mouthful of our food or interfered in any way with our operations. We fed as many as 350,000 children on both sides of the Spanish Civil War; we fed 100,000 French children through the winters of 1940-41 and 1941-42.

The food we used did not come from the Western Hemisphere through the blockade. It was bought in Central Europe, Africa and Asia in 1940 and the first half of 1941. Foreseeing the time when these sources would be closed, we accumulated as much as possible, so that by midsummer, 1941, we had substantial stocks in our warehouses. In early fall, 1941, it became apparent that we would not be able to buy additional supplies. I could foresee the time when all our operations would end unless Washington and London would let us bring in food from the Western Hemisphere. I made very strong representations to our government and to the British government. These went unheeded.

I found much sympathy in Washington, but I was given to understand that the British had started the blockade, and that it was not becoming for us to suggest a change of policy. So the banners of friendship and the American flags that had been decorating the walls of French schoolrooms came down; the feeding in schools and camps stopped.

Wards of the Grim Reaper

I used to dread my visits to those schools in the days we were feeding the children. They seemed more like cemeteries. The little folk rarely attempted to play. The teachers told me that the children could not remember until tomorrow what they were learning today. It was not uncommon to see a child faint at his desk. Many children were kept in bed a large part of the time by their parents, in order to conserve their strength.

Delegations of teachers often came to my office imploring that we send food to the children in their schools. Most of the children in France are losing weight. Some of them continue to grow a little, even though they are losing weight at the same time. This causes a hideous distortion of the normal figure. Usually I had to tell these desperate people that we could not stretch our resources to open another school canteen.

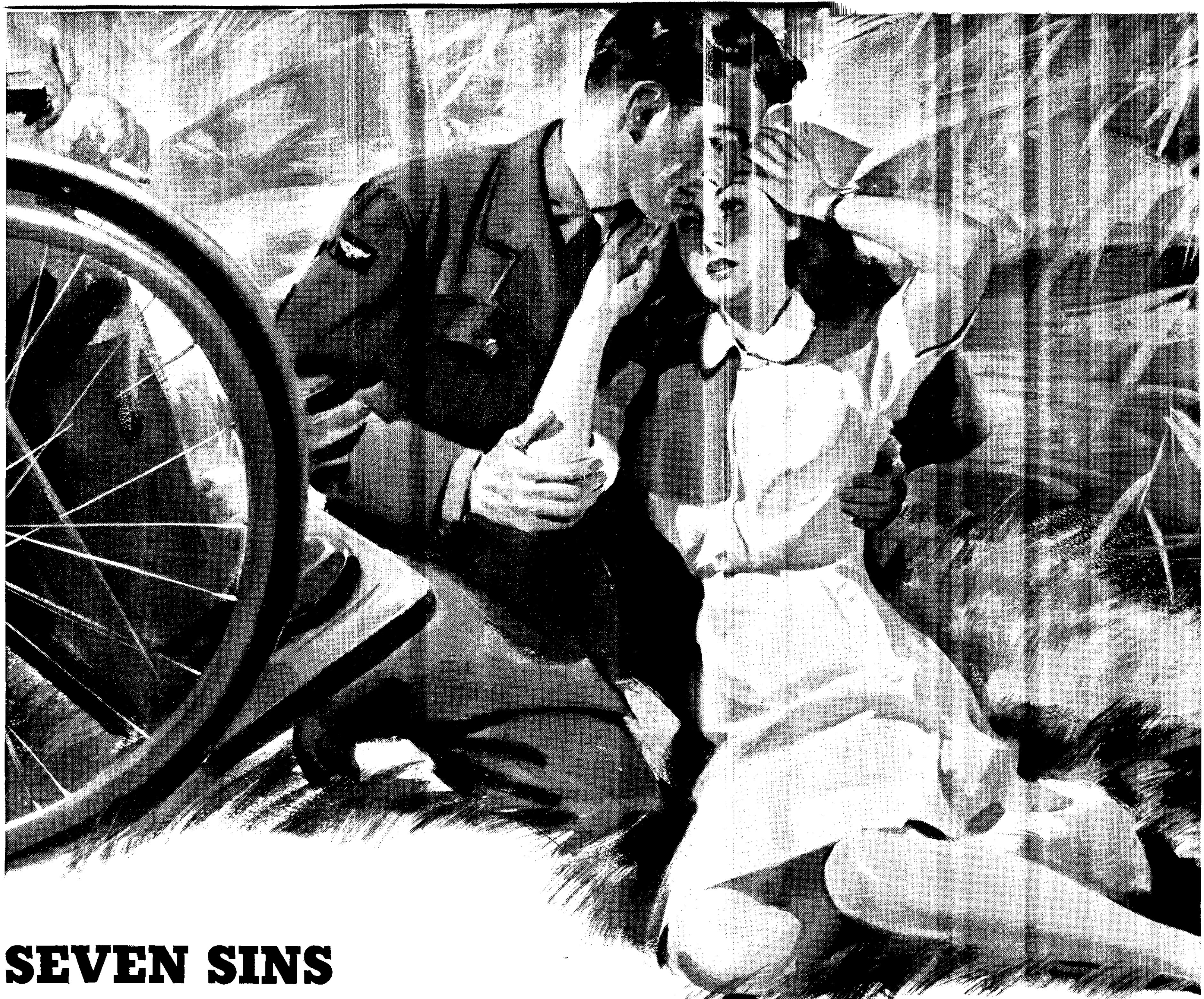
Deciding who shall eat and who shall starve is a soul-searing business. Many a time we began feeding a few of the most undernourished school children, only to have others ask in trembling voices why they, too, could not eat. I never was able to find a satisfactory answer to that question.

The pathos of a generation of children perishing from hunger is indescribable. Do not look at a human being hideously swollen from starvation if you want to sleep that night. Do not go to the maternity wards and see the wrecks that starved women become by the time they give birth to babies of half normal weight if you want to preserve your sanity.

There is not an individual or an official in America who would refuse to feed these children if he found them starving on his own doorstep, even though he had to go without his own dinner. Why is it that distance makes so great a difference? Who

(Continued on page 58)

Each French child has had his 50 grams of dried vegetables. Now comes the privilege of taking turns scraping the pot



"Fay!" he cried, dropping to his knee and throwing his arms around her. "Fay, dear, don't let it hurt you so much. It was a fair fight"

SEVEN SINS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

LATE one night, Lord Marcus Amberdale finds the body of a stranger—a man whose neck has been broken—in his home in London. He telephones Scotland Yard. Detectives arrive, identify the victim as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster.

Chief Inspector Firth interviews Lord Marcus (an eccentric who is performing some weird experiments with a notorious woman known as "Mrs. Vane," who is in a trance): but he does not regard his lordship as a suspect.

Making use of various clever disguises, Gaston Max, a brilliant French detective, is in London at the time Sir Giles is murdered; he is looking for the members of a spy ring—persons who are, somehow, transmitting important war secrets to Berlin. The trail he follows leads him to a gambling establishment that is run by a notoriously beautiful woman, Mrs. Ysolde Destrée. He reports to Scotland Yard; and he cooperates with Firth in his efforts to solve the Loeder murder mystery.

Lord Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay Perigal—who is a nurse at a R.A.F. hospital near London. She had met Sir Giles once. On that occasion, he had given her an envelope, on which he had jotted down his telephone number. Working with his customary audacity, Gaston Max gains possession of that envelope, on the back of which is a seemingly meaningless jumble of letters. He studies the letters—a code message. He decodes the message and learns that Sir Giles Loeder had been keeping Berlin informed, through his radio speeches, of what was going on in England!

Chief Inspector Firth leads a raid on Mrs. Destrée's gambling place. He finds no evidence that can be used against the woman (she had hidden all the gambling paraphernalia, just before the raid). Meanwhile, Detective Sergeant Bluett, watching outside, sees one of the guests—a Mr. Bernstein—sneak out of the building, step into a taxicab. It is night: rain is falling. Bluett hails a taxi, climbs into it, follows Mr. Bernstein.

Nothing happens for a time. Then Mr. Bernstein's taxi stops and Mr. Bernstein climbs out, enters a dingy building. Bluett pays his driver, moves to the front door of the building—an old shabby one. The door is an ordinary house door: it is badly in need of paint. Bluett inspects it. It is not locked—it is ajar!

V

PASSING along a short passage, Bluett began to mount an uncarpeted stair; its ancient tread, well seasoned, did not creak as he had feared; the handrail he avoided touching. Two doors opened upon the first landing. On one a card was pinned which said: "Sales Transport Company;" the other was blank; and the window with crisscross strapping confronted him for a moment as he walked on, turned, and mounted the next flight. Here again he found two doors, beside one of which a grimy brass plate was fixed bearing the name: "Paolo Moroni." It contained no clue to the nature of Signor Moroni's trade or profession. The opposite door showed a newly painted board which announced "Wardens." Bluett paused for a moment, listening.

Movements became audible directly above his head, and he deduced that these were made by Mr. Bernstein. He stole on past the second crisscross window and mounted to the top floor. Here, he paused again and then shone his light upon one of the doors. It proudly offered on polished mahogany with gilt lettering: "Bernard Bernstein & Co." But Bluett's impression had been that the room he was looking for was not this one, but that opposite. He directed a ray upon it. The second door bore no inscription of any kind. He extinguished his torch, and stood there, keenly alert, and thinking hard.

Now, to the best of his knowledge, and he was no amateur, he had proceeded thus far without making any perceptible sound. Yet, at this moment someone began to whistle Up in the Morning Early; the blank door was thrown suddenly open, casting light onto the dingy landing, and Mr. Bernstein stood before him!

But what he saw in a lighted room behind the burly figure astonished him even to a higher degree. He saw dilapidated walls, an uncarpeted floor, a dirty ceiling. He had a glimpse of an expensive radio set, of brightly upholstered chairs; but (and this commanded most of his attention) directly facing him stood a large dressing table which had wing mirrors, a table littered with all sorts of toilet articles, and reminding him of that in an actor's dressing room. The only light, a very bright one, hung immediately above this mirror.

Smiling that golden smile, Mr. Bernstein ceased to whistle, and spoke:

"Ah, Friar Tuck, my old! But how wet you are! Come in, my friend. I have some good Scotch here!"

Mr. Bernstein was Gaston Max . . .

"NAME of a name, Sergeant Bluett, it is annoying! But do not blame me, for I think our old friend the chief inspector has been somewhat headlong."

Sergeant Bluett, seated on a gilt chair, smoking a cigarette and from time to time sampling whisky and soda of a quality with which of late he had become painfully unfamiliar, was in many respects a man chastened and changed.

"That's right," he said.

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The daughter of Pfc. James R. McNatt, former wheat farmer, gets her second bath at the Elk City Co-op Hospital. Mother refuses to name the infant until she hears from its father

CO-OP HOSPITAL

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

A crusading Oklahoma doctor proves that health protection and Grade-A medical care are within reach of every purse. The first American co-operative hospital is a resounding success today and a milestone for tomorrow

THE farmer with the wrinkled, walrus-hide skin hauled himself up in bed. "There ain't no tellin' what this hospital's been worth to me," he said. "Here I am, laid up with hernia. A couple of years ago, my wife came down with milk leg and was here over a month. If we'd had to borrow money to pay for either of these—well, you know how things are—we'd probably lost our farm."

The old man is a patient in the Community Hospital of Elk City, Oklahoma. It is the first co-operative hospital in the United States. Each member family pays regular annual dues which entitle it to free medical and surgical attention and reduced rates on hospital and dental care, eyeglasses, drugs, X-ray pictures.

There is a tremendous and growing interest in such co-operatives among consumers of medicine. A recent survey of the American Institute of Public Opinion showed 61 per cent of the people willing to pay $2 per month for medical care. Twenty-five per cent were against such schemes, and 14 per cent held no opinion.

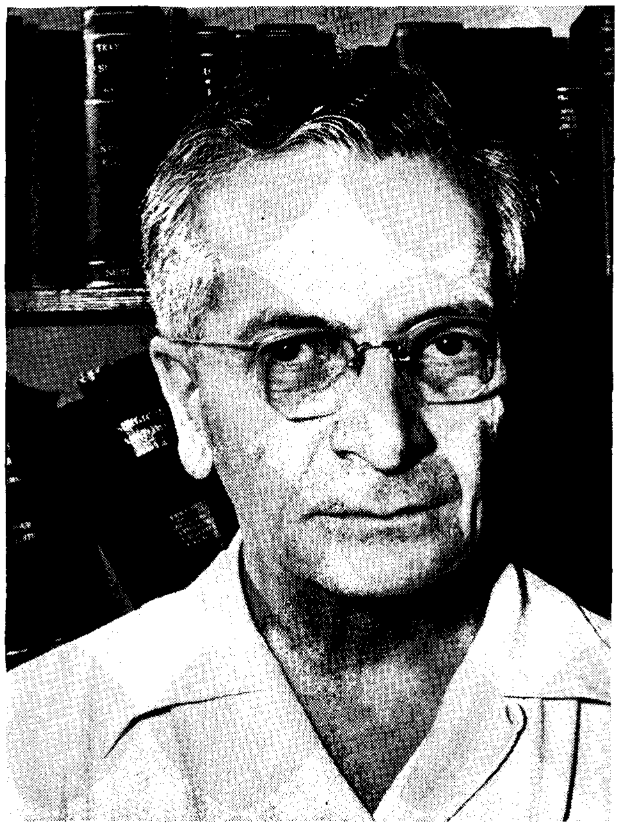
Inequitable distribution of medical care is responsible for tens of thousands of needless deaths. It is, for example, estimated that prompt treatment could save half the 60,000 lives lost annually to tuberculosis. The last National Health Survey indicated that pneumonia was 3½ times as prevalent among the poor as among the well-to-do. There was seven times as much tuberculosis. A quarter of a million babies are born each year with no physician in attendance.

Even among middle-income groups, sickness can mean staggering hardship, and long illness often means bankruptcy.

That's the consumer's side of the picture. The physician's side isn't much happier. Everyone thinks of the doctor as a well-to-do man, but for every physician earning over $10,000 a year there are two getting less than $2,500. It is normally a case of the physician waiting for patients while patients hesitate to seek good medical care because of cost. Solving this problem will be one of the major jobs of the postwar era.

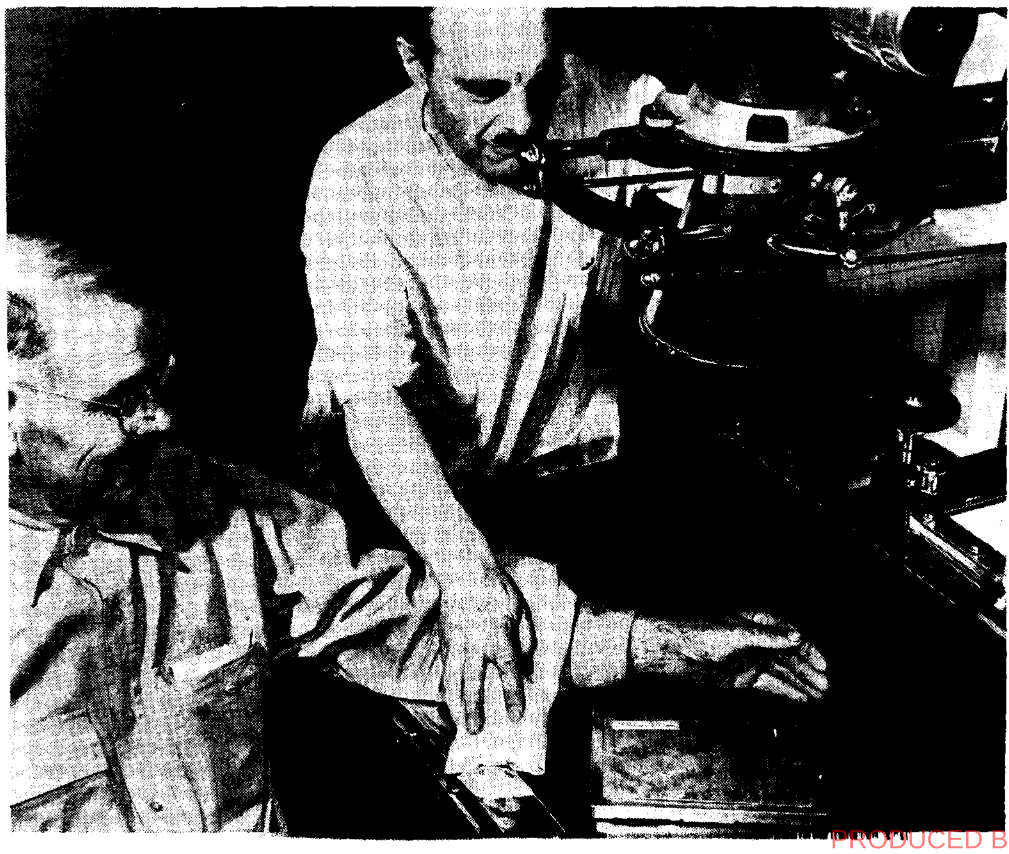
A start has already been made. The Farm Security

Rival doctors called Dr. Michael Shadid a "Syrian rug peddler." They tried to hamstring his Co-op Hospital, but he brought good medicine to poor farmers at profit to both



A farm family pays about $25 a year for medical care at the Co-op. This includes everything except a bed, which is $2.50 a day. House calls are extra—$1 a visit. This farmer, O. A. McWhorter, is not a member. He will pay separately the normal charges for radium treatments of a nasal tumor

J. F. Crabb broke his hand when he was trying to crank his truck. Crabb is a charter shareholder in the Co-op and vice-president of the hospital board. The X-ray is made by Dr. P. F. Peltason, who fled Holland in 1940. Dr. Peltason was one of the last pupils of Roentgen, discoverer of X-ray



Administration has inaugurated a medical service plan for its clients—the poorest segment of the rural population. Each year, families pay a small sum into a fund. Patients go to any doctor they choose. The doctor sends his bill to the fund. Through county medical societies, the doctors agree in advance not to insist on full payment. Even so, doctors are more than satisfied. They are getting some revenue from a class of patients who rarely paid bills before—from something like half a million.

The Elk City Hospital is aimed at an income group a step above the one treated by the FSA plan. It was established in 1929 by Doctor Michael Shadid. He saw that, for years, farmers had had co-operative cotton gins, cottonseed-oil mills, dairy-marketing organizations. Why not a co-operative hospital?

Shadid is small and spectacled. He looks mild but isn't. He has been fighting the better part of his life. He was born on the slopes of Mount Lebanon in Syria, in a stone, mud-floored hut. Shadid isn't quite sure when he was born—the old Turkish empire didn't bother with such frills as birth certificates. So he arbitrarily set the date at January 1, 1882.

Up by His Bootstraps

As a youngster he broke rocks for road building at 10 cents an hour. He saved enough to go to the American University at Beirut; then borrowed from relatives to come to America. He peddled jewelry and knickknacks through nearly every state and saved his money for college. Other odd jobs—such as acting as a guide at the Jerusalem Exhibit at the St. Louis Fair in 1904—also helped. In the end, he got a medical degree at Washington University. For several years he practiced in small towns in Oklahoma and eventually wound up in Elk City. He built up a practice worth $15,000 a year—and steadily grew more critical of his profession.

"A young doctor," he says, "finds that he is spending his time making money from the sick rather than preventing sickness before it comes. He has a stake in sickness, not in health. What kind of justice would one expect from our courts if the remuneration of the judges were dependent on their decisions — if 'guilty' brought them $500, while 'innocent' meant only $5?"

He went to the farmers around Elk City, which sits on the edge of the Dust Bowl. There wasn't, he told them, a single urologist, orthopedist or brain man in that part of the state. When they got sick, often as not, a major operation meant a lost farm. Well, they were all used to the idea of co-operatives. They owned a co-op cotton gin. Why not a hospital? If 2,000 farmers would buy $50 shares of stock, a hospital could be built, and they would get medical care for a flat yearly charge.

The farmers agreed rather enthusiastically. Local doctors—two of whom owned their own hospitals—disagreed. Shadid had belonged to the County Medical Society for nearly twenty years. The society was dissolved—and reorganized without him. Thus, he lost membership in the American Medical Association—which is the national body over all county and state organizations.

An effort was made to cancel Shadid's license to practice. He carried the fight through the courts and won. He was called a Syrian rug peddler and a crook. Word went out that he had no intention of building a hospital, that he was swindling the farmers. The rumor circulated that he had Moscow gold behind him.

Shadid had a rocky time. Dust and depression struck at about the same time. Farmers couldn't scrape together the $50 for their shares. But Shadid put up $10,000 of his own money and borrowed another $15,000. The building was completed in 1931. It was a small red brick building with 20 beds, a mile outside Elk City on Route 66.

Even then, the war wasn't over. Shadid attempted to assemble a staff of physicians. Whenever an out-of-state man announced that he intended to practice at the Community Hospital, he somehow failed to get a license. Shadid warned prospects to announce that they were going to practice elsewhere. After they were licensed, they moved to Elk City.

When it looked as if the $15,000 loan might be called, Shadid dressed up the hospital to make it look prosperous. On the day the loan investigator arrived, Shadid had hospital beds filled with his own children and anyone else he could round up.

During all this guerrilla warfare, Shadid's farmers stuck resolutely with him. If a little political pressure was needed to win a point, they applied it. At one time they even suggested tarring and feathering the leader of the medical opposition. Shadid recalls this stormy background in his book, A Doctor for the People.

After all these birth pains, the hospital was finally established. It has grown phenomenally. Today it has 2,400 paid-up members. It has a topnotch staff, including a urologist, an eye, ear, nose and throat man, a radiologist, a dentist—as well as surgeons and general practitioners. The hospital has been enlarged four times. At present it has 75 beds and will have 125 after the war when nurses give up their present space to move into a nurses' home. The hospital has $225,000 in assets.

It is one of the best-equipped small-town hospitals in the United States. It has complete laboratory facilities. If a farmer's wife needs a metabolism test, she can get it at the Community Hospital. There are incubators for the newborn. The hospital owns $3,000 worth of radium for cancer treatment. It has three operating rooms, three X-ray machines, a fever cabinet, a well-stocked drugstore where prescriptions are filled at moderate prices.

How the Plan Works

Farmer Mead, who owns a quarter section of land a few miles out of town, most of it in cotton, bought a share when the hospital was organized. This share ownership entitled him to participation in the medical plan. The fee scale for a man and wife is $18 a year. If there are two children the cost is $25. For more than two children, there is an added charge of $1 a year for each child.

Since Farmer Mead has four children, he pays $27 a year. His wife is about to have a baby and he takes her to the hospital. There will be no doctor bills for obstetrical service, but there are small hospital charges. The total cost of the ten-day stay will be $45.

He notes that one of the children has a pronounced squint. The child needs glasses. There is no charge for the eye examination; the glasses may be had for as little as $4. If Farmer Mead needs a tooth pulled, it will cost him 25 cents. Fillings are 75 cents each.

Suppose Farmer Mead has some really bad luck and breaks a leg. This would ordinarily be a financial calamity of first rank. But at Community Hospital, his medical care costs nothing and his hospital room only $2.50 a day. Even if he has to spend six weeks in the hospital, his bill will be only $100.

The hospital does every type of surgery. A farm boy has a saddle nose and wants it beautified. Surgeons borrow cartilage from the boy's ribs and build him a new nose. One old man has a mouth tumor, caused by irritation of the homemade false teeth he had whittled out of an oak plank! Surgeons remove the tumor, and the hospital dentist makes a pair of plates.

Perhaps the greatest service of the hospital is its emphasis on preventive medicine. Members are urged to bring in children for smallpox and typhoid vaccination and diphtheria shots. A hospital bulletin preaches better nutrition—this being largely a sowbelly-and-cowpeas-eating country. They even sell low-priced vitamin pills. Farmers are shown the wisdom of attending to minor ills at once, before they grow into major ailments.

All this is having a telling effect on the general health of the community. In the early days, fully two thirds of the appendix cases came in with burst appendixes. Today not more than a tenth arrive in this critical condition. Similarly, staff physicians see few of the grisly overgrown tumors they used to see. When subscribers suspect trouble, they come to the hospital on their weekly trip to town. On busy days, from 60 to 100 people will crowd the out-patient department. If a patient is too ill to come in, home calls are made. In town they cost $1. The charge for the country is also $1—plus 20 cents per mile for the doctor's car.

New Deal for the Doctor

Salaries of staff doctors range from $4,200 to $8,400—plus a 15 per cent bonus if the hospital has a profitable year. Because all recent years have been profitable, the bonus is a regular feature. Physicians like this type of practice. They have none of the usual physician's expenses for office rent, secretary and bill collections. Staff members take turns working nights, so an off-duty doctor has free evenings to himself. All staff doctors get a month's vacation with pay, and in case of prolonged illness, salary continues for three months.

The hospital's work is good enough to attract large numbers of nonmembers. Nearly half of its practice is among people who are not shareholders. They pay regular fees, and this money goes into the hospital fund. The only comparable hospital is 120 miles away in Oklahoma City.

Community Hospital has an excellent record. Surgeons aren't tempted to perform operations for the sake of a fee. In its entire history, only three Caesarean operations have been performed. There hasn't been a death resulting from an appendectomy in seven years. Last year the hospital delivered 103 babies without a maternal mortality. One case might be described as an infant death—a stillbirth.

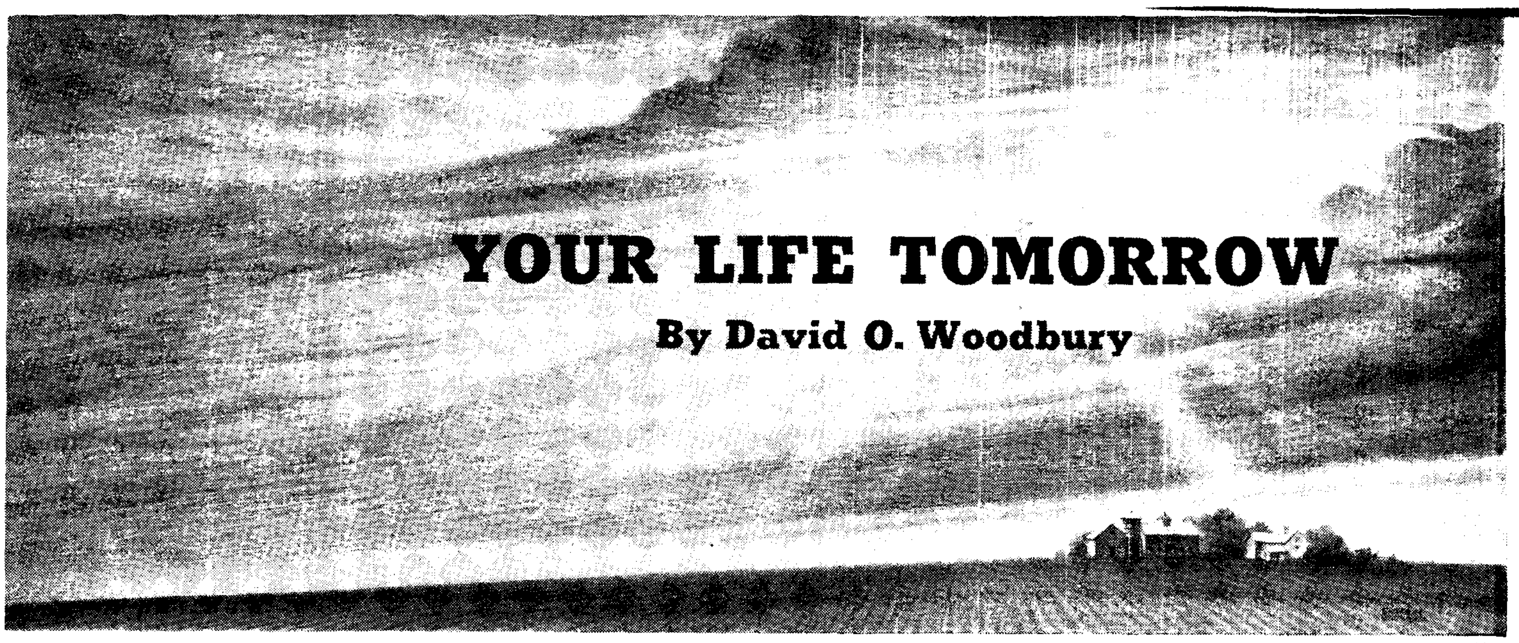
The patients in the hospital all have about the same reaction: "There's no tellin' what this hospital's been worth to me."

One farmer is more explicit: "Before this place was built, my boy had appendicitis. He stayed in a hospital eight days and it cost me $215. When my girl got appendicitis, she stayed in this hospital ten days and it cost me $42. I don't see how a man can afford to stay out of this co-operation business."

THE END

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury



STANT R. UNDERHILL

Smokeless Cities Coming

The millions of tons of soft coal soot now pouring into the air of American cities and towns from domestic heaters will not continue to be a necessary evil tomorrow. A new type of home furnace will burn even soft coal to a clean, smokeless ash. Smoke from a fire is a sure sign of incomplete combustion. In the new heating unit the fire will be burned upside down, with the hottest part underneath and the draft moving in from the top. Soot formed in the cooler part of the coal bed will be drawn through the incandescent coals and consumed before it can reach the fire.

Home owners will not only enjoy clean communities in winter; they will save a considerable amount on heating bills as well.

Synthetic rubber springs for automobiles should result in featherbed rides.

X-rays for All

When the news of Roentgen's great discovery first reached America in January, 1896, hundreds of doctors and scientists rushed into the field of X-rays for medical purposes. The first great difficulty was that the rays were so weak that the patient could not sit still long enough to be photographed. To overcome this, Doctor Michael Pupin invented the method of photographing the shadows produced on a fluoroscopic screen. Though it was a great improvement, it was soon forgotten as powerful X-ray tubes for direct picture-taking were developed.

Now the old Pupin method, with improvements, is being taken up again by wartime medical men, with the result that a whole new technique in X-ray work is in sight.

When this new method is transferred to peace tomorrow, the cost of film and darkroom work will drop to something like one tenth of what it is now. One result of this will be that no child will need to pass through the dangerous period of susceptibility to tuberculosis without being properly X-rayed to make sure that he is in sound condition. This sure diagnosis, now open only to a few, will be standard for all.

Photography to Hasten New Designs

Photographing the patterns for tomorrow's futuristic products directly on metal is going to cut many months from the inevitable delays in setting up your postwar world. The new technique, now saving precious weeks in producing advanced airplane designs, will eliminate the tedious process of laying out each new design by hand. Auto bodies, refrigerators, desks, metal furniture, toys—hundreds of articles due for complete streamlining—will be speeded to market months sooner, making the manufacturer far more sensitive to your tastes in the things you buy.

Master patterns will be laid out in special ink, X-rayed to make them glow, and then "printed" direct onto metal sheets coated with photographic emulsion. Thousands of such prints can be made in a few hours, then cut accurately and speeded into the production line.

Vacation Sans Mosquitoes

Summer camps, cruisers and other holiday abodes—and just plain homes—are going to give you a new quality of rest after the war because the heyday of the uncontrolled insect pest will be on the wane.

A young Department of Agriculture chemist named Dr. Lyle D. Goodhue has devised a new "health bomb" for our Armed Forces which is certain death to flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other intruders that buzz in the night, destroying sleep and carrying disease.

The "bomb" is a simple little container that pours out a new insecticide in a fine mist that penetrates the farthest corner of a room, even the cracks in walls and floors. The mist is harmless to humans and exceedingly inexpensive; in fifteen minutes a single can of it will pervade the air so thoroughly as to fill a hundred ordinary bedrooms. Or it can be turned on for only a few seconds to slaughter the bugs in a smaller space.

Not only will the health bomb give a new pleasure to summer living but it is also expected to be used in planes traveling out of the tropics, which nowadays are apt to bring home dangerous disease-bearing insects and flies.

Door hinges that will never squeak are on the horizon. They will be made of wood and will last a lifetime without oil.

A Pound a Day

A new condensed "food kit," announced by the Department of Agriculture, will weigh one pound but will provide a healthy adult with three well-balanced square meals. Designed for the quick relief of starving Europe, the kit will have tremendous value after the war. No more carrying heavily loaded knapsacks of food on camping trips and mountain hikes; no more short rations in remote places for prospectors, surveyors, hunters or, in fact, anybody who ventures beyond reach of the corner grocery.

In a small paper carton will be packed the makings of a quart of milk, three pints of soup, four glasses of orange juice, generous helpings of cereal and dessert, all in dehydrated form. The ration will keep indefinitely. Ten minutes over fire, after adding water, will produce three tasty meals.

The kits can be turned out by factories by the hundreds of millions. The cost of a day's packaged food will be about twenty-five cents.

Wooden manhole covers will cut down the clatter of traffic in city streets.

Your Pantry Shelf

Cupboards will not be sagging with heavy cans of fruits and vegetables, but instead will be neatly stacked with little packages of dehydrated foods. You will be able to buy a bushel of potatoes in a carton weighing a pound or so. Beans, beets, onions, cabbage, carrots, and all the common canned fruits will come to you dried or in powdered form. Eggs and milk will await you in cellophane wrappers, to be stored as long as you like. You will even buy tomato juice and cranberry sauce in solid form; and meat flakes for making hash, stews and pies will come in boxes, too.

The foods you buy today average ninety per cent plain water. Tomorrow, this weight will be extracted in the scientific dehydration plants close to the truck gardens of the nation. You will be able to carry a month's supply of vegetables home from the store under one arm. These products will be much cheaper, too, for freight and handling charges will have dropped to a fraction of what they are now.

Nor will there be a long, tedious process of soaking the dried foods back to normal. A mere twenty minutes in boiling water, and your vegetables and fruit of tomorrow will taste as fresh and look as inviting as if they had just been picked.

Nonexpanding glass rods will replace steel in reinforced concrete. Result: No cracks in cement roads and other structures due to extremes of heat or cold.

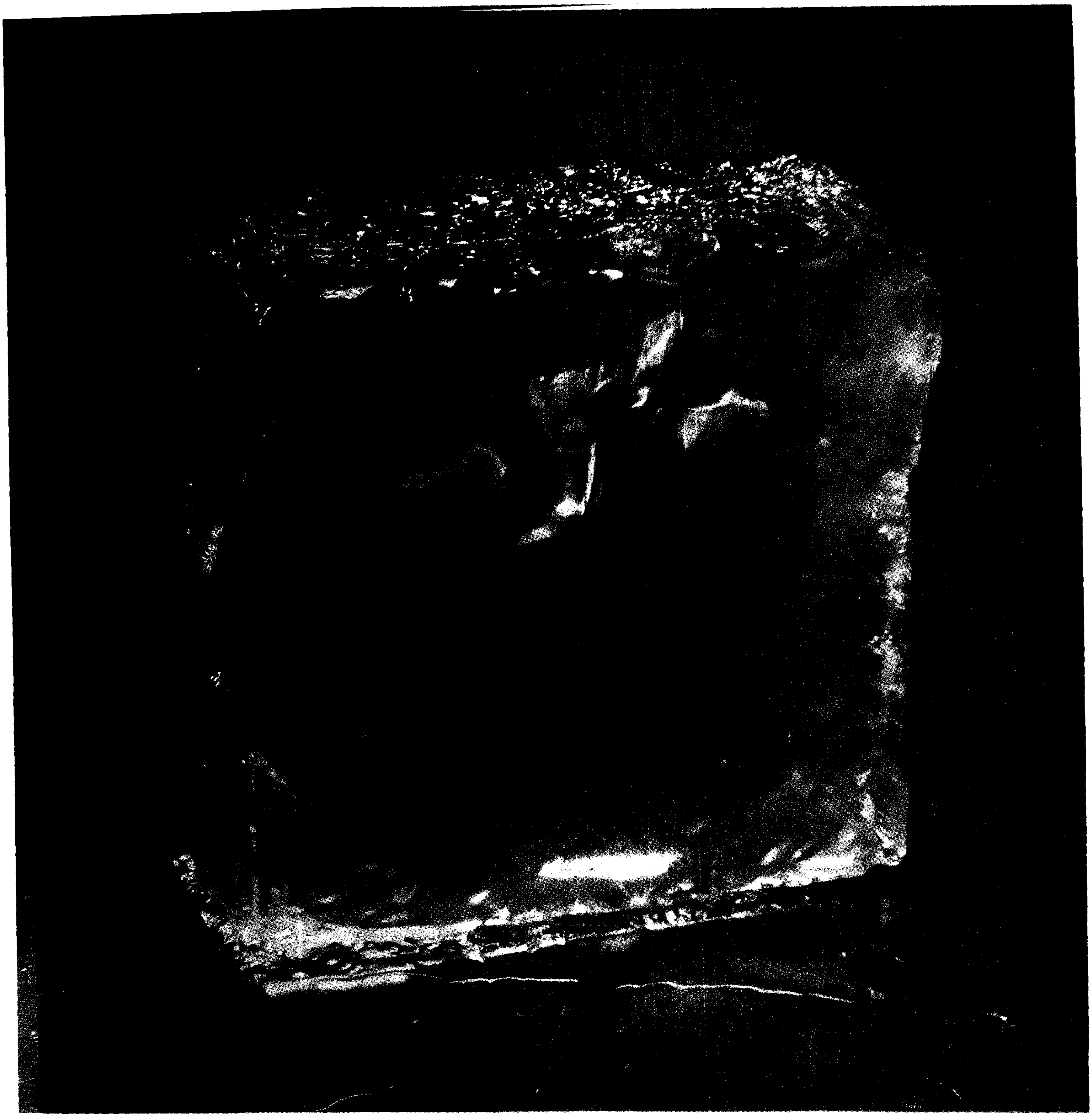
Dust Will Be Only a Memory

You will be able to install in your home a small cabinet called a "Precipitron," which will cost about as much as a good refrigerator and be even less expensive to run.

This device will keep the air in every room as fresh and dust-free as the air in the High Sierras. It will be out of the way, silent and automatic, and will bring you an entirely new deal in dirt control.

Those infinitesimal dust particles that collect on the walls and saturate upholstery and draperies will plague you no more. Curtains that used to need washing every two or three weeks will stay bright and clean for ten or more. Walls won't need renovating more often than once in three years or so.

The Precipitron, a war invention of a Westinghouse engineer, is now at work scrubbing the air in bomb-sight plants and blood-plasma laboratories. It removes some ninety per cent of all tiny floating bodies including dust, lint, pollen and even bacteria and tobacco smoke. It is not simply a mechanical filter, which can trap no more than twenty per cent of the floating particles at best, but an electrical device which charges the particles and attracts them to an electrified plate. The basic principle was known to the early Greeks but the world of tomorrow will be the first to enjoy its universal use. ★★★

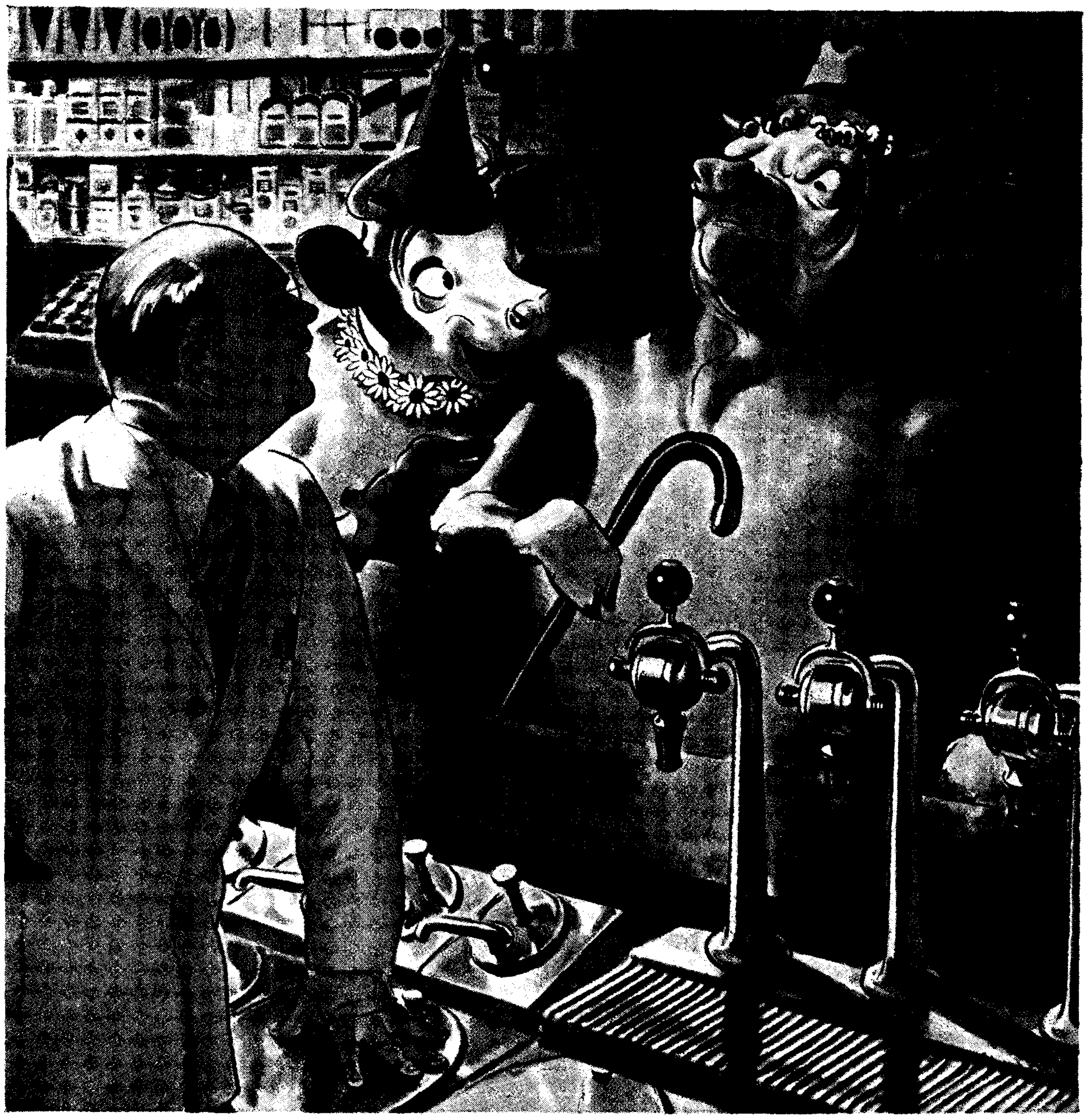


THOUGH MANY a cake of ice has come and gone since this advertisement first appeared, 3 years ago, it's *still* a grand way to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon. What matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)



"Now Elmer," begged Elsie, "don't be a pig about shortages!"

"Poppycock," sputtered Elmer, the bull. "I don't want a lecture, I want ice cream. I *demand* ice cream!"

"Sorry, Fatso," said the druggist. "I'm out of ice cream until tomorrow!"

"Shame on you, Elmer, for picking on a nice druggist at a time like this," interrupted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The ice-cream shortage is due to the war. Uncle Sam says we can't make as much as we used to. The cream we save is going to make butter for our soldiers, and the milk goes into other dairy foods such as cheese which make good eating for our fighting forces at home and abroad."

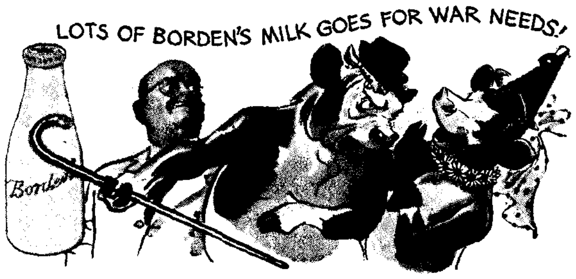
"Huh," sniffed Elmer, "if you're such a big shot in the milk business, why don't you do something about it?"

A FAIR SHARE OF BORDEN'S ICE CREAM FOR EVERYBODY!

"I'm doing all I can," smiled Elsie. "Every store that sells *Borden's Ice Cream* is getting delicious sherbets and ices and its fair share of what ice cream there is. I can't do any more than that. A war is a war and a milk shortage is a milk shortage."

"Milk shortage, my eye," growled Elmer. "This fellow's ice box is full of *Borden's Milk.* Or is he a hoarder?"

"Don't be ridiculous," chuckled Elsie. "We'll always try to have fresh *fluid* milk for every family—since it's so healthful that folks should drink some every day.


LOTS OF BORDEN'S MILK GOES FOR WAR NEEDS!
Borden's

But, with such a lot of milk going to our armed forces and our allies, there is naturally less milk left for other dairy products."

"Hah," shouted Elmer triumphantly, "then look over here and try to explain this. These cans are all full of things made from your milk."

"Naturally," laughed Elsie. "You're looking at Borden's *Prescription Specialties.* They're used to feed infants and invalids. That package you have in your hoof is *Borden's Biolac*—a modern balanced formula that babies just thrive on. These products haven't been restricted, because they're so important to thousands of America's new babies."

"H-m-m," mused Elmer, "with *all* this stuff to sell, I'd say the druggist was having it easy compared to other merchants."

BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S BIOLAC!
Biolac

"Then you'd say the wrong thing as usual," giggled Elsie. "For those products are only a small part of the story. The druggist is faced with loads of shortages. There will be times when he's short of *Borden's Hemo*—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. And he won't always be able to get *Borden's Fine Cheeses* to make sandwiches for fountain lunches. It won't be his fault, of course, but some people may blame him."

BORDEN'S HEMO... VITAMIN-RICH MALTED DRINK!
Hemo

"Do you call that trouble?" hooted Elmer. "Why, my second cousin Stuart who keeps a china shop tells me that..."

"For goodness sake leave your bankrupt cousin out of this and wait till I finish," went on Elsie. "That's only the *start* of the druggist's troubles. Help of any kind is almost impossible to get. Pharmacists, soda boys, and clerks are in the army. Girls are working in the war plants. And..."

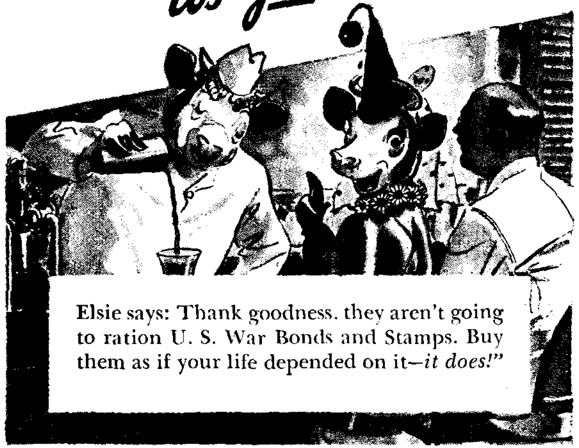
MOST ARE RATIONED—ALL ARE SWELL... BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!
Borden's

"Stop," pleaded Elmer. "You're breaking my heart. Just tell me where this druggist keeps his white coats."

"There's one hanging up right over there," Elsie answered. "But why on earth do you ask?"

"Listen," grunted Elmer, hastily slipping into a white coat, "I may not be able to mix a prescription, but *boy,* can I sling a swell soda! And if times are as tough as you say, the least I can do is to give this guy a hand!"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good



Elsie says: Thank goodness, they aren't going to ration U. S. War Bonds and Stamps. Buy them as if your life depended on it—*it does!*

©The Borden Co.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of marrying Rix Anderson, in the little New England town of Benfield, Linda Wheaton receives a frightful shock: Rix, whom she loves devotedly, runs away with Peg Reynolds, her best friend, and marries her!

Wretchedly unhappy, and believing that her only salvation lies in hard work, Linda goes to New York City. There—thanks to the co-operation of Tony Dennison, a young lawyer, whom she knows slightly—she gets a job in the firm for which Tony works and in which he is presently a junior partner.

Tony is in love with Nelda Heron, daughter of one of the firm's wealthy clients. At the Herons' country estate—where Tony takes her for a week end—Linda meets an attractive young married couple—*Rix and Peg!* To her amazement, she sees Rix and Nelda flirting. And Peg, she soon learns, is terribly distressed, unhappy.

Peg is the sort of girl who must have someone to lean on—to confide in. She has a heart-to-heart talk with Linda, tells her that Nelda, an unscrupulous schemer, is planning to marry Tony—and continue seeing Rix, surreptitiously!

A short time later, Linda is again the guest of the Herons, when Rix arrives—alone. He says that Peg has gone to Westchester, to visit some old friends. After which, Linda, happening to look out from her balcony, sees him embracing Nelda, kissing her, telling her that he loves her.

Hoping to save Tony—and Peg—Linda has a frank talk with Nelda, in which she urges her to be loyal to Tony. But Nelda refuses to listen to her, seriously. . . . While still at the Herons', Rix learns—Peg's Westchester friends telephone him—that Peg has disappeared. Suddenly penitent (for he is, after all, devoted to his wife) Rix starts on a long search; and Linda, taking pity on him, accompanies him.

They finally find Peg in a New York City hospital: Bellevue. Believing that Rix wants to get rid of her, by divorce, she had taken an overdose of sleeping pills in a cheap hotel room. The physicians say that she has been very ill, but that she is now out of danger.

Meanwhile, Tony has been misled by what Nelda has told him. He believes that Linda is still in love with Rix, that she is striving to win him back. So, when Linda returns to work, after taking a day off to recuperate from her trying experience, he is in a bad mood. Certainly his greeting is not cordial. "What," he demands, "happened to you yesterday?"

Conclusion

LINDA'S knees were weak and she felt as if she had swallowed feathers. She thought in despair and astonishment: So it wasn't a dream nor hypnotism, it wasn't Cynthia taking advantage of a weak moment on my part. I am in love with this guy for better or worse and it's going to be worse before it's better. She looked at him and loved every inch of him—a lot of inches. She loved his untidy and mouse-colored hair, and the crease between his brows, his good hands and his square chin, and his gray eyes. And she said to herself: Well, you certainly stuck your chin out!

She lifted it now in some defiance. She said, coolly, "I thought you knew. I was tired, I didn't feel well. Cynthia said you telephoned."

He said, "Twice, but I didn't get much satisfaction. What was the idea of slamming the door in my face the other night?"

"I didn't," said Linda. "Anyway, what did you expect me to do, ask you in for a nightcap?"

"Oh, don't be like that," said Tony with irritation. "Women!"

Nelda hadn't wanted to make peace with him. He hadn't seen her since Sunday. She sat entrenched behind the sand dunes of Southampton and sniped at him with nasty little steel-jacketed sentences over the telephone wires. She was the sort of girl who likes to dish it out. If you offended, she punished. She had an off-with-his-head complex. Tony had given up phoning. Let her call him, he decided, and his thoughts dwelt lovingly on the Navy. Every nice girl loves a sailor and that crack about one in every port, but in between ports, look what you had. You had a battlewagon or a flat-top or a tin can or a pigboat, and there's nothing aboard those but men, thank Heaven! You've water and lots of it, white water, gray water, blue water. You've a job to do—and probably a spell of *mal de mer* to overcome—but whatever you have, you haven't women. If you break your leg there's a pharmacist's mate to take care of you, no angel of mercy in starched white. Good, thought Tony gloomily, let the angels of mercy carry their lamps somewhere else. I like it dark.

He looked at Linda. To his astonishment and her horror, her eyes were indubitably bedewed with tears. "Hey," he demanded uneasily, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing whatever," said Linda with all the firmness of jelly. "I'm coming down with a cold."

"At this time of year?"

"People can have colds at any time," she said, "and I wish you'd go away." Her voice rose, the tears spilled over and, as he looked at her, agape, she added, with sound and fury, "And stay away. You annoy me. I don't even like you any more. You have a low, suspicious, disgusting mind."

"Well," said Tony, and looked at her as if she were something which had just crawled out of the primordial slime, and he was at the business end of a microscope, "if that's the way you feel about me."

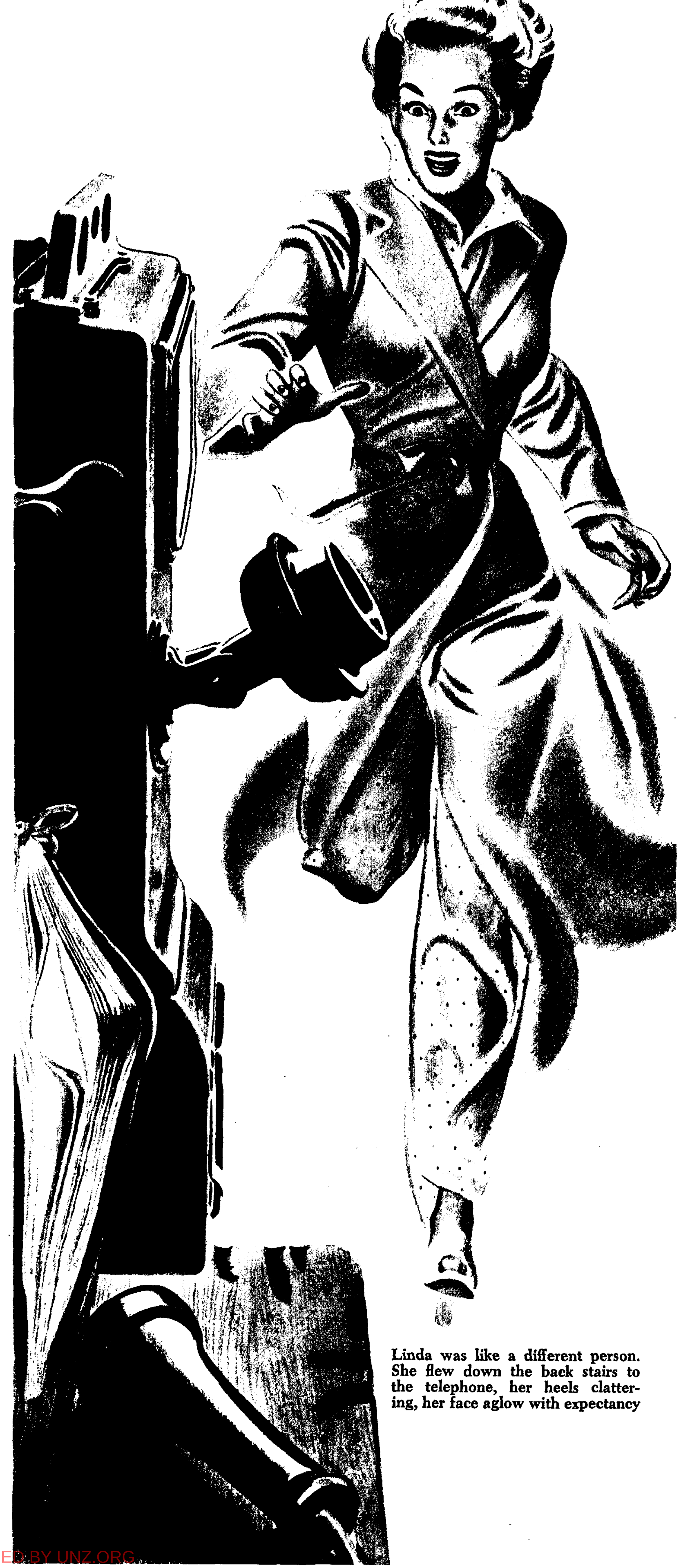
The door closed after him, but hard. Also a book, a good expensive well-bound law book, crashed against the door a fraction of a second later. And Linda who should have felt worse, felt better. She picked up the book, restored it to its place—it was never the same again, the case of Watkins vs. Mussels, which had established quite a precedent—and proceeded to dry her eyes, blow her nose, apply a dash of powder and set out for the club.

That, she thought, en route, will fix him. True, she would be forced to encounter him in the office. But as a stranger. And just until she could find another job. Meantime, she was through with men. Tom could howl at her door until he had laryngitis, but she would be taking a law course, nights. She had no time for male attentions or intentions.

At the club, she ascended to her room, flung her jacket, hat and handbag on the bed and sat down in the chair by the window. She took off her shoes and wiggled her toes. She thought, sanely and glumly: There's no use, my girl, you're in love and there isn't a thing you can do about it.

She needn't have been quite as—as final. She could have pretended everything was all right. Then they would have been friends again, after a fashion. At least, she would have seen him every day. No, this way was better. A clean break, a sharp severance. The surgical way.

There wasn't a bit of pride in the matter. She was in love with Tony Dennison. He didn't love her. He was in love with Nelda. He was going to marry Nelda. Nelda had not only his heart but his ear. Nothing that Linda could say would make



Linda was like a different person. She flew down the back stairs to the telephone, her heels clattering, her face aglow with expectancy him believe that she wasn't responsible for Peg's presence in a city hospital. Because, listening to Nelda, whom he loved, would quite naturally make him stone-deaf to any other woman's voice. A simple situation.

I'll get over it, she told herself stoutly. I got over Rix. But the odd part of it was she didn't want to get over Tony. She'd had to get over Rix. *It had made her ill* to think that she had loved him, she had longed to recover quickly, quickly . . . and forget all about it.

But loving someone like Tony was different. You could be proud of it. Because he was a real person. He was good, he was decent, he was clever and he was kind. You need never be ashamed of loving someone like that.

Of course, he was also an idiot. But that was Nelda's fault. All men are idiots when they are in love. And women, too. With which profound deduction she prepared to eat her dinner and wait for Rix to call for her.

She had a little time alone with Peg at the hospital. She was embarrassed, looking at Peg's drawn face against the pillows, and the big gray eyes, deeply shadowed. She was embarrassed because Peg had no defenses, Peg was vulnerable and human, and soft, and because Peg spoke to her from her heart.

"I'VE been such a fool," said Peg, in her husky voice, "and you've been wonderful, Linda. Rix told me."

"That's all right," said Linda with extreme awkwardness.

"He told you," asked Peg, "that everything's—fine? I mean, between us? I was such a fool," she said again, "to go off like that. Off the beam, really. I believed him, you see. About Nelda and everything. And I was frightened because I knew about the baby. I thought he wouldn't believe that. I didn't care what happened to me, to—to us." She stopped and Linda patted her hand. And Peg went on, "Look, Linda, it's just that I love him. I haven't any illusions about him but I can't get along without him. It's weak of me, it's part perhaps of—of my punishment, that things are this way. They'll always be this way. But next time I'll be different. I'll be patient and wait. He'll always come back, you know, somehow I'm sure of it. Did he tell you his mother's coming down?"

"Yes. I'm so glad, Peg."

"So am I. Perhaps," said Peg wistfully, "she'll grow to like me. I always liked her a lot. But she was so crazy about you—and then I thought she'd never like me because of what I did and it made me say and do the wrong thing. I felt so guilty toward her . . . making trouble for her, because of Rix. But now," she said, "maybe she'll forgive me, after a while."

"Of course she will," said Linda. "I'm sure she already has. And she's going to love being a grandmother."

"It's more than you can say for most women nowadays," said Peg with the ghost of a chuckle.

It was time for Linda to go. She went out to the waiting room and sent Rix in to see his wife. *Waiting for him, there with* all the anxious strange people—you could feel their emotions, you could almost touch them they were so tangible—fear, impatience, patience, hope. She thought: He hasn't told her anything, merely that I left Southampton with him and stayed with him until we found her. Well, that's just as well. What good would it have done to say anything else?

But Peg, being a woman, didn't have to be told in so many words. She looked at Rix as he sat beside her and asked, "What's wrong with Linda?"

"Nothing," he answered, astonished; "that is, nothing I know about."

"There is, too," said Peg; "she's different. Something's happened. Was—has it anything to do with us, Rix?"

Rix said, "Of course not. And I don't know what you're talking about—oh . . ." His brow cleared and he said comfortably, "Tony Dennison, maybe. He was sore at her. For leaving Herons' Sunday with me. I told you he came to the apartment. You know all that, Peg. Why he was sore, I wouldn't know." He stopped and shrugged. "Of course he thought that Linda was the cause of—of all this."

"You're a goop," said Peg, a little color coming into her cheeks. "It's clear enough to me. She's in love with him, isn't she? I've thought so for some time."

"Why?" demanded Rix astonished.

"Well, she isn't with you," said Peg calmly. "I thought so at first but when I became convinced that you were no longer head man, naturally I wondered about Tony. Who gave him that idea," she demanded, "about Linda, I mean?"

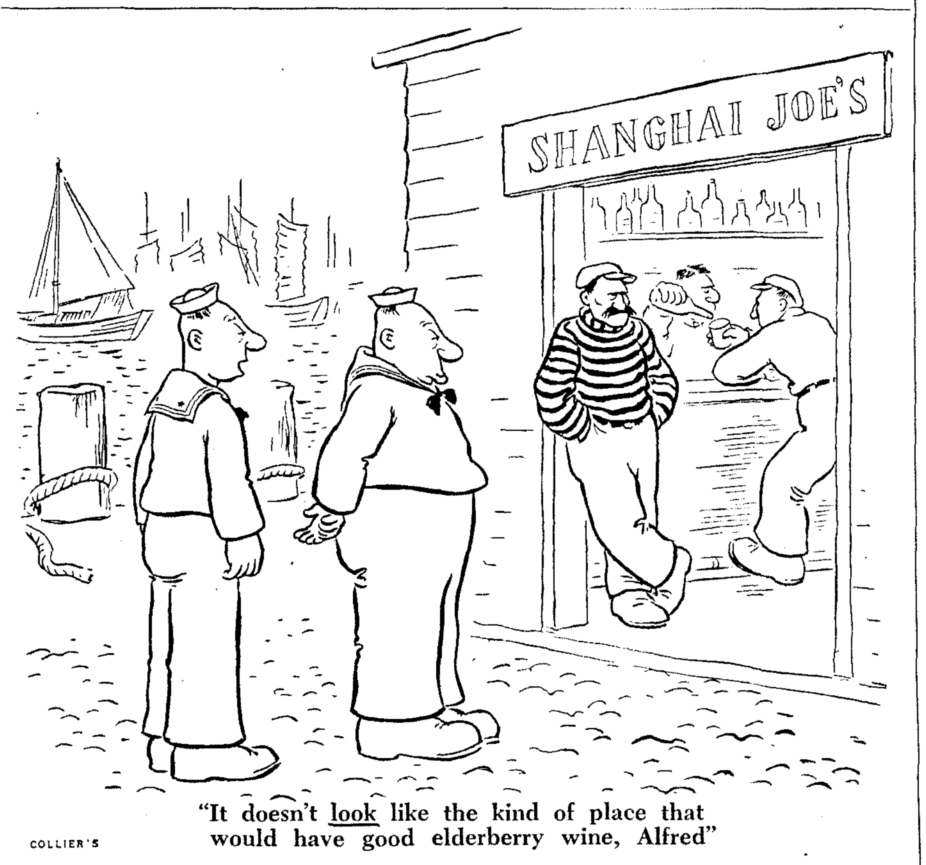
"Nelda," said Rix, and flushed.

"Good Lord," said Peg. "Men!" She lay back against the pillows. "That settles it," she said. "Linda's crazy about him or she'd tell him the truth. . . ."

"I don't get it," said Rix.

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"It doesn't look like the kind of place that would have good elderberry wine, Alfred"

"You sound like Gracie Allen," said his wife. "Don't you see how her mind works? If she weren't in love with him she'd march herself up to him and—Rix, don't look so miserable, it's all over and done with, dear—and you know what she'd say. But being Linda she can't say it. Because he's engaged to Nelda, because he's in love with her—or so Linda thinks. I never thought so."

Rix looked at her, his jaw slack.

"You never thought so?" he repeated feebly.

"Certainly not," said Peg. "Nelda's a glittery sort of bait. Most any poor fish would rise to it. She can turn the charm on and off. She turned it on like anything because it was—well, expedient. And he'd been going around thinking she'd never look at him. She used to treat him badly—you know that, we all saw it—but I don't think he minded too much. It was like falling in love with someone across the footlights. You really don't expect anything. It isn't the kind of love you expect to live with . . . and see evenings in curlers, or across the kitchen table," Peg explained. "Then when she suddenly unbent. . . . Oh, there's no use trying to explain it to you," she said crossly. "You're a man, too. Rix," asked Peg, "do you really love me?"

His reply was as satisfactory as possible under the circumstances.

"Maybe," said Peg, twinkling faintly, "we can do something about Linda."

Rix looked alarmed. He asked, "What? . . . I mean, you wouldn't . . . that is . . ."

"Leave it to me," said his wife serenely, "I'll dream up something. We owe it to her," she added and looked at him soberly. "We owe her—a lot, Rix."

"I know," he said, with humility.

He added, after what seemed a long time, "If you think it best, Peg, I'll see Dennison and make a clean breast of it."

"That would be just wonderful," Peg told him. "You'd get a sock in the jaw from Tony. . . ." She shook her head. "It's one of those honor-rooted-in-dishonor cases, Rix. We can't solve it that way, you know."

He looked relieved. Well, that was Rix; you couldn't expect him not to look relieved, could you? . . .

Linda's law class opened. She went to school nights, with books, notebooks, and a brief case. Mr. Powell congratulated her upon her undertaking. "Think you can manage it?" he asked. "There's an old warning about burning your candle at both ends, Linda."

Linda said, "I'll manage," and grinned at him. "Both ends against the middle?" she asked. "But don't worry, Mr. Powell. If I can't carry the work," she said, "I'll drop it."

He thought she meant the law class; she didn't. She still had her legacy, and she had saved some money. Mr. Powell paid a generous salary. Drop Mr. Powell, go on with the law, and some day go back to Benfield and into her father's office. That made sense. Besides, if she left the office, she'd never see Tony. Her heart parachuted into her boots. Silly, she told it, and hauled it up again.

SHE was seeing him every day, or almost every day. "Hello," he said, and she said "Hello," and that was all there was to it. Nice aloof courtesy. Friendship, love, indifference, hate. Well, Tony had hurdled the love angle and reached the indifference stage. There wasn't anything she could do about it.

Peg went home, Aunt Alice came down, Linda went to see her. Funny how her relationship with Peg and Rix shook down to normal as if Aunt Alice held it up like a thermometer. Linda knew how she stood with them, and they with her. And it was pleasant to have a place to which she could go and where, at last, she felt both at ease and welcome.

She had a farewell dinner with Tom Yorke, who was leaving the office. A job in Washington. It might turn out to be a big one. Linda had refused his invitations all autumn, but now she relented and dined with him one blowy Sunday night in November. He said, looking at her across the table, "I was serious about you you know."

"Past tense, I hope," she murmured.

"No. But I know when I'm licked." He smiled at her, engagingly. "If you change your mind you know where you can find me."

"I shan't," she said. "But you're a swell person, Tom, and I wish you all the luck in the world."

"This job," he said, "it may mean something. I don't know. I've been thinking of Army. But I'd probably get stuck in the Judge Advocate's office. This is better, I think, as long as I can't get combat. . . It will mean doing a job. Not that I don't regret the uniform. I think I'd look very pretty in uniform," he added, grinning.

"Beautiful," she agreed. She frowned a little. "Combat? You really think we'l get in?"

"Of course. And so do you, so does everyone. I was talking to Tony the other day. I suppose you know he wants to go in the Navy, if they'll take him, not as a legal light but as a plain common or garden gob, that is."

"No," she answered, and it was hard to admit it, "I didn't know."

"You two been fighting?" he asked. "I thought so. Well, better kiss and make up Tony's a fool," he added; "he doesn' know which side his bread is buttered on."

LINDA thought: Better not ask what he means by that. Her throat felt very tight.

"You're not too bright, either," said Tom. "Someday you'll find it out. I won' help you. I'm not that magnanimous Did I forget to tell you you're looking very pretty tonight?"

"You never forget," said Linda. Sh thought: I'll miss Tom. She didn't wan him, but she would miss him. He was tonic spirit. He was good for the weakened ego. He was a shot in the arm, if no an arrow in the heart.

Tom grinned at her cheerfully. He said "I wish you'd go see my family when I'm away. They like you. You're the onl girl I ever loved of whom they approve.

She said, sincerely, "I shall, Tom—some Sunday, perhaps. I'm pretty bus these days."

"I know. You'll make an attractiv Portia," he told her, "although woman *place is definitely in the home and not be*fore the bar. Any bar." He lifted an eyebrow and added mildly, "Do you see wha I see? Can it be ectoplasm?"

Linda followed the direction of his regard. The room in which they were dinin was small, crowded, expensive and exclusive. It was known among its habitués a the Needle's Eye. The richer you were, th harder to get in. You engaged your tab several weeks in advance and if you wer really well known the measured insults o captains and headwaiters were almost affectionate in tone. This sort of treatmen is doted upon by New Yorkers. They lov to be made uncomfortable.

The bar was not large, it had high re stools, and the bartender was known as character. Order an old-fashioned and h suggested that you'd already had one to many. How was your liver? His name wa Joe. Everyone was crazy about him.

There were many people at the bar, to

WHAT DISTINGUISHED DOCTORS FOUND—ON COMPARING CIGARETTES

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For the public, findings may be summed up as follows:

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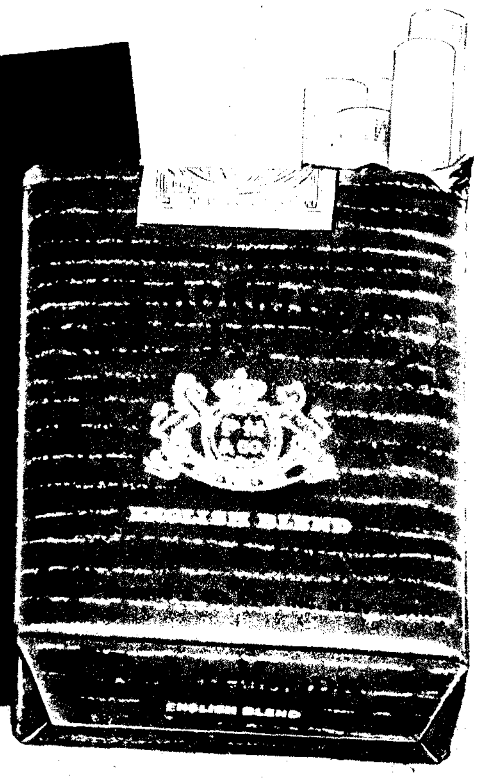
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette



many. No one was being served—Joe was the type you had to wheedle. As there was no room, two more people had joined the fraternity of camels. One was Nelda and the other was Tony.

"Reunion," said Tom resignedly, "in Gehenna." He beckoned a waiter and said with the proper amount of irritation, "I want a telephone."

One was brought and plugged in. "What on earth?" Linda began. She thought: I hope they don't see us. I wonder. . . . Is Tony really joining the Navy? Maybe I'd better marry Tom after all, I'll make a heck of a lawyer. . . . Nelda's looking wonderful. I hate her. I hope Joe gives her arsenic.

Tom spoke into the receiver. He said, "I don't know if this is the house switchboard or an outside wire."

It was the house switchboard, a voice informed him coolly. Tom replied, "Oh, sure. Stupid of me, sweetheart. Otherwise you get stung with calls to Hollywood. I want the bar. Bar." He spelled it. "That's it, sister. Joe, at the bar. There is absolutely no other way of attracting his attention."

There was an interval. Tom spoke again. As he spoke, Linda opened a compact and peered in the mirror. She could see one anxious blue eye. It seemed to be in its usual position.

"Joe? Yep. Tom Yorke. Yes, of course. At a table in your unprintable joint. If you don't believe me, look over." Linda, laughing in spite of herself, saw Joe turn from the telephone and look, incredulously. "I want to speak to a friend. He's crossing the bar. More or less. Page him, will you? A Mr. Anthony Dennison. If you get through to him drop a highball glass as a signal. No, I'm not stinking," said Tom severely. "Tell him he's wanted at the worst table a generous man ever slipped Frederick twenty bucks for . . . Yes, in the corner, and so close to the pantry door that the management includes a free haircut with every entrée."

"He hung up," said Tom mildly and did likewise.

THEY could hear Joe's heavy accents. "Mr. Dennison," said Joe. "Hey, Mr. Dennison."

Fascinated, Linda watched. She saw Tony's tall head; she saw Joe pushing people out of the way with large sweeps of hamlike hands. She saw Tony turn to survey the room; she saw Nelda turn.

Nelda wore black. She had been poured into it and set aside to cool. She wore a sable coat. She wore her own golden hair, and a new mouth painted over the one Nature had given her.

"Tom!" cried Nelda in the usual table-hopping scream. "Linda!"

Carrying their glasses, they descended upon the corner table. "Two more chairs," said Tom to the waiter. "Of course there's room." He looked at Nelda. "Why should you want to be alone with him," he asked, jerking a thumb at Tony, "now that he's hooked? Did you know I was going to Washington? Yes, it's been discovered that I'm one of the few men extant who can recite the alphabet backward. They need such mental giants there . . ."

He kept her talking. He suggested, "Why not have dinner with us now that we're almost finished? Nelda, you look like a flash of light in a blackout. . . ."

Tony looked at Linda. He said, brilliantly, "You're looking very well."

"I'm fine." Her heart hammered in her throat. She thought distractedly: I wish I hadn't eaten so much. "Tom tells me you're thinking of joining the Navy."

Tony muttered something about a commission in the reserve. And Nelda, who had more than her share of ears, leaned across the narrow space and smiled at Linda. She said, "Of course he isn't. That's just conversation. We aren't going to war. People panic too easily." She shrugged. She added sweetly, "How is poor dear Peg?"

"She's all right," said Linda and felt the blood leave her heart.

"Dreadful, wasn't it? I never could understand this overdose business," Nelda said. "As if you didn't know how much of anything you take!"

Tony spoke, in a hurry. He said, "Let's grab our table, Nelda, or Frederick will give it to someone less attractive."

"So nice to have seen you two," said Nelda, smiling, and rose.

When they had gone Tom asked, "What did that mean, if anything?"

"What?" asked Linda abstractedly.

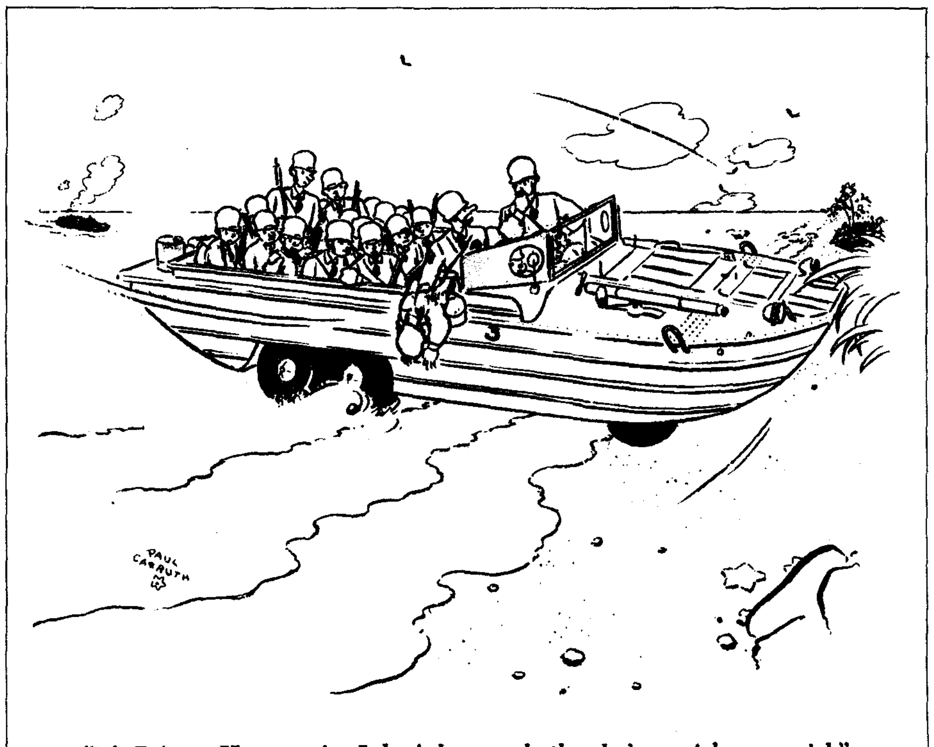
"About Peg . . . Peg Anderson, I take it. . . ."

"Nothing. That is, she took an overdose of sleeping medicine," said Linda evenly, "by mistake."

Tom lifted an eyebrow. He said, "I hadn't heard."

"Of course you heard," said Linda angrily. "Everyone has. You were in Southampton that day, you must have—"

He said, "So that's it. My dear child, I not only heard but I also saw a thing or two. Are you letting Nelda get away with this?"



"It's Private Harper, sir. I don't know whether he's seasick or carsick"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

"I don't know what you mean," said Linda. Her mouth trembled.

"Okay. Have it your way. You haven't ordered your sweet," he told her. "How about Cherries Jubilee? They do them very well here."

"I don't want anything." She thought: *It isn't fair. I'm always seeing people when I don't expect to and going to pieces about it.* She looked at Tom. "I'd like to go home," she said. "It's so terribly warm in here—"

"All right." He beckoned the waiter. The check came and the sum involved would have fed a regiment. Tom paid, unflinching. He said, "Let's go, and I won't say anything more, Linda, but it isn't as if they were in love with each other. They aren't. Nelda's not capable of being, and Tony's on the startled and chivalrous side. I don't know why I'm telling you this. Do you suppose my mother was frightened by Sydney Carton before I was born? Nobility's catching up with me."

Linda was on her feet, the waiter was helping her with her coat. She thought: If I can only get home before I start crying again. . . .

Several things came of that evening. For instance, the encounter between Tom and Cynthia. He went into the club with Linda and there was Cynthia. They had not met before. They said, "Hello" and "How nice," and Tom thought: That's one of the most attractive girls I've seen yet; she isn't pretty but there's something. . . . And Cynthia thought: Linda has all the luck. Months later a government laboratory job took her to Washington, and their second encounter was in Rock Creek Park. But that's another story.

WHAT came, more immediately, was the quarrel between Tony and Nelda. It got under way when they had reached their table. "What was the big idea of that crack about Peg Anderson?" he asked.

"Crack?" repeated Nelda, one satin eyebrow raised. "Really, darling!"

"You know what I mean. . . ."

"I didn't say anything except to ask how Peg is. If Linda looked guilty, it isn't my fault."

Rix, she thought. She hadn't seen him since that horrible Sunday. She had telephoned him and he had said, brutally, that she wouldn't be seeing him again, if he could help it. So the entire pattern fell to pieces around her. Not that she cared. There were other men.

But she missed him. The excitement, the planning, the scarlet thread of intrigue woven through her days. She despised him now, of course. And Tony bored her. He had been so different since that day. Not at all as she wished him to be, easily maneuverable.

"I was crazy," said Tony doggedly, "to believe anything you said, for a minute." He looked at her and shook his head. How did you tell the woman you were to marry that she was a liar, that you'd caught her out in a dozen trivial falsehoods? If she had lied about Linda it wasn't trivial.

She had lied . . . no matter what the circumstantial evidence—Linda's past love for Rix Anderson, her presence in his apartment that Sunday, his arm about her at the door.

Why should I care so much, he asked himself, knew the answer immediately and was so disturbed that he set down his highball glass with special care lest it shatter in his hand.

Nelda complained: "You've been so *dull* lately, Tony—"

By the time they went on to the Southwocks' party—one of the famous, slightly drunken Southwock evenings, half of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley, most of Park and Fifth, and certainly all of Writers Row —they were not on speaking terms.

Early Monday morning, Tony left Nelda at her apartment. He said, "I'm sorry, Nelda . . ."

How do you tell a woman that you're sorry, but only because it's been such a hideous evening and you hate quarrels and recriminations? How do you tell her that you sat across a room full of smoke and noise, looked at her dispassionately and decided that she'd had too much to drink, that she looked haggard and hard, and her voice was pitched too high? How did you tell her you didn't love her and that you never had? That you'd been crazy about her once, which isn't the same thing, and had expected nothing, and when it came to that, had wanted nothing except to be near her now and then and look at her? How did you tell her that you'd never believed she'd marry you and hadn't really wanted her to? How did you tell her that you were in love with someone else and had been ever since a blue day, shot with gold, over a year ago, when you walked into a law office and found her there, to learn shortly afterward that she belonged to someone else? So, you didn't think you'd been in love even for ten minutes, because things didn't happen like that.

You didn't tell Nelda anything. You said good night, and went away.

A NIGHT or so later Alice Anderson had dinner with Linda at the club. She reported that Rix and Peg were fine. And there was wonderful news. . . . Rix was going back to Benfield.

"Aunt Alice!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Back to his father and the bank," she said.

"But Peg—"

"She urged it. She's a sensible girl, really. If we get into this war—" She shook her white head. "Rix is sure we will. He'll go, of course." There was a little catch in her voice. "Peg says if he does she would want to be—home. With us. . . . And Benfield will be better for the baby."

"It will be better for all of you," said Linda. "But won't they miss New York?"

"Rix says not. And Peg says she's had enough of it. Oh, no doubt, at first they had all that goes with it," said Mrs. Anderson, "but since her illness, nearly losing the baby. Having a baby will make a difference, Linda. A child should be brought up in a small town," she said, "with all a small town has to offer. . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Linda. She asked, "When are they going back?"

"Before Christmas. We're going to make the second floor into an apartment for them, with their own living quarters, kitchen, everything. The house is so big. In this way they'll be with us but can be by themselves, as they should. We're delighted about it. Of course, the apartment won't be ready for some time but it will be long before the baby's born."

She talked about the apartment plans but Linda didn't hear. She was thinking: They're so lucky.

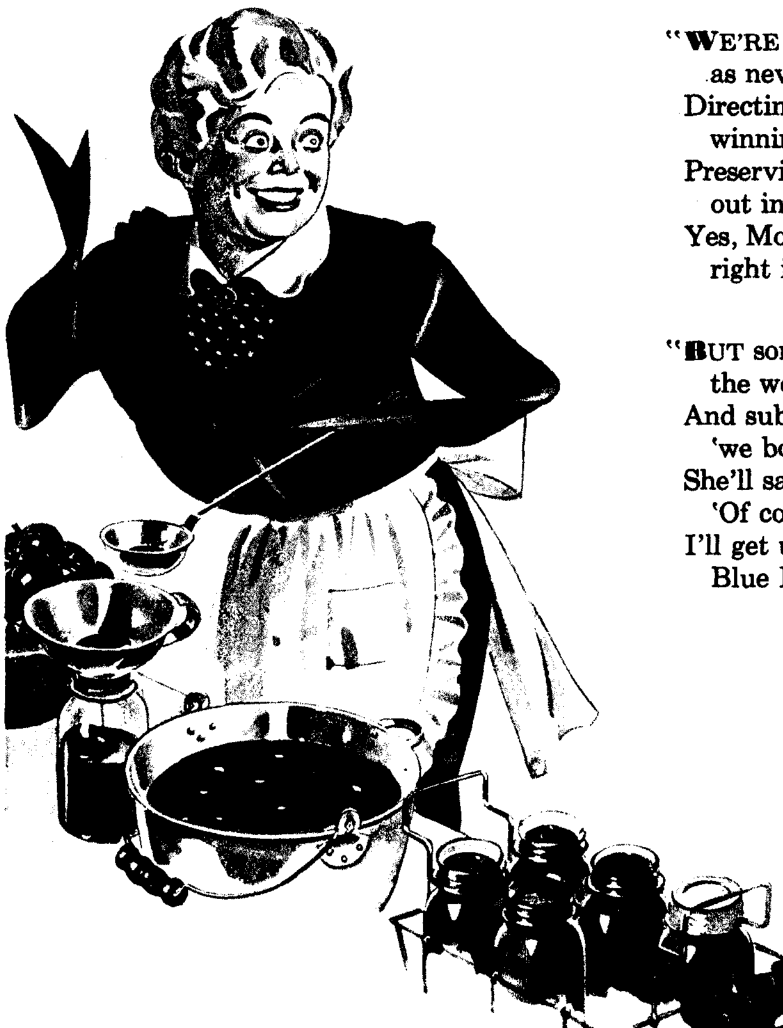
Mrs. Anderson spoke to Peg the next day. "I'm worried about Linda," she said, "she isn't at all like herself. She looks downright peaked. Pinched and thin, and half the time she doesn't know what you're saying, she's so abstracted. I wasn't with her long. She had to go to law class. I think she's overdoing and I'm going to write her mother and tell her so."

"No," said Peg, "don't." She smiled at her mother-in-law. "Linda would hate that," she said. "Don't worry, I'm sure she'll be all right. Perhaps the class is too hard for her to carry, but she'll drop it once she finds it out. Better let her work this out herself, Mother."

"Perhaps," said Alice doubtfully, "but it takes the heart out of me to see her." She thought: Last winter I was terribly

This is the Dad of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

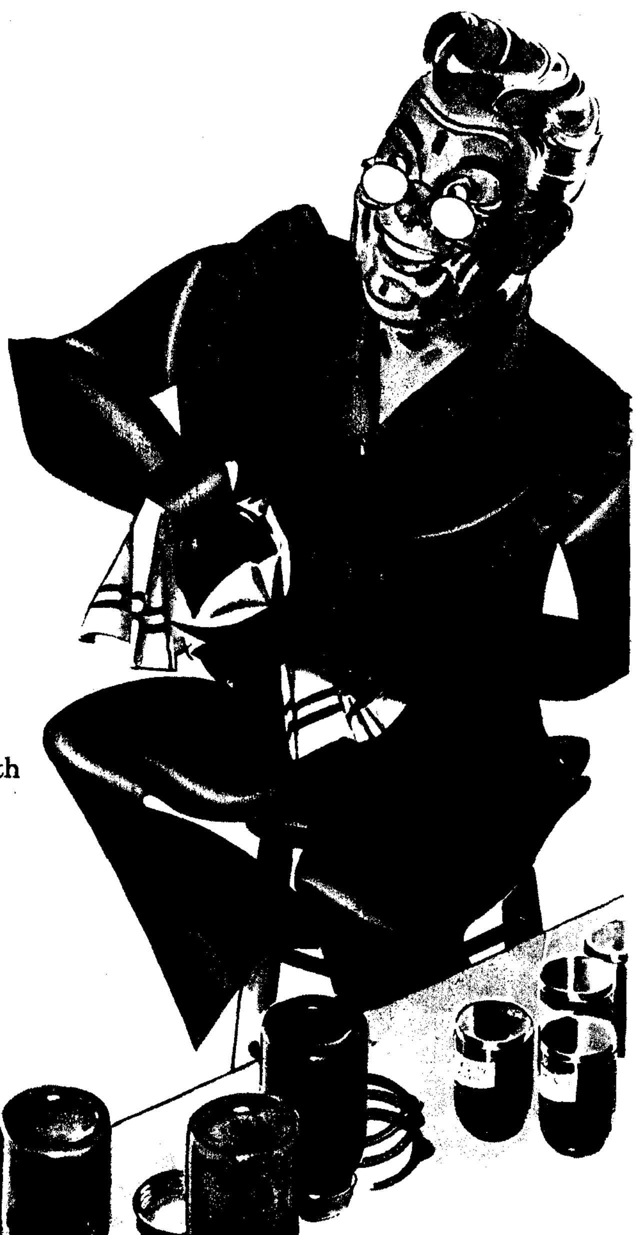
. . . who says—"Fill 'em up, Mom—I'll fasten 'em down."



"WE'RE working together
as never before,
Directing our efforts toward
winning the war,
Preserving and canning things
out in the kitchen,
Yes, Mother and I have been
right in there pitchin'.

"BUT sometimes I pause when
the work gets too taxing
And subtly suggest that,
'we both need relaxing,'
She'll say to me, sweetly:
'Of course we do, dear,
I'll get us a sandwich and
Blue Ribbon Beer.'

"AND so for the moment we
gladly suspend,
Our efforts—and pour out
that *full-flavor* blend;
The beer they call Pabst—with
a taste matched by none,
The beer that is 33 brews
—all in *one!*"



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A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

BY THE WAY, if you are not able to get Pabst Blue Ribbon every time you want it—here's the reason: More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon these days—and under wartime conditions, there just isn't enough to go around. We are making every effort to see that your dealer gets a regular supply. If he is out of Pabst Blue Ribbon today, we suggest you ask again tomorrow.

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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX . . .
Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT

I SEEN MY DUTY AND I DONE IT!
HERE WAS THIS ROOKIE GETTIN' INTO TROUBLE AND BEIN' A MILITARY HEADACHE ALL OVER CAMP! I FIGURE IT'S ON ACCOUNT SOME DAME HAS BUSTED HIM— AND I FIGURED RIGHT!
HE CAN'T DOPE IT OUT. SO I SEE MY DUTY— AND I WISE HIM UP ABOUT THAT BREATH OF HIS. I TELL HIM TO HIGHTAIL IT TO HIS DENTIST. WHICH HE DOES...
THE ROOKIE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
AND THANKS TO ME AND COLGATE'S, HE GETS HIS STRIPES— AND THE DAME CHANGES HER MIND AND MARRIES THE GUY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

worried about her, but I understood what was wrong then. I don't, now.

Peg looked at Alice. "Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Naturally," said Mrs. Anderson with dignity.

Peg smiled. She said, "Linda's in love. Don't look so startled, dear. It's all very suitable. I can't tell you any more than that except that it just isn't going very well at the moment. But it will. You'll see."

I'll see, she thought.

It was the hardest thing she'd ever had to do, but she had told Rix: We owe it to her. And she'd do it. She'd put it off, from sheer cowardice. Now, she wouldn't put it off any longer.

NO ONE could have been more astonished than Nelda to find Peg on her doorstep, so to speak. It was early in the morning and Nelda had just finished breakfast. She was writing letters in a little room off the library when Peg was announced.

Blower, the imperturbable butler, thought it odd to see Nelda undecided. She wasn't at home. Yes, wait, she was at home.

Peg came in, dark, lovely, smiling faintly. She said, when Blower had closed the door, "I'm sorry to barge in like this. But I came for two reasons. One is to say goodby."

"Goodby?" Nelda repeated, startled.

She was wearing ice-blue pajamas, the jacket edged with mink. She looked as remote as a fairy-tale princess. I don't blame you, Rix, thought Peg. That is, not much. Yes, I do. I always shall but you'll never know it.

Peg hadn't taken Nelda's hand. She sat down, at Nelda's gesture. "I won't take long," she said. "Rix and I are going back to Benfield, to live with his parents. I'm having a baby," she went on evenly and was pleased to see Nelda's altered expression. "And we think we'll be better off, out of town. Especially if there's war, because Rix will go, if there is. . . . He won't wait for his number to be called. And another thing. I never acknowledged the flowers you sent me in the hospital. They gave great pleasure," she added, "to the ward to which I sent them. . . ."

Nelda said, "I didn't expect you to acknowledge them."

"No? And I wanted to tell you that I'm delighted about your broken engagement," said Peg, and smiled at Nelda cheerfully.

"My broken . . . what do you mean?" Nelda demanded. "Have you lost your mind? My engagement hasn't been broken."

"It will be soon, won't it?" asked Peg pleasantly. "The little notice in the papers that you're back in circulation will interest a lot of people."

"Why don't you come to the point?" asked Nelda stonily.

"Pen point," agreed Peg. "You shouldn't write letters. Rix shouldn't leave them around. But he did. One, that is. Before I was—ill."

She held her breath. It wasn't quite a lie. There had been letters. Rix had brought one home from the office one day by mistake. Just the envelope, however. Peg knew the writing. . . . She hadn't seen the letter. Not that I wouldn't have read it, she thought, if I'd had the chance. I'm not above that, or anything, I suppose.

Nelda was very pale. She asked, "What do you intend to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Peg. "You'll do it."

"You're trying to tell me that you'll go to Tony—?" began Nelda.

"I'm not telling you a thing," said Peg and rose. "Goodby," she said, "it's been unpleasant knowing you."

"Wait," said Nelda. She asked slowly, "Just—why? You're going back to wherever it is, you and Rix. Why all this, now?"

"Oh," said Peg, "no special reason. Except that Tony's a nice person. I think he deserves a break. You know what kind."

And Peg was gone, her heart and her knees unsteady. But she thought, reaching the cold outer air, hailing a taxi: She'll do *it, because she's afraid. She doesn't know* what I'll do. That's what frightens her. She could fight facts but not this. She'll think . . . anything. She won't dare go to Rix. It doesn't matter if she does. . . .

Riding home in the taxi, she thought: Good luck, Linda; maybe I've made it up to you. I hope so. . . .

Tony, at the office a day or so later, remembered that he had something to discuss with one of his senior partners. He opened the door to an anteroom and looked in. There was a girl sitting there. Her name was Linda and she was twenty-three. Her hair was the tawny chestnut of October hills and her eyes were blue as the autumn heavens. Her hands on the typewriter keys were small and strong. She looked like a girl he had met in New England over a year ago, but she did not whistle as she worked, her face was very thin and her lipstick was a defiance. There were shadows under her eyes. The girl he remembered had looked happy enough to fly.

She didn't hear him come in, and she didn't hear him go. She was very busy and the typewriter chattered like a magpie.

Tony shut the door softly. He could wait to see Powell. He wanted to think.

This is your girl. You love her, you want her. Nelda was never your girl. You are going to tell Nelda that, tonight. You are going to be crass and honest. You are going to say, "I don't love you, Nelda, I love someone else." Nelda won't care, except with the surface of her mind. You'll ask, "Will you release me from our engagement?" She won't care because she doesn't love you, she never has.

Linda doesn't love you either, but you can spend the rest of your life trying to make her love you.

TONY returned to the Powell office. He opened the door wide and said, "Hi, Linda," and she jumped, and the magpie fell silent. He shut the door and stood over her at the desk.

"I came to ask you to forgive me," he said quietly.

"For—for what?" she stammered, taken wholly aback.

"For saying all I did. For believing it, even for an instant. I didn't, really. I was jealous. Of Rix. Linda, I wouldn't have believed it if I'd seen it with my own eyes. Don't sit there looking at me as if you were going to pass out," he ordered, crossly, tenderly. "I'm not going to tell you I love you and always have, because through some insanity which I'll try to explain later, I'm still engaged to another girl. I won't be, this time tomorrow. And don't say anything, I know you don't even like me now. But if I try, if I . . . Stop looking like that," he said, and his voice rose, "or I'll forget I'm still engaged. . . ."

The door banged behind him, and Mr. Powell erupted from the inner office. "Who on earth—?" he began. "All that noise and confusion, who . . . ?"

Linda sat perfectly still.

"Linda," said Mr. Powell, "who was that?"

She said in a loud amazed voice, "It was Tony Dennison."

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say," Linda answered, "but I think I know." Under her employer's startled eyes she bloomed with color, her eyes shone and she looked happy enough to fly.

"Is he coming back?" demanded the bewildered Powell.

"Of course," said Linda, "tomorrow."

Mr. Powell retreated to his office. Someone was crazy. Could it be himself?

Linda's fingers flew. She was writing to a Supreme Court justice. "Darling," she wrote, "I'm so happy, darling, darling . . ."

She took the sheet out of the typewriter and tore it up. Just as well. The justice was young and healthy, but a stroke wouldn't improve him, and he was a busy man, no time for strokes.

She thought: This time tomorrow—

AT EIGHT-THIRTY that evening, Mr. Dennison presented himself at the home of his fiancée. He had telephoned to ask formally if she would receive him. . . . No, he wasn't going out of town as he had expected. He had postponed his trip.

They sat together in the drawing room. Fortunately for Mr. Dennison the elder Herons were dining out. None of their paternal "Tony, dears" and "Tony, my boys." They would be a hurdle. But as they denied their child nothing, surely they would not deny her a broken engagement.

"Well," asked Nelda, "what's on your mind, my sweet?"

She spoke lightly. She thought: Get it over with. Say, "I've found I made a mistake. I'm very fond of you, Tony, but—"

Tony cleared his throat. All the phrases which he had practiced, mentally, fled. He said, with great directness, "We don't love each other, Nelda. Shall we call it off?"

Nelda looked at him in stunned silence. She hadn't had a chance. She had been jilted!

She said, after a minute in a tight voice, "That's odd, as I was trying to find the courage to tell you that I felt we were making a mistake."

He'd never believe it. Never. He'd always think she'd said it to save face. He mustn't get away with that.

She saw his instant relief. She thought she saw the slightly skeptical quality of that relief and she added, quickly, "I never loved you, you know."

But he was armored, she couldn't hurt him. He nodded. He said, "I've known it for some time, Nelda."

Don't let him get away with it. Make it stick. Say hard, cruel, ego-wounding things.

Her smile was painted on. She said, "There was another man."

She saw his shock. She heard him ask incredulously, "Then—why?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "we couldn't marry. It was—rebound, I suppose. . . ."

Let him build up that picture. He would never see the true painting underneath it.

Tony rose. He said, "Thanks for telling me, Nelda. You'll tell your parents and make all the gestures?"

She rose too. She said, "Well, fun while it lasted. Shall we kiss and be friends?"

"No," said Tony, "I don't think so."

Leaving the apartment he thought: So it was Nelda. Nelda and Rix.

A hundred memories came to mind, unrelated things he had seen and heard. Nelda and Rix. And Peg had known. Linda had known. Linda could have told him. She wouldn't. She would never tell him.

He called himself several names. He called Nelda a name or two. But then he found himself laughing, crazily, walking down the wide street in a flurry of sudden snow. What did it matter, what did anything matter? He was free. . . .

LINDA was in bed when Cynthia came to knock at the door and to tell her she had a telephone call. "He says that if you're asleep I'm to wake you," said Cynthia. "He says, 'Tell her it's Tony.' "

Linda was like a different person. Cynthia watched her fly past, heels clattering, down the back stairs to the phone which was out of sight of club visitors. Her face was aglow with expectancy.

"Tony?"

He said, "It's all right. I called you to say just that. Everything's fine. I love you, Linda, and I'll see you tomorrow. Good night, darling."

In the morning he walked into the anteroom of Powell's office. There she was, sitting at a typewriter, tawny hair and blue eyes. She looked happy enough to fly. She whistled while she worked. She shone as if you had picked her off a Christmas tree.

He asked, "Could you learn to like me—again?"

Somehow she was in his arms, somehow he was kissing her, and everything was perfectly wonderful. And after an interval she said, "I should make you wait." And after another interval he said, "We haven't time, we're going to Benfield to be married. Mother will tag along. I told her this morning I was switching daughters-in-law on her and she's enchanted. She wants to see you—"

Linda drew back. She cried, "You're that sure of me?"

"Yes, of course," said Tony contentedly, "for if you'd been just my good little friend, Linda, you would have told me about Rix Anderson and Nelda. But you didn't. Why? Because you were in love with me," deduced Tony modestly, "and you were afraid I'd think—"

She interrupted. "Tony. . . . She—she didn't *tell* you!"

"Trapped," said Tony happily. "No. I was pretty dumb, I suppose. By the way, it appears that Nelda was going to break our engagement anyway. So—"

"I don't believe it," said Linda stoutly.

"That's handsome of you. Linda, we'll wire your family today. We'll be in Benfield by—how about Sunday? And married as soon thereafter as possible."

"But—"

"No buts. I'll take a vacation, I have it coming. We'll go south till the first of the year."

LINDA'S calendar was on the desk. She said, "But this is only the third."

Wednesday, December third, nineteen hundred and forty-one.

He said, "And then we'll settle down until the Navy wants me. You'll make a very attractive fleet follower, darling."

"My law class," she began helplessly, "my—"

"Husbands," he said grandly, "are more important. You know all the law you need know. What you don't know I can teach you. Darling—"

"But there's so much to—say—"

"We have the rest of our lives," he told her, "in which to discuss it. Kiss me, and make it snappy. Not too snappy," he amended hastily, "but I have to be in court today and I won't see you until tonight and that's years. Meantime, you send the wire, write your resignation and—"

She kissed him. It was not too snappy. Mr. Powell came suddenly from his office. He stopped, wild-eyed. He turned away, a saddened man. He had lost an excellent secretary.

They did not hear him. They were lost in each other's arms, without compass, and didn't care. They belonged together. There were weeks ahead in which to tell each other how and why, and to fit the pieces of the puzzle together. Not many weeks, perhaps, less than they dreamed. But these weeks were theirs and there would be others, afterward. And meantime—

They spoke in unison: "I love you," they said.

Love, happiness, hope, belief in a mutual future. This is happening now, this will always happen. Nothing can alter it, not war nor rumors of war . . .

Presently, Tony stood a moment by the door and looked at her.

"That's my girl," he said, in vast content. As he had seen her first, luminous with happiness. But sweetly different. This happiness was his; he had created it. It was a sharper happiness; it had a brighter, keener edge.

It was new; and it would endure.

THE END

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"A Recipe for Victory" Weed and water carefully one well-seeded plot and warm slowly under the summer sun. Watch closely, and when you've gathered the crop, add one heaping heartful of mother's home cooking and canning. Result: one backyard Victory, home-grown by you. As an old family friend, Canada Dry says: Victory begins at home . . . let's throw everything we've got into this fight.

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

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CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Mission to Salonika

Continued from page 17

for all its mechanically routine nature, there was adventure. There was adventure for all men and officers who made the raid, no matter how hard they tried to be nonchalant about it. Particularly, there was adventure for Homer. Homer was our bombardier. His last name is Drakoulis, and his folks live in Boston but they were born in Greece.

As we approached the Greek peninsula's periphery of shallow islands (some looked like irregular scraps of worn green rugs) Homer came up to the flight deck where I sat on the radioman's jump seat between the pilot and the copilot.

"My folks were born on one of those. Which one I don't know."

With simian movements he crawled back to his post. Homer is a little guy. Everything about him is miniature-sized. He has a small, pleasant face, black hair, and small hands and feet, but he's durable. Just after briefing, when he discovered what our target for the day was, he had a few uncertain moments.

"Look!" he said. "I'll be bombing my own country—" He caught himself quickly. He was almost sheepish as he added, "But I'm an American. Sure, I'm an American. Gee, Pop and Mom will get a kick outa this. Guess it will be in the papers." And he looked at me as though he was suddenly very certain I'd do something about it. Well, Homer, I have.

Leaving the tent on our way to the jeep that was to take us to our plane, Colonel Compton, from St. Joseph, Missouri, and whom everybody calls K. K., nudged me and said, "That's one bombardier who'll get his bombs on the target today."

The meticulous care which Homer exercised or maybe it was just that the bomb-bay doors didn't open in time—or a combination of circumstances beyond anybody's control—gave us some bad moments. Here's what happened:

Too Late for the Target

Over the intercom phone, Major Deigle, our navigator, said he could see the target ahead. The major's an AVG vet and wears a fading torn silk patch on the back of his overalls, bearing the Chinese flag. From the pilot's seat, he ordered the bomb-bay doors opened. Homer then called to say his sights were lined on the target. He talked fast and excitedly. Compton calmed him, and Homer's voice came through to say he wasn't sure the bomb-bay doors were open.

The red light on the panel in front of the copilot should have lighted when the doors in the ship's broad belly opened, but it remained dark. The precious moment came and went. We were off the target, with formations behind us and on either side of us preparing to converge on the target. There was no returning now. We roared on.

In formation and demonstrating an almost psychic foreknowledge of what each element in the deadly team was about to do, planes released their bombs. As we turned according to plan, we could see from our various places the explosions of other ships' bombs within the limits of the target area. First, brown dust. It rose in clouds. Then gray smoke cored the dust. Almost instantly gray cores of debris and smothered fire burst into bright yellow flames and, as instantly, cones of black smoke rose out of the chaos below—hangars were afire. On the airfield itself, some of the bright-winged "moths" disintegrated, and scattered bits ignited and burned like bits of dry onion skin.

This was Homer's day. We made a wide turn. "We will make another run," said Compton in that level, boyish voice (he's a full colonel but very young, perhaps 28). He specified new altitude, new angle of approach, and the voices of Deigle and Homer acknowledged the instructions.

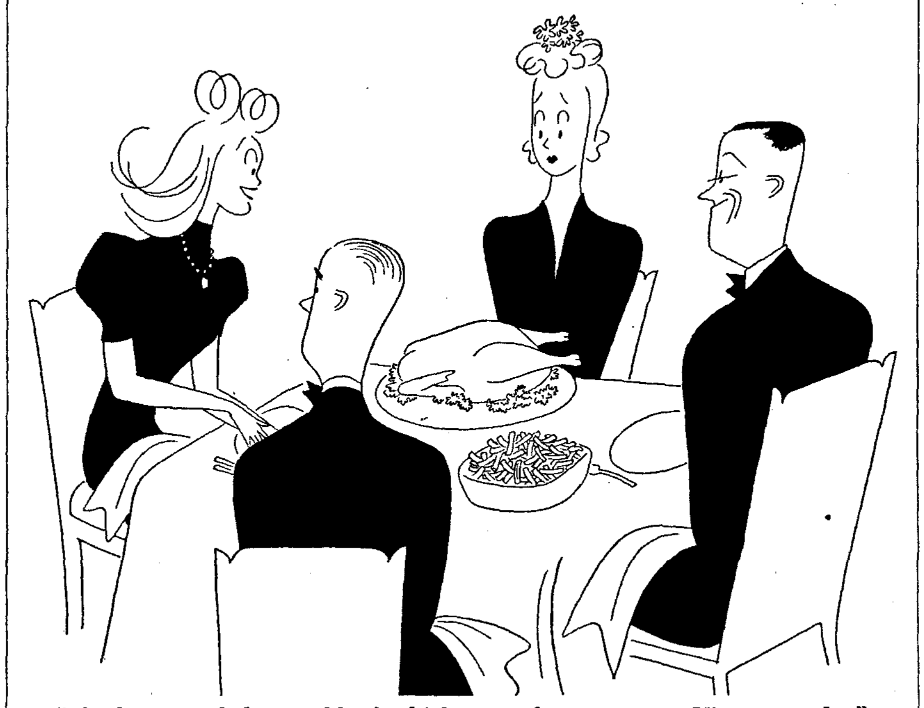
We did what bombers never do over a live target; we made a second run. Ordinarily the enemy's ack-ack under such circumstances has your range, and it's fatal to come over the target the second time. But there wasn't any ack-ack. The Hun and his henchmen were undoubtedly full of food and Greek wine and in a midday torpor—which was probably why we bombed when we did.

"This time salvo your bombs," Compton instructed Homer.

"Yes, sir!" came Homer's voice, and now Homer was a very collected young character. Lieutenant Miller, copilot, an Arkansas boy, made sure the bomb-bay doors were fully open, and Homer salvoed our bombs into that billowing mass of smoke, dust and flame.

"Bombs away, sir!" Homer cried exultantly, and we were alone.

Now when the danger of interception was greatest we—first on the target but last off—faced whatever Macchis or Messerschmitts the enemy might send against us, without the protective fire of our companions. The pilot poured it into old "Zero Zero" (which was what was painted in big letters on our Liberator's flanks) and chased the others. They were out of sight for a few minutes, and when finally we sighted and counted the specks in the sky ahead, we weren't at all sure the planes we saw were ours. For about ten minutes we were, in fact, almost certain the ships were the enemy's.



"The beans and the neighbor's chicken are from our own Victory garden"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Compton warned everyone to be on the alert. Right there I understood why General Lewis H. Brereton, boss of the Ninth Air Force, picks them young. The boys were very definitely on the alert. If those seventeen or more aircraft ahead were enemy planes, we'd be in for one helluva afternoon. But just as we left the friendly cumulus clouds and came out in the bright sunlight, we identified the planes as our own. We counted again and there was the exact number in our section.

Just off the coast we sighted an enemy convoy. There were three or four large vessels of perhaps five or six thousand tons each, escorted by four or five small warships. The moment they heard and sighted us, they scattered, describing clean white arcs in the blue sea. The geometry of their movements was a pattern of fear and panic. We didn't have a single bomb left and we left the convoy to others to intercept and destroy. We signaled its components and position and course, and if it ever reached its destination, I'd be much surprised.

Soon we were completely out of danger. Gunners and radiomen crowded into the flight deck. We shot craps on the floor, playing for theoretical thousands of piasters. Sergeant Johnny Wheelock, of Traverse City, Michigan, the boy who was chief radio operator, looked on in fine disdain as Staff Sergeant Harry Feldman, of Dalton, Nebraska, and Technical Sergeant Claude Arnold, of Glendale, California, became theoretically rich at my theoretical expense. Skipper Compton and Copilot Miller kept their backs discreetly turned.

We had rejoined our squadrons now and were tightening their formations as we reached the African coast and desert. The desert seemed friendly. But not for long. A sandstorm raged over the landing field. I have known many sandstorms in the desert from wicked khamsins down. But for concentrated ferocity in a small area, I had never seen anything like what greeted us over our base.

Compton was quick to measure the situation. He shot out of the formation, made a quick approach and a quick landing. From about 1,500 feet on down, he flew on instruments. He landed on instruments and the help of God and that sure touch he has in his fingers and, very likely, in the seat of his pants. Somewhere in the back of his lap, this character seems to have a sixth sense for judging the distance between an airplane landing gear and the ground. We taxied off the field and out of the blinding dust and sand and wind-hurled stones and leaped into a jeep.

Compton rushed to the control tower and took charge. Almost all the other planes were still in the sky with the dust below agitated now by the two or three ships which had managed to make safe landings.

There were still several hours of daylight left, but it was possible that some of those planes might have remained in the air for a long, long time yet—until they ran out of gas. There began now the battle to save valuable lives and almost invaluable planes.

Young Compton, bareheaded and confident, stood beside the radio transmitter receiver whose long rod antenna bowed in the wind. The motor generator chattered noisily some distance off. Ambulances and their doctors, fire trucks and their crews, and men and officers of crews which hadn't flown that day were grouped about the control tower. With a hand microphone, Compton talked to pilots overhead. Planes answered over the loudspeaker.

Compton's first orders to all ships were to stay in the air until each pilot felt certain he could land safely. Then, one at a time, Compton called them in, as each ship in turn signaled its intentions of attempting a landing. One came in on a wide turn and headed for the angry brown tornado over the landing strips.

At a thousand feet, we could see it. Then suddenly we couldn't. We could only hear the muffled roar of its four motors as the pilot gunned them for that last needed burst of landing speed, then throttled down to land. I don't know what kind of vitamins Compton eats, but he could see the ship.

"You're okay. You're okay. You got two hundred feet. . . . Now a hundred and fifty. Hundred. . . . Come in. Come in. . . . Fifty. . . . Twenty-five. . . . Fifteen. . . . Five. . . . Let her down! You're on the ground, boy! Cut your engines! Cut 'em! Cut 'em! Now taxi to the end of the field on that compass course and taxi at the left of the field and watch out for other ships!"

"Talking In" the Flight

So Compton talked and he talked them all in, one at a time. Some tried two or three times to land and, at the last moment, roared off the field to avert possible crashes into other ships or to avoid overrunning the runways.

One set its wheels down and headed for us, and somebody cried out, "Whose idea was it to bring the control tower out here on the edge of the field, anyway?" At that time ambulance drivers leaped into their trucks, and doctors looked grim.

Lieutenant Jimmy Woodyard, of Waterville, Kansas, engineering officer of one of the groups, kept talking to himself as each ship came in. He smiled faintly only when a plane landed and taxied out of the way. After a year in the desert, battling sand that scores his precious engine cylinders and reduces their life to half their normal span, after pleading with commanders for replacements and supplies and using materials cannibalized from other aircraft, including even German and Italian planes, when spares didn't materialize, "Woody" has remained remarkably sane. But on this late afternoon in the desert he looked close to dementia.

He was thinking and saying, "We've got few enough planes, kids. Set 'em down easy . . . easy!" He laughed only once all afternoon, when one of the boys said, "Okay, I'm down and all in one piece." That message was for Woody, who keeps 'em flying with repairs which would amaze the stodgy statisticians of the Air Corps. There are lots of patches on our Liberators made with materials that came from Berlin and Milan.

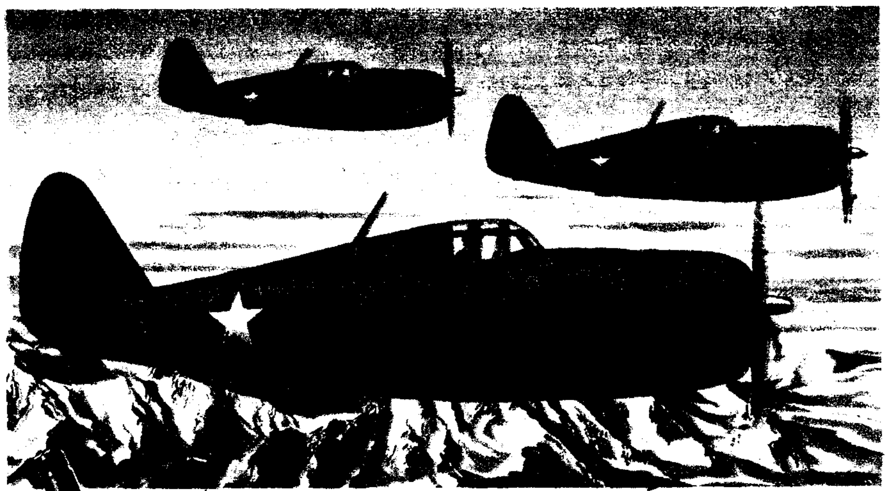
Finally the last ship was in. We were too tired to go down to the sea for bathing, as we had planned. We found some whisky and had a few. The raid was over. It was the perfect raid. All objectives were destroyed. All aircraft returned safely. We slept until the next dawn.

The End

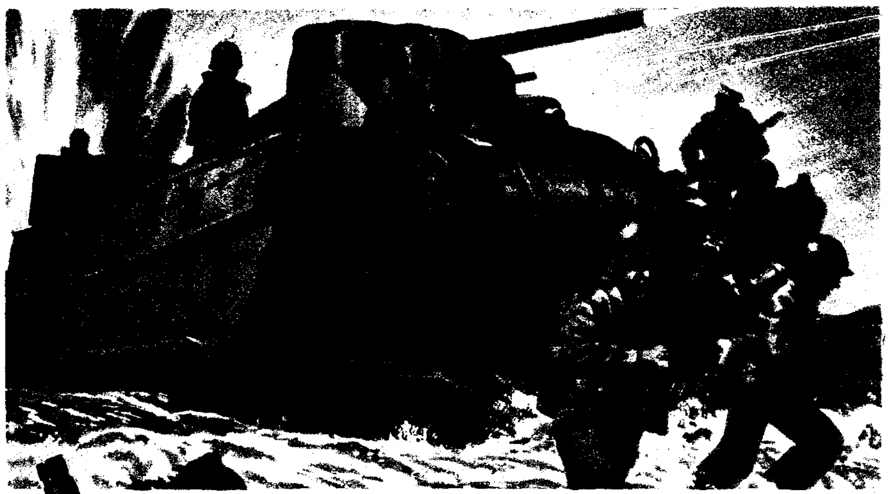
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

ON ACTIVE DUTY ON EVERY FRONT

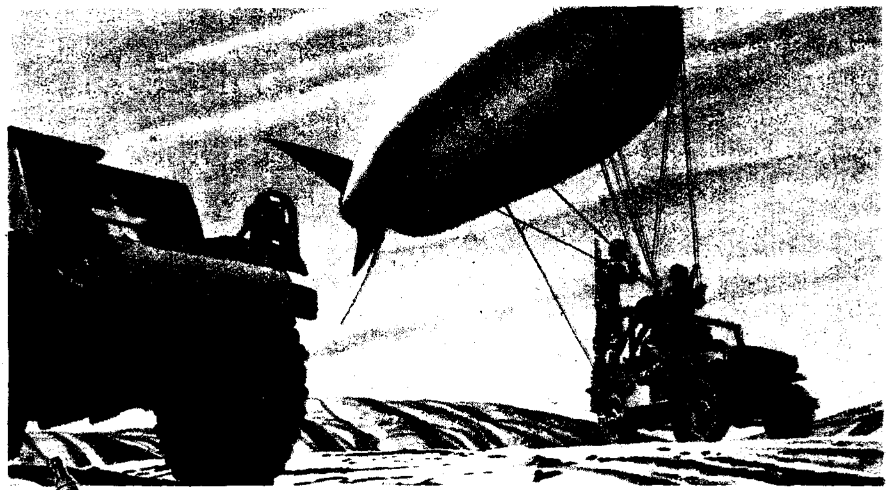
In the heat of battle everywhere, on land, water and in the air, Champion-equipped engines add their roar to the thunder of our march to Victory. On the home front too, in a less spectacular way, Champion-equipped engines keep supply lines and transportation rolling with that characteristic dependability which is synonymous with the name Champion.



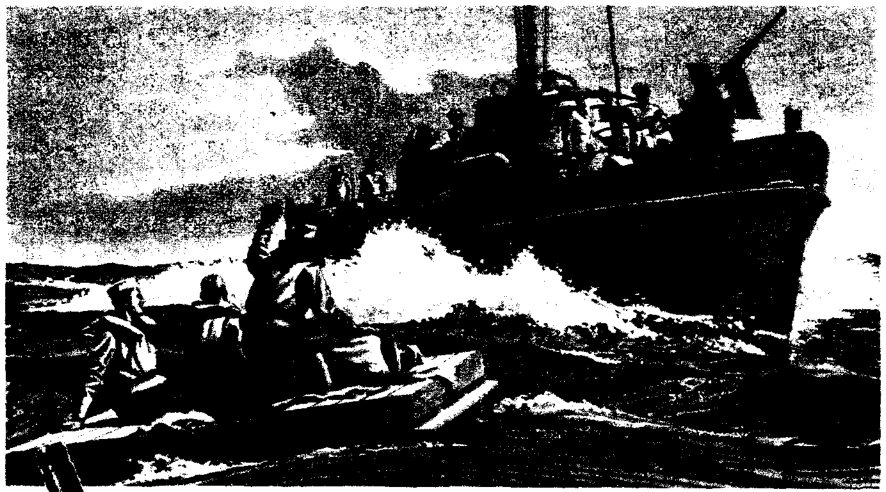
Spark plugs in today's high-output supercharged aircraft engines take a lot of punishment. The same qualities that made Champion the spark plugs of racing champions, have skyrocketed them to favor for our most powerful aircraft engines.



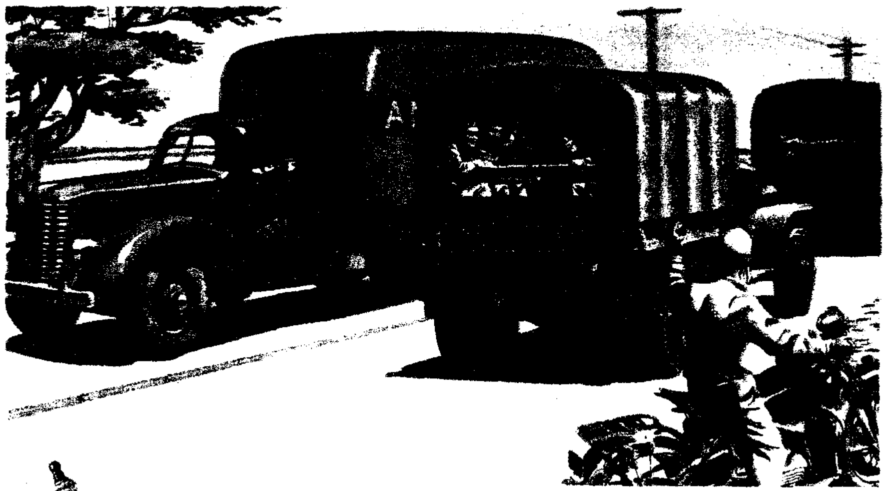
Land battleships, with gas engines of greater size and power than those used by any other land vehicle are one of our most effective offensive and defensive weapons. Engines must not fail, and tanks with Champion-equipped engines are on every front.



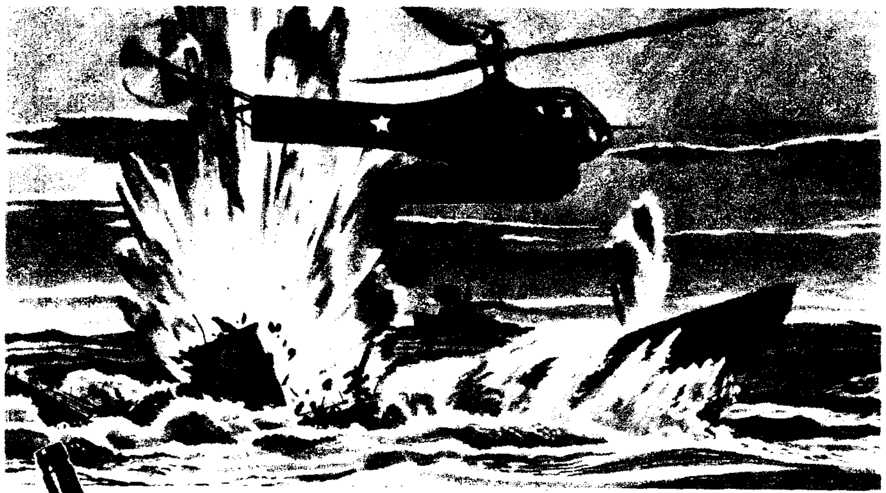
"Handy Andy" of our armed forces everywhere, Champion Spark Plugs keep plugging away through hell and high water in the majority of all Jeeps.



Patrolling our coastal waterways is an entire navy of smaller power boats—powerful gas engines with spark plug ignition give them extreme speed and maneuverability. In war, as in peace, Champion Spark Plugs are tops.

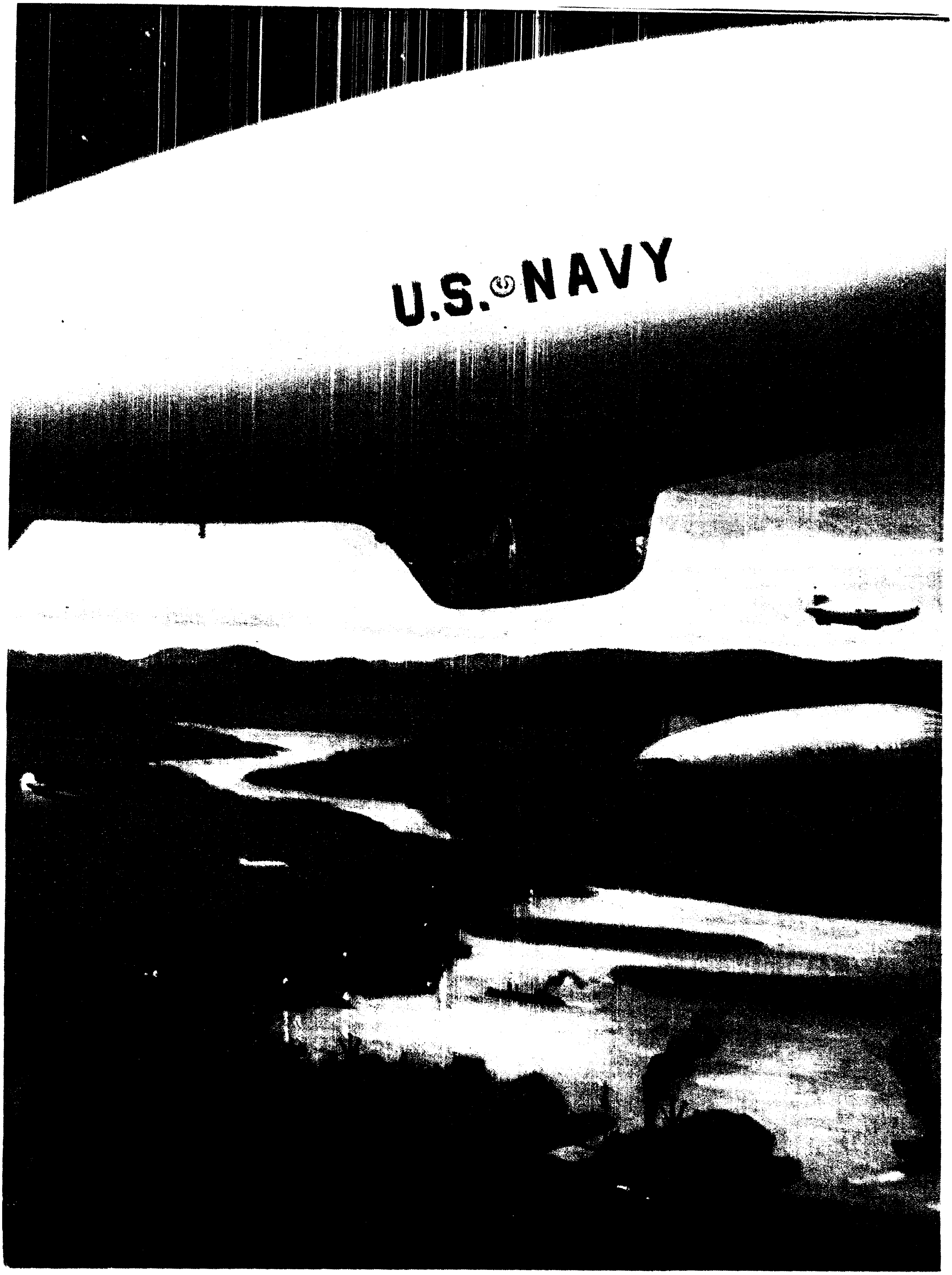


Cars, trucks, and buses, troop transports and commercial transports are all equally vital to the war effort. Champion Spark Plugs are actively in the service here, giving their dependable best.



Stalkers of hidden "devilfish", helicopters are destined to become a tremendously valuable defense against submarines. Sikorsky Helicopters with engines equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs are in production for this job.

FOR NATIONAL SECURITY—FOR PERSONAL SECURITY—BUY WAR BONDS


U.S. NAVY

Military Secret!

FROM numerous bases along both coasts of America—and thousands of miles overseas — far-ranging flocks of bomber airships are keeping constant anti-submarine watch over vast stretches of the sea. Their number and their score of "kills" is a jealously guarded military secret. But you can get an inkling of their deadly effectiveness from this: today the Navy is already employing more airships to guard convoys than saw service in 1917-18; and more squadrons are in the making — the largest, fastest, heaviest-armed, non-rigid sky cruisers ever built. These swift, aerial U-boat hunters are being constructed by Goodyear by mass production methods. The ability to turn out these unique craft in such numbers stems from Goodyear's long experience in their manufacture — an art kept alive and improved since the close of World War I through Goodyear's operation of its own "blimp" fleet.

IN HEAVIER-THAN-AIR *Goodyear is one of the builders of the* Corsair*—world's fastest, most powerful shipboard fighter.*

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT

"Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past."

P W Litchfield

Passing of the First Floor Back

Continued from page 21

telephones and a ten-cents-an-hour *"couvert"* for card players.

If a manager could shame the sergeant at arms out of trying to collect the ten-cent fee for playing pinochle, he would. Otherwise, he'd pay it grudgingly. Thus, the income from that source was scantier than Margie Hart's costume.

The pay telephone would have yielded a good revenue because fight managers use the long-distance phone with a cavalier disregard for expense. However, a pay station in the hands of a crowd of fight managers who not only know all the old angles but invent new ones was like a side of beef in a wolf pack.

There were three slots in the coin box, but only the one for nickels was used. The boys found out quickly enough that this particular bit of telephone equipment had an idiosyncrasy. By dropping a nickel and simultaneously hitting the coin box a sharp rap, they could make it sound like a quarter to the listening operator.

The Alliance's share of the phone receipts thus fell far short of expectations, but all members understood why that was and they asked no questions.

There were other reasons for the meager revenue from the coin phones, and one of them was the cause of the classic feud between Al Weill and Eddie Walker, known, respectively, to the trade as The Vest and The Gimp. Walker was managing Chalky Wright, but the superannuated colored boxer hadn't yet won the featherweight title; so The Gimp wasn't in the chips. The need for economy in his business dealings was acute, therefore, and that explains why Eddie's office was in the nearest phone booth. The Vest, on the other hand, had collected plenty of gravy, and other managers envied his suite of offices in the Gaiety Theater Building, complete with mahogany desk and three brass cuspidors. Such was The Vest's opulence, in fact, that he had two telephones—only one of which was a pay station.

A Raise Would Have Cost Less

One day in the Sports Alliance clubroom, owl-faced Mushky McGee, Weill's social secretary, proudly displayed a key to the Weill suite which The Vest had given him in lieu of a raise.

"Let's see that," commanded Walker, taking the key.

On some subterfuge, he ducked out of the clubrooms with it and had two extra keys made. One he kept, and the other he gave to his partner, big, good-natured Eddie Mead (Henry Armstrong's manager), who died last summer.

For months after this, Weill battled with the telephone company for overcharging him. His bills doubled, then tripled. He was charged with calls which he never remembered making—calls to Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans, Miami and even Havana. He protested in vain to the telephone company. They demanded immediate payment of the bills under threat of having his phones removed, and as no fight manager can exist without a phone, Al had no recourse but to pay up.

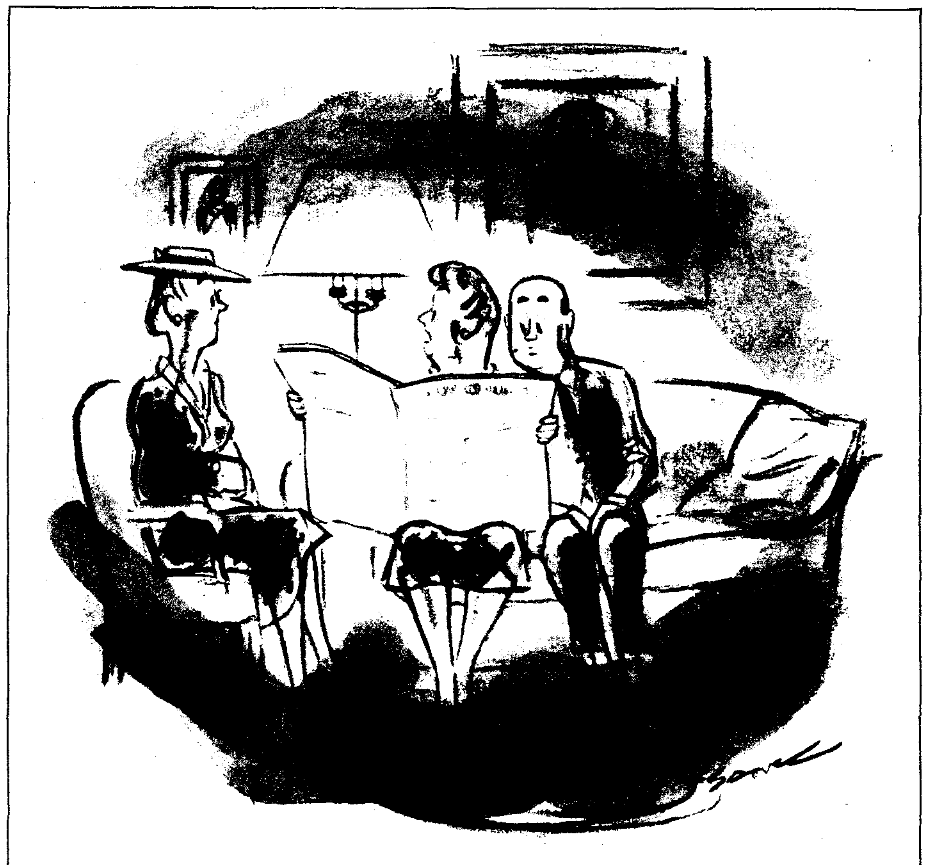
Then one night the mystery was solved. Returning from a fight in Philadelphia about 2 A. M., Weill decided to stop off at his office. A light shining through the frosted glass door awakened forebodings in the breast of The Vest. Bursting into the office, Weill found Walker, his legs stretched out on the polished mahogany desk, leisurely conversing with someone on the other end of a long-distance telephone hookup, which later investigation revealed to have been in Houston, Texas.

"Take off your coat and defend yourself!" screamed Weill. "This is accessory before the fact!"

Walker calmly completed his conversation, hung up, doffed his coat and squared off. With no witnesses and without services of referee or judges, the two managers set about breaking Rule No. 6 of the Fight Managers' Union and the early morning peace of Broadway. Looking like a woodcut of two old English bruisers, they struck grotesque poses and lumbered around the office, wheezing, puffing and waiting for openings. The first opening occurred in Weill's belt, which broke under the strain, causing his trousers to slip.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded, holding up his hand and his pants simultaneously.

Walker, always the gentleman, stepped back. Weill made repairs. Then the fight was resumed until there was a recurrence of the trousers-dropping episode. Again the weary Walker gallantly allowed The Vest to pull himself together. This went on until both were winded and decided to finish their fight some other time. Not a blow had been struck.



"He spends so much time traveling on streetcars and busses that this is the only way he's really comfortable reading a newspaper"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

Whenever the phone rang at the Sports Alliance headquarters, the reaction was the same as if someone hollered, "Who lost this C note?" There was a mad scramble for the booth, and the one who got there first usually landed a job for one of his fighters. The call would invariably be from an out-of-town promoter who wanted to use a certain manager's fighter.

Phony Work on the Phone

The swifty who won the race would say, "You want Kid Murphy for Holyoke next Monday night? Too bad. He broke his hand in the gym yesterday and won't fight for three months. But don't worry. I got just the boy you want. A great club fighter! I'm givin' you foist call on his soivices." Invariably, the manager on the phone talked the promoter into giving his ham the assignment intended for someone else's fighter.

The night Charley Cook ran for re-election against Jimmie Johnston was probably the most memorable in the history of the Alliance. The Cook-Johnston race wasn't the cause of the excitement, as Charley was returned to office by a good majority. It was the knockdown, drag-out battle between Meyer Ackerman (Meyer the Philosopher) and Maurie Waxman (The Bullshawickey) that converted the clubroom into a replica of a voting booth in Boss Tweed's day.

The entrance to the Sports Alliance quarters was blocked by agents of the rival candidates for the secretary's job, which paid the munificent sum of $300 per annum if and when caught. It was worth a member's life to run the gantlet.

Sandwich men patrolled the sidewalk wearing such signs as: "Meyer is Our Desire," "Get the Axman for Waxman" and "Don't Be a Slacker, Man. Vote, Already, for Ackerman!"

Candidate Waxman, an excitable fellow given to suspicion, nervously paced the sidewalk, scenting plots against him and watching for repeaters.

Ackerman, however, took it all philosophically. "So I lose, what's the difference? So I don't win!"

When the ballot boxes were closed at 10 P. M., it was found that there was a deadlock for the office of secretary. A conference was called and it was decided to keep the ballot box open for another hour to receive votes only for this office.

A hasty check revealed the names of all those who hadn't voted. Agents were dispatched to all the neighborhood hangouts (pronounced hang-gouts) of fight managers with instructions to shanghai the laggards, if necessary, to get them to vote. Shortly thereafter, Jimmie Johnston corralled a group of his henchmen and led them on halters to the voting booth, where they all cast Ackerman ballots and voted Meyer the Philosopher into office.

Meyer accepted the honor philosophically. Shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "So I win. So what? So the world still revolves on its axis."

At the beginning of the organization, some of the fight managers were all for dropping out when they learned that the first rule was to be, "Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's fighter."

The Alliance hadn't been functioning only a few weeks when up stood Frank Bachman one meeting night and charged that Cold Deck Hymie Caplin was tampering with his fighter, Lew Jenkins.

"Your fighter?" interrupted a heckler. "You mean Fred Browning's fighter!"

Browning, a Dallas man, indeed had Jenkins under contract, but hadn't been working at the trade of managing him, so Frank had stepped in. Despite this extenuating circumstance, Cold Deck Hymie wasn't one to let the matter drop there.

"May I jump off the top of the Chrysler Building and get hit on the head with a baseball bat as I shoot by every floor, if I'm trying to swipe Bachman's fighter!" Caplin shouted. "I'm his standard bearer. Him and me are old friends. Bachman's one guy I wouldn't steal a fighter off of. A trolley car should grow in my stomach if I do!"

The next week, Caplin started making Lew Jenkins' matches; and that's how Rule No. 1 of the Sports Alliance went out the window. The only satisfaction Bachman ever got was when Jenkins, who had won the lightweight title, hit the skids and petered out.

Cut Rates on Cauliflowers

The rule forbidding managers to underbid one another was the next to take a licking. Telegraphic offers were either intercepted or read surreptitiously over the shoulders of the recipient, and the wires then burned with cut-rate offers. It got so bad that some of the shrewder managers had their telegrams sent in code. All this caused the organization to slump.

The cause of brotherly love wasn't advanced much, either, while Dynamite George Smith was around. George makes a career of collecting pet hates. When the Alliance was started, he published a calendar featuring an official list of his enemies, graded by the star system in the order in which he hated them. Promoter Mike Jacobs was the only five-star man on Smith's lists for some time, and a few pet enemies made four-star rating. As for the pikers who rated only one star, they received the Sam Goldwyn treatment from George. He didn't even ignore them. Smith's ratings were sought eagerly by fight managers, most of whom considered it a rare honor to be included in the list. In fact, "Zoonk" Zerlin, noting that his name was missing, asked, "George, what did I ever do that you should snoot me like this?"

One of the final attempts to revive interest in Alliance meetings was the idea of having self-service beefsteak parties. One was held, but so many members incurred fork-stab wounds that the scheme was abandoned.

When the war broke out, the affairs of the National Sports Alliance went from worse to awful. There weren't enough fighters around for the small clubs to survive. The managers gradually drifted away from the fold on West 49th Street. Then, one night, when the few remaining members of the Alliance who had been hanging around the clubrooms in hope of intercepting a pay-dirt phone call left the place, the owner, despairing of ever collecting his rent, trudged up the flight of stairs leading from Jacobs' Beach, clamped on a heavy padlock—and the National Sports Alliance (Red Ink) was but an unpleasant memory.

THE END

A LOT GOING ON IN THIS PICTURE— AND A LOT GOING ON IN INDUSTRY

It's big, dramatic. You can see it. But you can't see the idea that made it.

You can't photograph ideas. But they win wars. They make jobs. They make prosperity. They make well-being.

They used to come as a revelation once in a while, almost like a miracle to an individual. Now, there are teams that insure them.

Groups that keep ideas flowing. People who know how to dip into the wealth of nature for what they need.

They are scientists. They work together in laboratories.

They are working at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Thousands of them. This is the biggest industrial laboratory in the world. Once its work was all telephone. To help your voice reach any one, anywhere. Easily, quickly, at low cost. Now it's war. Day and night. Seven days a week.

Our fighting men see the results of American research every day.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Help the war by making only vital calls to war-busy centers. That's more and more essential every day.

The Long Road Back

Continued from page 15

and then captured in the fighting around Kharkov. Germans had thrown him into a room with fifty other Russian wounded. Luckily, a Russian doctor was among the captured. The Germans had allowed him to care for the Russian wounded but they refused to give him anesthetics or medicine of any kind. Shapiro had badly frostbidden hands and gangrene in one leg. His leg and both hands had to be amputated without an anesthetic, but somehow he lived. He lay in bed, grinning, thinking himself quite lucky.

"When the Germans came to get our names," he said, "the Russian doctor told him my name was Alexeev. I am Jewish and if the Germans knew that, they would have killed me. They kill all Jewish prisoners they capture. I wish"—he looked wistfully at the doctor—"I could get back to the front."

"We'll get you a job in back of the front anyway," the doctor told him. Then turning to me, he explained, "They all want to get back to the front. Some of them do. I sent one man back who had an artificial arm and hand. Military authorities wrote to me, very disturbed. They thought I had made some gigantic mistake sending a one-armed man to the front. I told them to test out the man. I guaranteed that he could do anything at all that an unwounded soldier could do. Even some one-legged men go back. There are plenty of jobs for them to do outside of the actual fighting, and this makes them realize, too, that they are not invalids, that they can take care of themselves."

In another room, armless Private Alexander Grigoriev was actually writing a letter. On his right stump, he had the same heavy elastic bands they use for eating, but now a pen was fastened to it. The doctor asked if we could see what he had written. It was his first letter, he said proudly. He was writing to the front-line hospital from which he had come. He said that he would write me a letter if I wished.

He bent over the paper and wrote, "Russia is strong in manpower and reserves and equipment, and together with its foreign allies, America and Britain, will win the war within the year." He looked at me mischievously and added, "We will win as soon as America and Britain begin a second front."

Pool Players Without Legs

We went into a small recreation hall. Here Doctor Lobok had installed a pool table. Four legless men were playing. Two of them lacked right arms. They were very gay and were betting cigarettes on the outcome.

"I encourage them to play every day," Lobok grinned. "They don't know why, but I do. I have found that during an hour's play, each man will walk about three miles. That's great exercise for them and it accustoms them to their artificial limbs. It's quite a trick," he added, "to get patients to walk three miles a day within the hospital walls."

Because Lobok realizes that the mind is more important than the body, these men—hundreds of them—are forging a new life for themselves. Because Lobok has promised that each one of them will learn a trade and have a job waiting for him when he leaves, they have a sense of security and a feeling that there is a place waiting for them in the world outside. They know, too, that they will receive pensions and that there will be no income tax levied on these pensions. They know that their families are being taken care of and that their only real job is to get well quickly.

This insistence upon mental rehabilitation along with repair of the body is marked in all the Soviet war hospitals I have visited. Patients are never allowed to feel themselves alone or useless. The situation is quite different here from what it is in America. It must also be remembered that there is no such thing as a "leave" in the Red army. Men are too badly needed at the front.

Stalin isn't stalling and Russia isn't kidding. Millions of soldiers have not seen their families since the outbreak of war. Even the wounded, unless they are fortunate enough to be sent to a hospital in their own home town, seldom see their families. In addition, every able-bodied man and woman in Russia is working full time in a factory or in some way furthering the war effort, and no time can be spared from this work.

Wounded Americans brought home can be visited by their families even though the families live a thousand miles from the hospital. Here in Russia, there is literally no traveling by train or car on the part of civilians. Russia's desperate fight for survival and victory has necessitated one hundred per cent military use of all transport facilities. This is a stern military measure. It means that parents in Leningrad or Magnitogorsk are unable to visit their wounded sons in Moscow hospitals.

Beginning next week a new serial by

Kathleen Norris

A disturbing story of the human heart, of one girl's adjustment to wartime love and wartime living, of her passionate search for her own

CORNER OF HEAVEN

The hospital staffs and civilian organizations do their best to supply this lack of family ties. What we so erroneously call "morale" (a word happily absent from the Russian language) is just as important here as at home. Neither American nor Soviet soldiers need the artificial stimulus of morale-building campaigns.

However, all soldiers when not actually fighting do need human companionship, do need a certain measure of gaiety and relaxation. Hospital staffs and volunteer civilian organizations supply this need. On visiting days in Moscow hospitals, all the wounded have visitors. These may be merely groups of school children bringing flowers and cigarettes. More likely, they'll be families of soldiers fighting in the same regiment, but I have never seen any despair or discouragement even among the most seriously wounded in Moscow hospitals. This is due chiefly to the fact that Russians are great psychologists. It is especially true of their medical men.

I have just returned from a visit to what is perhaps Russia's finest hospital. It is the Botkin Hospital, named after one of the fathers of modern Soviet medicine. Here in one ward are some hundred wounded men who in the last war would gladly have preferred death to the half-life which stretched before them. Small antipersonnel mines used by the Germans have resulted in a great increase in a type of wound not so frequent in the last war.

Victims of Booby Traps

These mines, buried under a few inches of snow or earth, explode when a man steps upon them. The upward blast usually causes great damage to the lower limbs and, quite obviously, is apt to destroy or severely injure the reproductive organs. Mental depression invariably accompanies such wounds. It caused hundreds of suicides in the last war and the Spanish War.

Now at Botkin Hospital, the burly sandy-haired genius Anatoly Pavlovich Frumkin, chief urologist of the Red army, has restored a healthy state of mind and full faculties to hundreds of wounded who otherwise might not have had the courage to face a postwar life.

It's quite obvious that a discussion of such wounds and their cure is hardly within the province of any magazine except a medical journal. However, it is equally obvious that our own troops had to cope with the same kind of antipersonnel mine in North Africa and that our Army doctors are faced with the same problems as those which confronted Doctor Frumkin when the first badly wounded were brought to him.

Already the brilliant and successful work of Frumkin has been called to the attention of American medical societies and, at the moment, he is preparing a report on his technique for American physicians.

Frumkin had to pioneer in an entirely new field (so far as any available medical records show). Literally, he had to create new organs, using flesh from other parts of the body, and to supply those organs with blood and nerves and canals.

"My first job was to convince my patients that there was some hope," Frumkin says. "This was difficult because I didn't myself know whether I could hold out any hope. But I tried to sound convincing. I was very much afraid that many of my patients would commit suicide, and we made every effort to watch them carefully.

"Once I had effected one single cure, it was not so difficult. Men whom we did make whole again were so happy with what they considered a miracle that they were only too glad to help with the discouraged newcomers. Once we got the badly wounded in a healthy state of mind, the rest was merely surgery, patience and care. Of course, there are certain cases where the glands have been destroyed, and so far we can do nothing about those. But happily they are rare."

Frumkin, of course, uses plastic methods first introduced by the famed Gillies in Britain. He cuts a flap of skin and cartilage from the ribs and grafts one end of it to the skin of the lower abdomen, using what he called a "satchel" flap.

Within a few weeks, the flap (which is much like the handle of a satchel) is strong and healthy. Then Frumkin's real genius asserts itself. He brings the science of plastic surgery one step further along the road which Gillies, Kilner and other great British doctors first began to walk during the last war. It is a long and difficult process which usually takes about nine months. Patients are willing to put up with nine bad months in exchange for a lifetime of normal activity.

I saw patients in various stages of treatment, and the transition in their mental state, once the first two operations were successfully completed, was astounding. The men are unbelieving at first. Gradually, a flicker of hope comes, and in the final stages, they are cheerful, naïvely boastful and anxious to dispel the despondency of the new arrivals.

Let's talk to a few of the patients. Their isolated quarters take up half a floor and they consist of a dozen rooms, each holding ten beds. The Russian winter and early-spring offensive put a strain on these quarters, and today the corridors too are lined with beds. There is plenty of medical assistance. Frumkin trains men in his methods in groups of thirty. After four months, these thirty are hurried to other hospitals, and a new batch comes to learn Frumkin's secrets.

A typical convalescent is stocky, smiling Nikolai Gusikhin, 35, who was wounded by a dumdum bullet near Velizh almost a year ago. A dumdum bullet, incidentally, causes the same ripping, jagged wounds as a mine. Nikolai was happy because only one more minor operation remained and then he would be able to go back to the front, completely cured. How did he feel when he realized the nature of his wound?

"I recovered consciousness in a field hospital," Nikolai said, smiling. "They told me what had happened, and I looked for a gun with which to kill myself. They said that there was a doctor in Moscow who might cure me. I didn't believe it. I'm cured. I realize I was a fool ever to consider suicide. I try to convince those who come here that none of them are any worse off than I was and that I'm just about well. I tell them," he added, "that I'm married and have three children and hope to have three more."

Wants to Get Back

Evgeni Pavlovitch Nekrasov is another who has gone through those long nine months and who is now entirely cured. He, like Nikolai, was discouraged at first, but he had faith in Frumkin. It is difficult not to have great confidence in massive, smiling, freckled Frumkin who looks very much like a Scotsman. Nekrasov, a Red army private, was 24 when he was wounded at Rzhev. The mine which exploded at his step did not badly injure his lower limbs, but otherwise wounded him so severely that even Frumkin was none too sanguine about his final recovery.

"I'm as well now as I ever was," Nekrasov says with confidence. "Now I only want to get back to the front."

A great many as yet unborn children in Russia are going to be named Frumkin. There is no doubt of that. Perhaps his genius will soon be helping our own wounded to recover their physical and mental strength.

THE END

The American people, through the Russian War Relief, one of the agencies of the National War Fund, are helping to support the hospital here described. When the National War Fund launches its great drive next October, you will have an opportunity of contributing to this and other relief agencies of the United Nations, as well as agencies such as the USO, serving our own boys.

Remember?

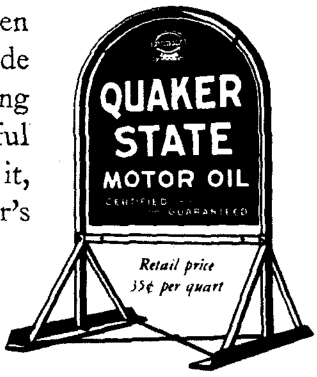
REMEMBER when Sunday's world was a fat green package of rolling fields . . . held loosely together with white strings of road? And you and the family in the car would dig out of that package sights and smells to keep your soul fed and content for the rest of the workaday week?

You were mighty careful, then, to see that your car didn't squeak and complain for lack of grease, that the motor didn't go thirsty for oil. Are you just as careful of it now?

It's *more* important now than ever that you care for your car . . . for your *country.* This is a sprawling nation, and we must have wheels to get about on essential errands.

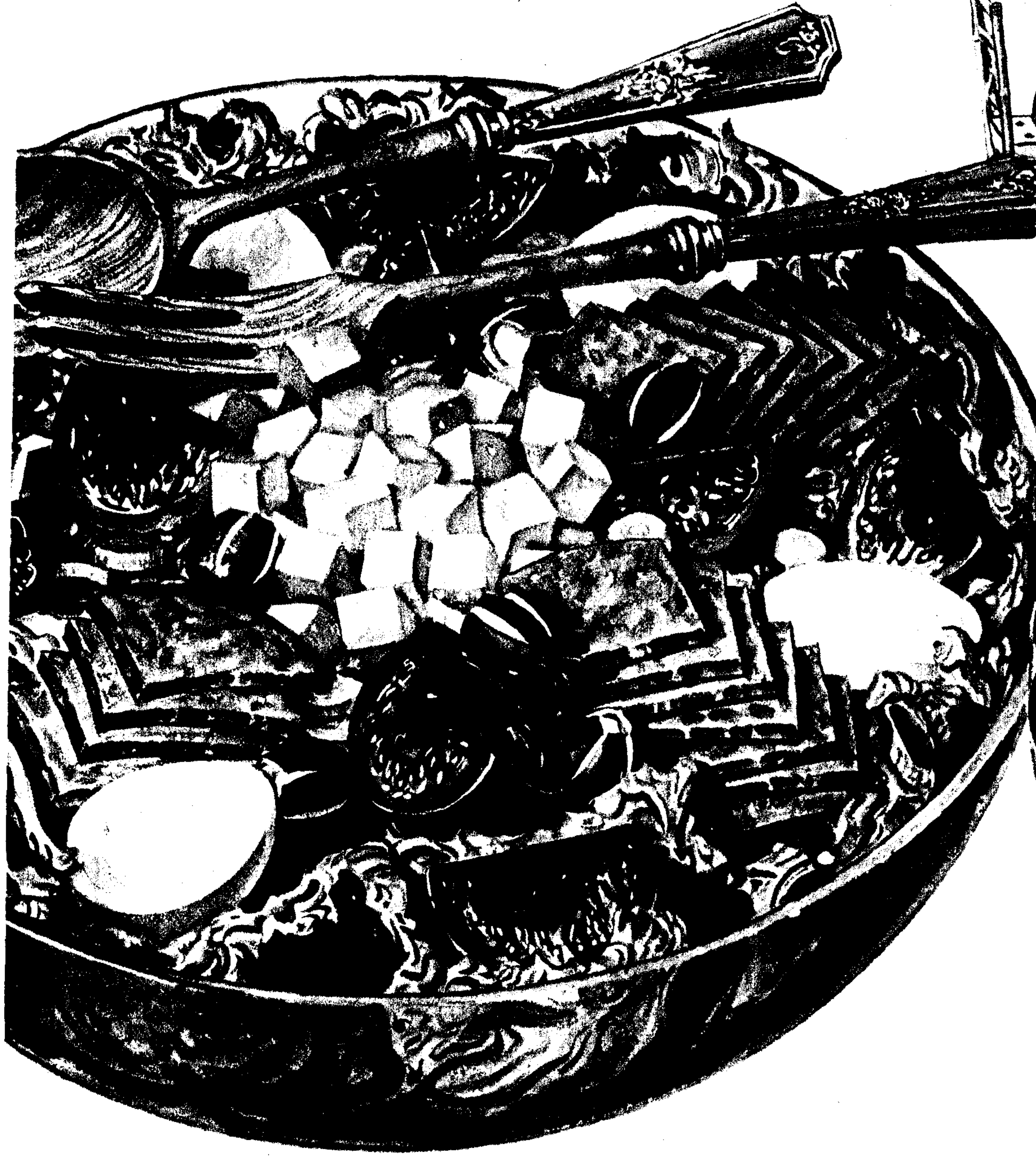
That car, too, is the last you're going to get for some time. And when peace comes and the countryside again is a gay, green package waiting to be explored—you'll be thankful for every least bit of care you gave it, thankful that you slaked its motor's thirst with Quaker State, that you soothed its joints with Quaker State Superfine Lubricants.

For Quaker State—as the name tells you—is a product of the Pennsylvania oil fields. And — as experience tells you — there's none better. Four great modern refineries bring you this finest of all motor oils to help you "care for your car for your country" *in the best way possible!* Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.



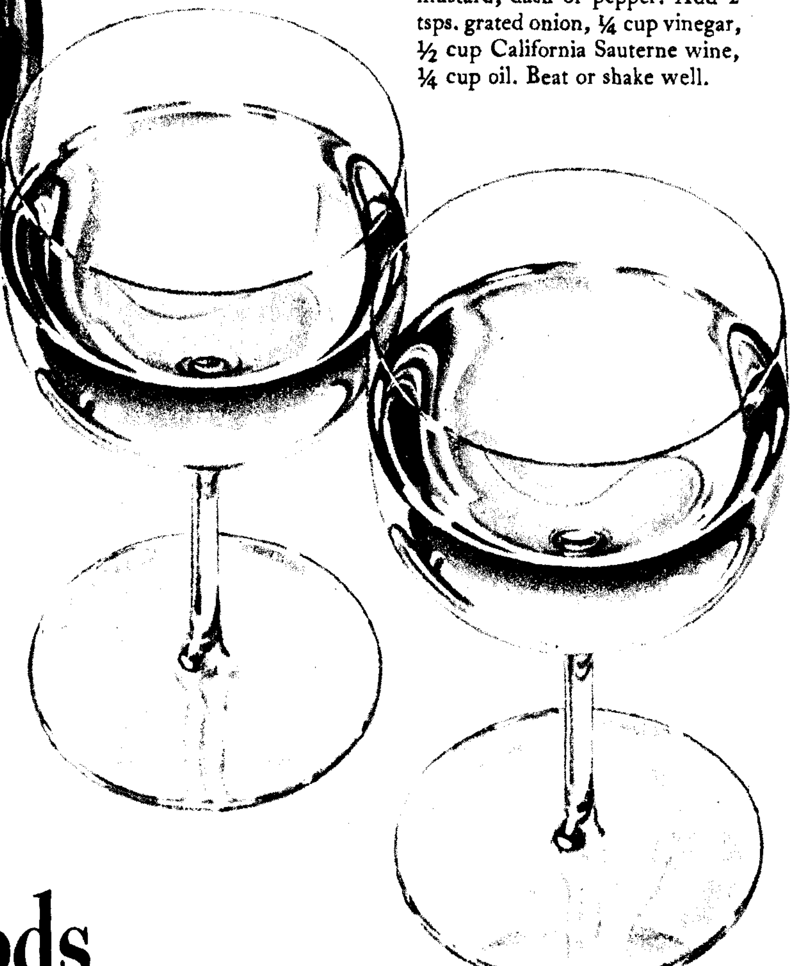
OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

Have friends over for dinner often — it helps build morale. And brighten up your war dishes with moderate glasses of wine. It's good sense to be of good cheer



Salad Bowl that's a he-man meal in itself: Separate leaves of 1 head of lettuce, shred coarsely and place in salad bowl. Over lettuce arrange 2 tomatoes, quartered; 4 green onions, chopped; 2 hard-cooked eggs cut in halves; ¼ lb. cheese, diced; and 6 to 8 slices of cold leftover meat or ¼ lb. of sliced luncheon meat cut in squares. (Serves 4.) Over all pour:

Sauterne Wine Dressing: Mix 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, dash of pepper. Add 2 tsps. grated onion, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup California Sauterne wine, ¼ cup oil. Beat or shake well.



WINE works wonders with the simple wartime foods

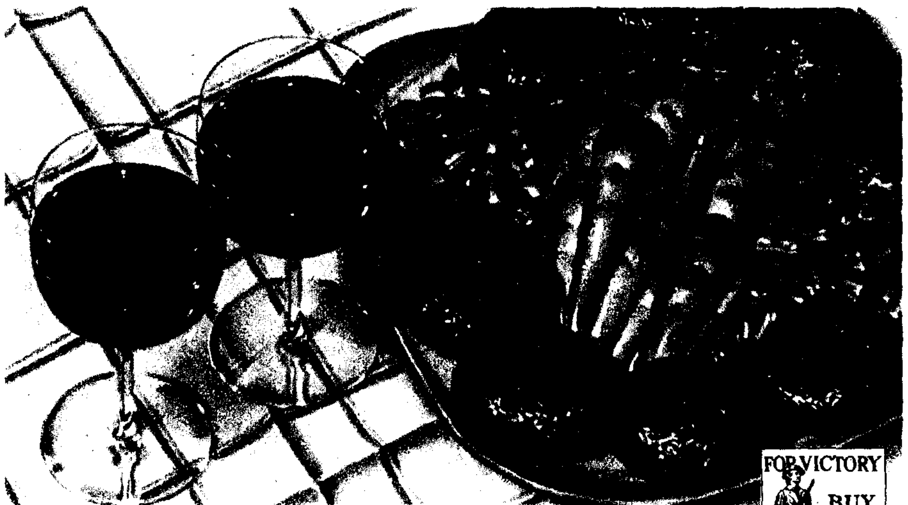
TO GATHER FRIENDS around your dinner table is the best of ways to maintain morale. You'll find it helps you to relax and to rest up. It does the same good turn for those who dine with you.

There's good eating, still, to set before your friends. For example the dishes on this page. They owe their savoriness to nothing more than an added touch of wine. Yet they are food fit for kings.

Best of all, along with these wartime dishes you can serve glasses of the same kind of wine your main dish is made with. Cook the dish with wine, and serve the same wine in glasses at table. Both ways you'll find wine will work miracles in good eating. And in sensible, moderate good cheer.

Try the war meals shown on this page. We've many other interesting recipes made with wine and foods now available. For a free set, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco.

● **Your dealer will gladly help you select wines for home serving. When you dine out, ask your waiter to suggest a sound enjoyable wine**



Lamburgers Burgundy make folks lick their chops. Mix ¾ cup California Burgundy wine with 1 cup bran or 1½ cups dry bread crumbs and 1 medium-sized onion, minced. When soft, add 1 beaten egg, 1 lb. ground lean lamb (or beef), 1½ tsps. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Mix thoroughly, shape into 8 patties, brown slowly in hot fat. Serve with hot carrots and green beans. Serves 4 to 6.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Froze in August

Continued from page 16

Mrs. Deskins said, "I've got lodging the rest of the summer and fall for the right kind of man. You seem a stranger in these parts."

"Uh-huh; I am. I've been a stranger wherever I went. I've never been in the same place twice since I was a boy in the Kentucky hills."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Stone," he said. "Henry Stone." I figured a better name would be Rolling Stone; but I guessed from what he said, he'd never been at one place long enough to get a nickname.

I said, "Can you chop?"

He glanced at the ax leaning against the dead chestnut tree I had started to chop down for stovewood.

"Humph," he said with a smile. "I've chopped from the pines of Kentucky to the cedars of Lebanon."

He stuck his jew's-harp in his unsweated shirt pocket and picked up my ax, ran his thumb along the bit, balanced it in his hand, looked to see if it was tight on the handle.

Then he squared himself and dug his big shoes into the dirt. I never saw such shoes—looked like fourteens at least.

Then he swung, and the ax went deep and the tree quivered, and the handle groaned when he pulled the ax out. With two swings he had smoothed up the haggled notch I had started.

Mrs. Deskins just stood there and watched the chips fly out and shake the tall August clover.

She whispered, "Pity a person couldn't freeze him here."

With two or three strokes on the upper side, the tree fell. He sat down on the stump with a proud gleam in his eyes.

I said, "Can you mow and cradle good as you can chop?"

"Humph, I've cradled for my lodgin' from Dan to Beersheba, and Jericho to Jerusalem."

Mrs. Deskins said, "How much do you ask, and how long will you stay?"

"I want board and clothes, and I'll stay till my feet burn with the road itch. The truth is, it depends on how you feed. The reason for my world-wide travels has been to find a place where a man could get enough to eat."

I said, "Mister, you've hit the place. We'll show you in the smokehouse."

HE LOOKED around and squinted his eyes in the setting August sun rays. He looked above and below at the steep, rolling hills of lush meadows, fields of black corn just coming into roasting ears; and down by the road were flocks of white geese, gobbling turkeys, tail-curled shoats, leftover haystacks and drowsy, contented clover-breath cows. Fat horses stamped at flies in shade-tree groves in the short pasture fields. Any man could see that Mrs. Deskins was rich in all things but manpower.

"We'll keep you tonight," she said, "and see where we can get tomorrow. Let's gather up a load of the broken limbs for stovewood."

Mrs. Deskins and I started gathering up limbs. I heard a groaning behind me and looked, and Big Henry was upending the trunk of the small chestnut tree and getting his shoulder under it.

"You folks take the limbs, and I'll bring the tree," he said, eyes sparkling.

Mrs. Deskins just stood there with her mouth open. She whispered to me, "Ain't there a law to freeze a man on a farm?"

I said, "There always was one; maybe two now."

She gave me a scold with a frown. "No tellin' what kind of a person he is; maybe never been baptized. He's windy."

I said, "But you can't carry a tree on wind."

It was a show to see him carrying that tree along the lane with the guineas lined on the fences potracking at him, and even the work horses eyed him.

And by the time we got to the woodyard, everything on the place met us there. He stood there and smiled while the rest of us tried to shoo the pigs, geese, turkeys, chickens and guineas out of the woodyard so he could throw the tree down.

He sat down on it and chuckled deep and hoarse, as if thinking we didn't know what manpower was.

Mrs. Deskins told him to come in and sit down on the porch; but instead, he got him a drink at the well and then started picking up sweet apples.

Mrs. Deskins tried to keep the children from watching him eat supper. She had remembered the hint up in the field and had an extra pan of hot biscuits; she refilled the molasses pitcher and put fresh preserves, apple butter and things in the dishes. He didn't just pour a little molasses in one corner of his plate like we did; he filled the depression in the plate and soaked biscuit after biscuit. You could tell it interfered with his eating for Mrs. Deskins to keep asking him about the Holy Land; but he'd talk some between biscuits, and told what Jacob's Well looked like and the place outside of Jerusalem there where the Lord found lodging with Martha and Mary. Mrs. Deskins just sat with her mouth half open and listened and glanced at me to see if she could tell whether I was believing it or not.

After supper we took him out to the smokehouse and showed him the long rows of yellow-cured hams, shoulders and middlings.

"Some of it is two years old," Mrs. Deskins said. "I've got too much meat; but you can't get farm help for meat or money."

"Let's make a stab at it," he said. "You tack up a notice down by the highway that you'll give three hams to the man who can mow more grass in a day than I can."

Mrs. Deskins said, "Would that be gambling?"

"No, ma'am; just offering a prize and getting a lot of hay mowed for it," and we put up the notices down by the road, but set the date a couple of days ahead, so people'd have a chance to see it.

MEANTIME, for breakfast next morning, Mrs. Deskins had great stacks of buckwheat cakes, butter and molasses, and when we started to the field, she said, "Now, Jim, notice and see what he says and if you think he's dependable and worthy to be froze here on the place."

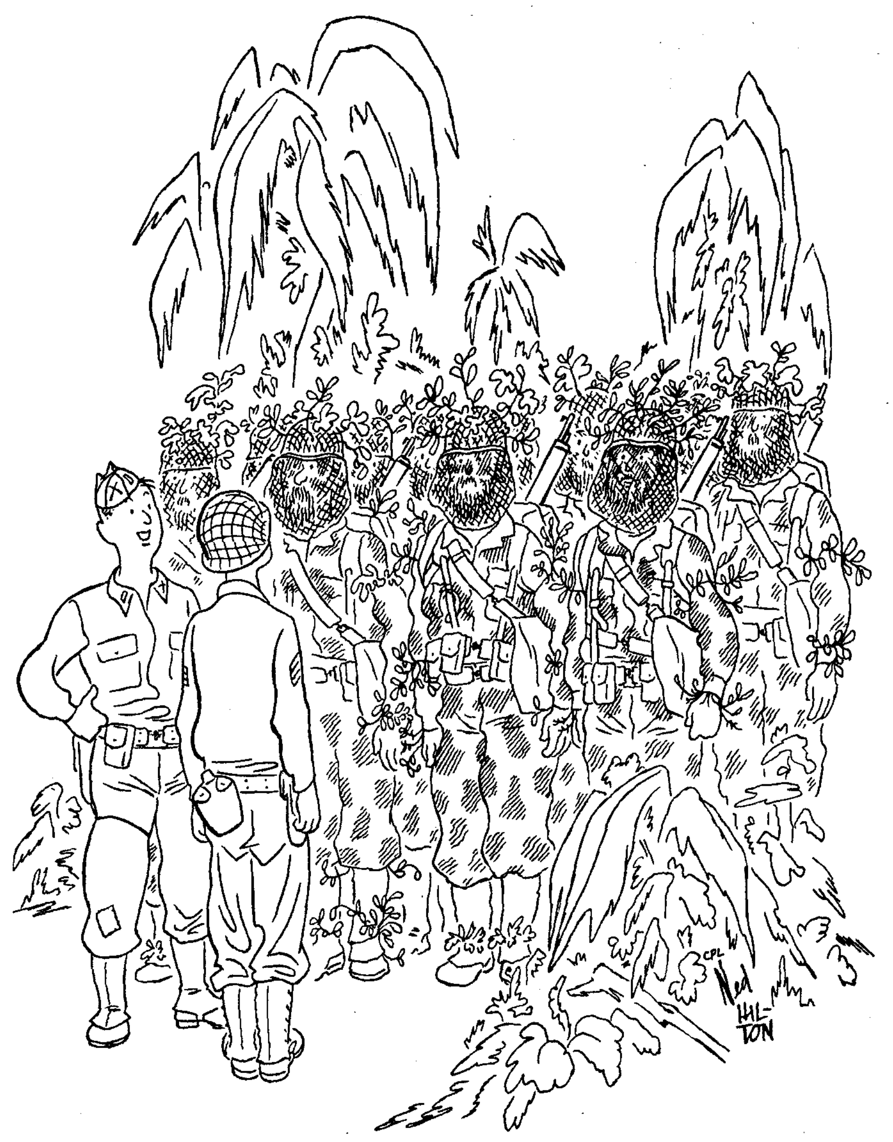
I found him the best mower I ever saw. He could make the scythe sing in the grass. But along about ten o'clock, he shucked out four big ears of yellow flint corn.

"Them flapjacks; they don't stick to a man's ribs," he said. "Slip down to the house and ask Mrs. Deskins to roast these in the oven and bring 'em back, and see what she says, and if you think she'd like to have a man like me around here, or if I'd be worth my board."

I said, "Mrs. Deskins, Big Henry shucked these out and said to roast 'em and send 'em back; he's hungry."

"What else did he say about me?"

I said, "I can tell he'd like to know if you'd like to have him about the place."



"Congratulations, Sergeant! Finest-looking bunch of men I've ever seen!"

COLLIER'S CPL. NED HILTON

"Like my cookin'?"

"Pleased . . . Said he never had got so much to eat or saw a woman needing a man bad as you."

She smiled. "Say what church he belongs to?"

"No; but he ain't bad. Don't he play In the Sweet By-and-By on his harp?"

"Uh-huh; and real pretty. Say if he'd been baptized?"

"No; but said he'd been aswimming in the Jordan River—'bout the same thing. . . ."

She flew in and got the pies baking, and time the corn was roasted, she had the pies done and said, "Here, now; take him the corn and take this big cherry pie."

When I got there with water and corn and pie, he was sitting on a stump. "I clear give out," he said. "When my stomach flaps together, it gives me the weak trimbles."

He ate the corn and pie and drank nearly half a gallon of water. He arose and started whetting his mowing scythe, and the red sparks flew, and the blade sang again in the grass.

He turned around. I couldn't near keep up. "What did she say?"

"Oh, her? She's afraid you won't stay. Was you ever froze on a job?"

"Never allowed nobody to freeze me. But now that was because . . . that is, if I ever found the right place, why, I'm sort of a mind to light and settle."

On the day set, before the sun had stuck its first hot rays over the eastern hill, the guineas cut loose, and we looked out and there were three men with scythes coming up the lane.

Big Henry walked out in the yard, and the three mowers looked him over from head to foot, then looked at one another but didn't say anything till Big Henry started back to the kitchen for his breakfast.

"He's a rough un," they agreed, then added, "Them big uns can't hold out; they never have the wind; he'll make a big start and wilt in the hot sun."

THAT was what I feared. I'd seen him wilt. But that was on hot cakes, and this morning he had Mrs. Deskins fix corn bread and ham meat and eggs.

When we got out at the lower end of the mountainside meadow Big Henry said, "Boys, we'll mow up and we'll mow down. You boys take the lead, and, naturally, you'll have to keep your heels in the clear, which you can do by giving swath and stepping aside when my blade sings at your heels like a rattler."

While the three mowers were getting a start to give his blade room, he took his jew's-harp from his pocket and played and patted one foot:

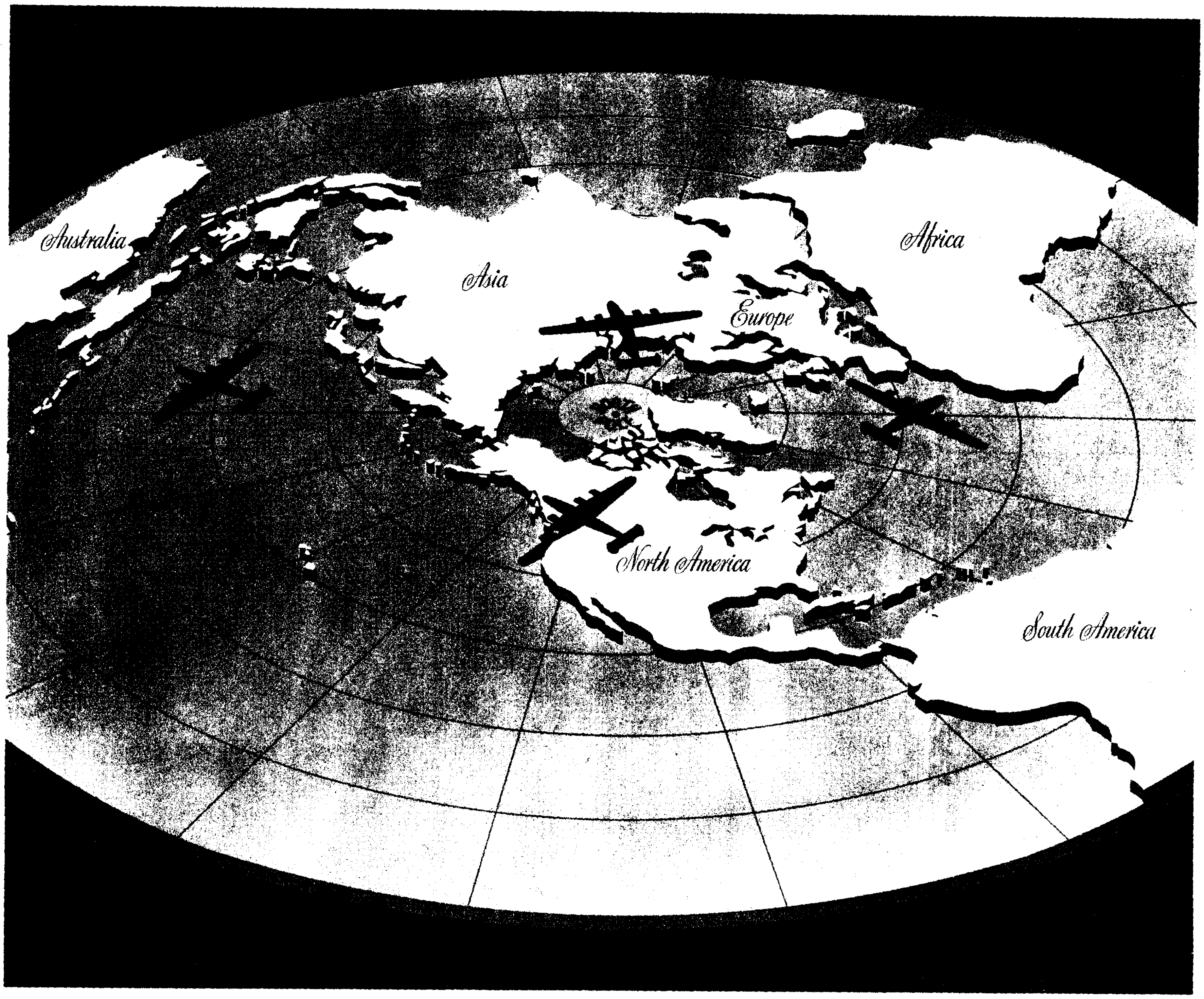
"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

And then he started, and the August sun beat down, and the scythe blades sang in the grass like the slow tearing of silk.

Before they were halfway to the top of the long field, I could see his scythe blade raking close to the heels of the rear man. He gave swath and fell behind Big Henry; so did the second, and the third; and Big Henry stayed easily ahead till it was nearing eleven, when, as I feared, their scythe blades bit at his big shoes, and he looked like a wilting giant.

The noon dinner call found him swinging weakly far behind; but after dinner, he swung ahead again; stayed till about four, and gave swath to all three.

Mrs. Deskins came out to the lower end of the field with water. She looked up



Our new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings

Look at this map. Our children's new geography books call it a North Polar projection of the world. Or, more simply, an air-map of the world.

It doesn't matter much what we call it. The important thing is that maps like this show us the world as it really is—a world without fences or protective barriers, a world in which nations once-remote are now clustered together in one global community.

On these maps are shadows cast by long-range American planes. Warplanes today. Tomorrow, planes of peace and commerce, linking all the nations of the world together by "great circle" skyways.

Such maps as this emphasize the fact that the broad Atlantic—formerly a 6-day ocean voyage—has become a millpond. "Breakfast in New York, dinner in London" is no longer the fantastic idea it used to be—not to the Ferry Command pilots who are shuttling back and forth between the U. S. and Britain several times a week. One such pilot actually flew a Liberator across the "pond" in 372 minutes!

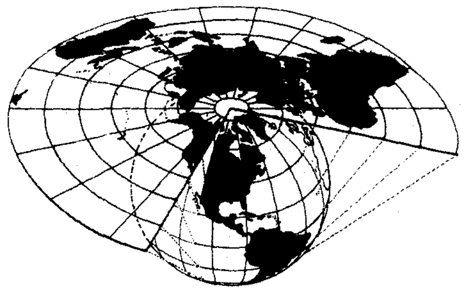
Another pilot's flight-log reveals the fact that he recently spanned the South Atlantic 18 times in 20 days, 13 of the trips being on consecutive days!

No matter whether it fits in with our idea of geography or not, this startling truth cannot be brushed aside: *Today, because of the plane, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.*

Well worth pondering, too, is Wendell Willkie's remark, after his 31,000-mile globe-girdling flight in a Liberator: "... the net impression of my trip was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them."

As a nation, we are finding out that to win

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

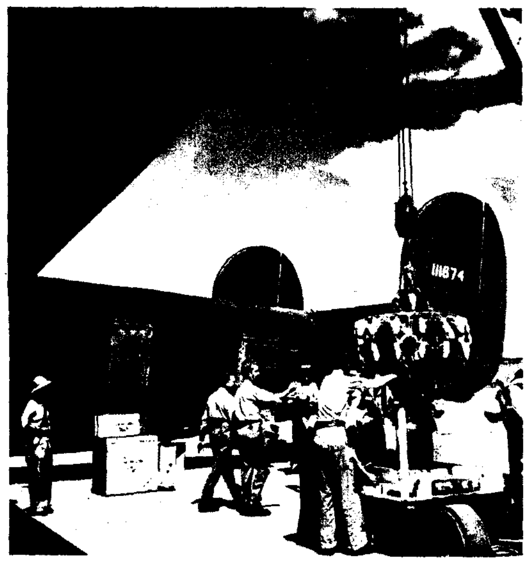


The North Polar projection *is just one of many methods of "skinning" the globe—"projecting" its land areas onto a flat-surfaced map in such a way that airline distances from its center can be shown as straight, measurable lines.*

a global war—and a global peace—we must accept this new concept of the world.

Our new maps, if they are honest maps, will clearly tell us we can no longer cling to the old-fashioned "two-hemisphere" idea of geography. For now we know that was the kind of thinking which lulled us into a sense of security before Pearl Harbor.

We can no longer escape the fact that, in addition to being a potent factor in winning this global war, the new mastery of the air is welding the land masses and peoples of the world into a small *single* sphere.



Our forces in Australia *sent a radiogram for special military equipment. They needed several tons of it*—needed it urgently! *To ship this material from the U.S. by freighter would have taken almost a month. Loaded into a Liberator Express transport plane, the equipment arrived some 60 hours later!*

• • •

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. Elizabeth City, N.C. • Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The 4-engine Liberator bomber, and its team-mate, the Liberator Express, were designed and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. They were the first multi-ton bombers and transports to be built by volume-production methods on a moving assembly line.

• • •

At the average bombing height of 25,000 feet, a pilot's range of vision is almost 200 miles. Thus, on a clear day, a Liberator pilot bombing Germany can often see the English coast while still over his objective.

Among the smaller planes *built by Consolidated Vultee is the incredible Sentinel, popularly known as the "Flying Jeep." Designed to be the "eyes upstairs" of the Army ground forces, this highly maneuverable liaison plane can climb almost vertically after a short take-off, can operate from cow pastures and highways, and hover at very low speeds.*

Ford, Douglas, and North American are also building our Liberator bomber, to hasten the day of Victory. The famed Consolidated Vultee Catalina Navy patrol bomber is likewise being built by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia, and in Canada by Canadian Vickers, Ltd. and Boeing.

• • •

In addition, some 10,000 suppliers and sub-contractors in cities all over the country have teamed up with Consolidated Vultee, building vital parts and sub-assemblies for the Liberator.

• • •

"V. L. R."—The bombers used in the V. L. R. (*very long range*) operations, mentioned by Prime Minister Churchill in his recent address to Commons, are Consolidated Vultee 4-engine Liberators. Fully loaded with anti-submarine depth charges, the V. L. R. Liberators have a range of at least 2000 miles. One recent Liberator attack occurred 1100 miles out. Operating both from U. S. and British bases, it is not unusual for the Liberators to stay out on patrol for 18 hours at a time.

No Spot on Earth is more than 60 Hours' Flying Time from your Local Airport

Mighty 4-engine Liberator bombers *and Liberator Express transport planes move down the double assembly line in gratifying numbers at the huge Consolidated Vultee plant in Fort Worth, Texas.*

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

at the acres of piled-up sweet-smelling grass.

"He's gone," I told her. "He can't do a thing on an empty stomach."

She said, "Couldn't we slip him a custard pie or something?"

"He wouldn't have time to stop and eat," I said. "He's far behind already."

The three mowers ahead had taken up the song and they were singing a trio:

"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

I said, "Mrs. Deskins, remember if you get him froze here, take care of his stomach; he can't work on an empty stomach."

She said, "There's a spriggle o' good in that man; no sorry man will sweat like that when he could be moseying along the cool, shady roads and strumming on his harp. And to think he's been aswimming in the Jordan River!"

WE WATCHED him. He could barely draw his big feet up with his wilting body, and his scythe wasn't singing.

Then he stopped and wiped his brow with his naked, hairy arm. He stopped by a big stump and stepped back as if he'd seen a snake.

He parted the tall grass with his hands then reached down and started cracking eggs with his thumbnail. We could see the white shells and we watched him throw his head back to swallow.

"Thank the Lord!" Mrs. Deskins exclaimed. "I believe he's found a guinea nest."

Then he filled his pockets with eggs and started mowing, and in twenty minutes he started gaining ground; and as they came down the mountain, we could hear the scythe blade sing again.

"It's all over, Mrs. Deskins," I said. "Watch him win."

And we stood there and watched, and while the sun still shot hot rays through the tops of the trees to the west, his blade was singing at the others' heels, and he'd suck a guinea egg without hardly losing a stroke; and when the sun started catching up its last rays and taking them across the western ridges, he was far enough ahead tc sit on a big stump and play on his harp:

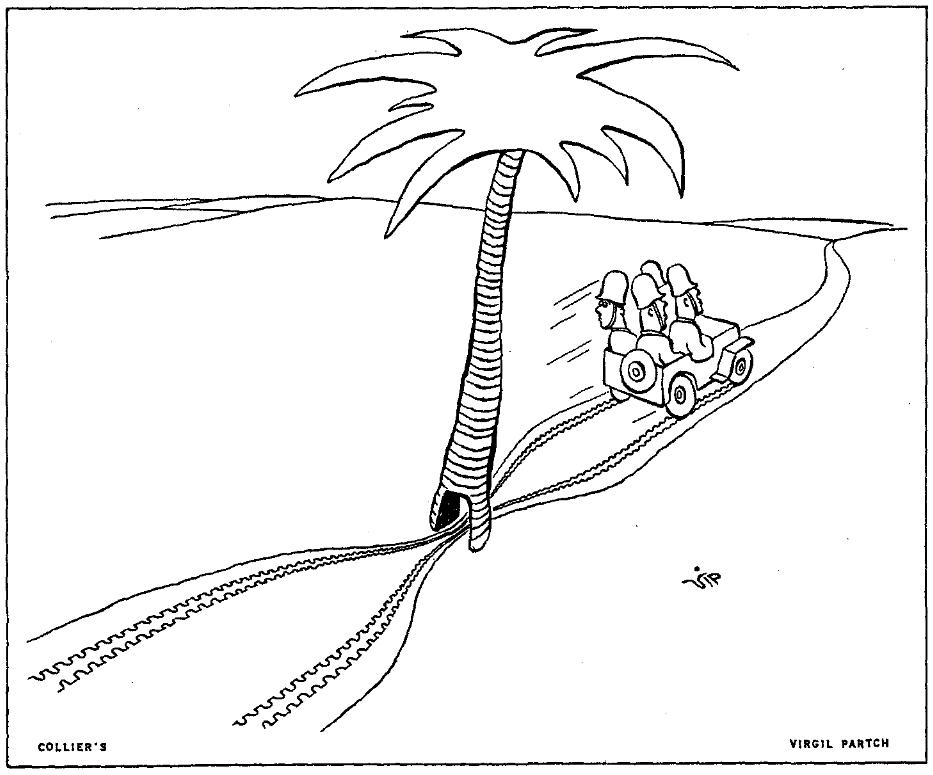
"Put on your old gray bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it . . ."

"I never did show him my flower garden," Mrs. Deskins remembered. "I am going to show him the flowers tomorrow."

She did, next morning, and I saw his blue shirt turned white with sweat salt as she pointed out the zinnias, chrysanthemums and other whatnoticums. I thought he was satisfied. I had made sure she was slowly freezing him; but he was restless and didn't seem to be getting ready to pitch and shock hay in the field.

He said to Mrs. Deskins, "If you don't mind, I'll take my three hams now."

I went weak in spirit; but she didn't, and I couldn't understand it. She got the three big hams, and he was off down the road with a big coffee sack on his shoulder.



"My goodness!" I said. "Have you let him get away?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He's just going to the store."

I went on to the field, and in a couple of hours, I heard the guineas holler. I saw him coming back along the lane. He was moseying along slow and contentedlike and playing:

"I got a house in Baltimore,
Little Liza Jane;
Streetcar runs right by my door,
Little Liza Jane."

Then I noticed he had a suit box under his arm. I went on shocking hay, but I was wondering. I kept on wondering about Big Henry and Mrs. Deskins till her little girl came with a bucket of water.

The little girl was all excited. "My ma she said to tell you she'll be back by dinner; she's going to town in the truck. She dressed up and went; and Big Henry he went to drive the truck. He's all dressed up, too; got him a new suit with the hams."

I said, "Say what they were going for?"

"Nuh-uh. Only just said tell you she's got Big Henry froze. That's what Ma said, an' pinned the biggest rose on his new suit an' she said he'd help in the hay after dinner."

I HEARD the truck start up, and the guineas cut loose. I saw the truck go down the lane between the two fence rows of potracking guineas.

I told the little girl, "That's all right—that is, if he don't get hungry and change his mind."

"Oh, he won't get hungry. He eat two custard pies 'fore Ma pinned the rose on him an' he said it was so hot with that tight collar around his neck, he'd like to go swimmin' in the Jordan River."

THE END

Me, Chicken Hawk!

Continued from page 18

Other varieties of hawks can't maneuver well among trees so they would have to fly to the edge of the woods before making their final dash for the chickens. But we chicken hawks can fly through cover almost as fast as we can fly in the open, so I stay well back where the farmer can't see me and look the situation over. You might think I'd have trouble myself to see, but I have eyes like—well, like a hawk and what more can I say? We chicken hawks have such wonderful eyes that a professor who conducted some experiments with us decided that if we knew how to read, we could read fine print on a newspaper a quarter of a mile away. So, I size up the lay of the land, see how much open space I'll have to cross, how high the chicken-yard fence is and, most important of all, I select the particular chicken I intend to get.

We're comparatively small birds weighing about two pounds, so I know I must get a small chicken if I'm to carry it off quickly and easily. Probably I will pick a bird with pinfeathers still in place. Once I've made my choice, nothing will tempt me to try for another bird. I'll follow that chicken through thick and thin and if I miss, I'll return empty-clawed rather than change to another bird. This may sound silly but if you think for a minute, you will see why it is.

True, it doesn't make much difference with chickens in a chicken yard, but if I'm in a tree and see a covey of quail feeding down below me, I must pick out the bird I want before I start down. If I just fly down and grab wildly, the whole covey ill burst like shrapnel and I'll probably nothing. So I pick one bird and con- ate on him.

But now I've picked out my chicken in the chicken yard. I begin to gather myself together like a sprinter on his marks. My ruff rises like a fighting cock's. I hunch up my shoulders, drop my head, and begin to bob my head back and forth, up and down. Some scientists think that my eyes focus differently from yours. The human eye focuses in and out, from "fuzzy" to clear like the lens of a camera. But a hawk's eye may focus with an upper and lower image that must be brought together like the range finder on a gun. When I bob my head, I may be trying to bring these images together. Anyhow, this head bobbing is the last-moment prelude before I attack.

One moment I am on the branch. The next, I'm halfway through the woods. We Cooper's hawks are so fast it is next to impossible to see how we thread our way through a forest at top speed. Our tails are nearly as long as our whole bodies and we use them as rudders. My tail is always opening and closing or twisting and turning like a live fan as I weave among the trees. The long "flight" feathers of my wings, which give me my speed in the open, are hardly used at all in timber and I depend on my shorter "secondary" feathers which correspond to an airplane's wing flaps. I sway around a tree trunk as a skier dodges back and forth between poles set up on a ski course. My big cousin, the goshawk, "hurtles" through a forest, but I go so fast I seem to flit among the trees like a flicker of light.

Almost before you know what's happening, I am out of the woods. I went fast before, but now I tear across the open field toward the chicken yard like a feathered interceptor plane. As I reach the fence around the chicken yard, I suddenly spread and lower my tail, shift the angle of my wings, and my momentum shoots me up and over the fence. Instantly I drop down on the other side with wings spread to break my fall and talons thrown out before me. The chickens probably do not even know a hawk is in the neighborhood until I fasten on my prey. Then they scatter like beads when a necklace is broken, cackling in terror. I do not use my beak to kill. That is all done by my powerful talons. When I seize my quarry, I try to get the unfortunate chicken by the head. I know by experience that one squeeze of my mailed fist will drive my talons into the victim's brain and kill it almost instantly.

The Farmer Takes a Gun

Probably the housewife rushes out just as I and the chicken are disappearing among the trees. That evening she tells her husband. He takes his shotgun to work the next morning. Sure enough, he sees a peaceful Buteo, one of the big, fat "buzzards" that never caught a chicken in his life, sitting on a fence pole. The farmer sneaks forward. The Buteo is surprised and pleased at the sudden interest his friend, the farmer, is taking in him. The farmer gives him both barrels and hangs what's left of the body on the barn door. "Well, I guess I settled that chicken hawk's hash for him," he says proudly that evening during dinner. Meanwhile, my wife and I and our six children are also having dinner, using the farmer's chicken —and the mice celebrate in the farmer's corncrib.

No doubt you'd like to know how to tell us from other hawks. The best way I can tell you is . . . if you see a hawk, it's not one of us. We generally don't allow ourselves to be seen. We live in the woods and when we come out, we usually come out pretty fast and go back the same way. We're thinner and smaller than the big Buteos you see sitting around and we have much longer tails. On the other hand, we're naturally much bigger than the little sparrow hawks that sit on telephone wires and poles and live on grasshoppers.

Like most hawks, we change plumage completely after the first year. The first year we are brown with tawny white breasts with brownish streaks. Our eyes are yellow. The second year we turn slate blue on our backs and wings and creamy white on our breasts with fine reddish barring. We're handsome birds.

You probably think from my autobiography that there is no good in us chicken hawks at all and that we should be exterminated. I admit if I were a poultry farmer, I wouldn't want any of us around. But then if I were a fruit farmer I wouldn't want robins around because they peck at fruit and ruin it. But all other kinds of farmers should be glad to have us in the neighborhood. We help the Buteos keep his rats and mice down and we make life miserable for those pesky little foreigners, the English sparrows. Out west, we often help that big Buteo, the Swainson's hawk, when grasshoppers and gophers get out of control. It wasn't until people started shooting us that farmers had to have rabbit drives. So unless you have chickens, leave us alone. It's true we're hunters, but so are a lot of humans and we never kill for fun.

THE END

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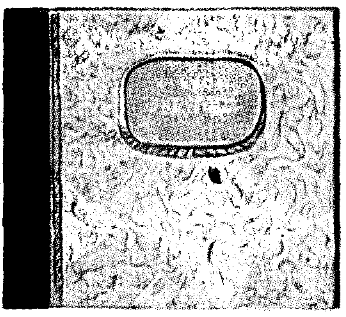

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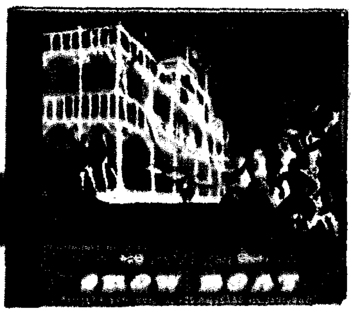

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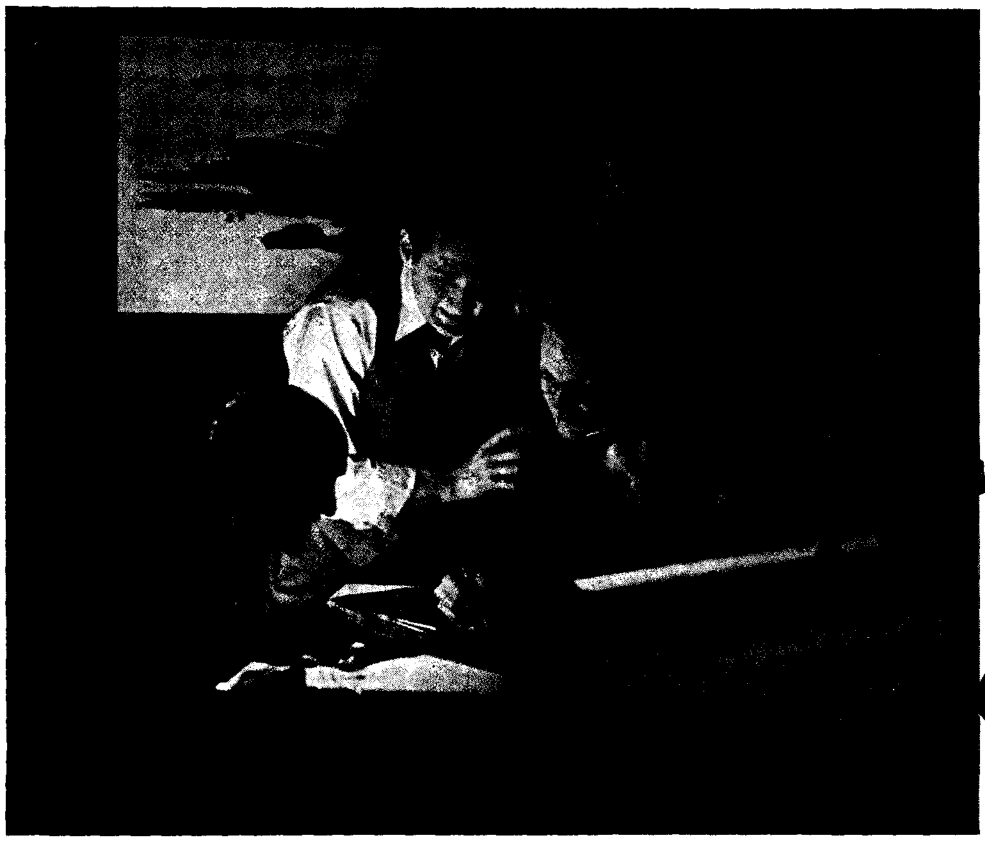

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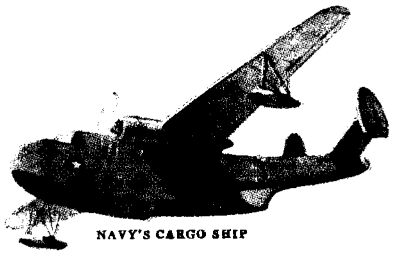

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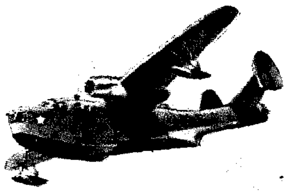

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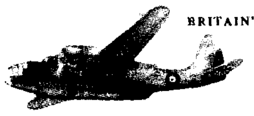


BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE

ARMY'S MARAUDER

Seven Sins

Continued from page 23

"I, myself, have been not headlong enough—and so I have the misfortune to kill a thousand men—"

Sergeant Bluett, who was swallowing appreciatively, almost choked; he set his glass down. "What did you say?"

"I said that I was one hour too late to save I cannot tell, yet, how many poor fellows. Not by my own wit—oh, no—but by a divine accident, I found a clue I was looking for—an hour too late. Listen, my friend: Sir Giles Loeder, who has been murdered, was a German spy. I have known it for ever so long, but I could not *prove* it. Now that I have proved it, he is killed." He extended his hands.

"Sir Giles Loeder . . . a *spy!*"

"But exactly."

Seating himself before the dressing table, Max dipped a small brush in some liquid which he had poured into a saucer and began to remove gold paint and yellow paint from his teeth. Sergeant Bluett had been reduced to awed silence by that singular revelation: he watched the Frenchman, as, once, audiences were wont to watch Houdini—astounded. Cleaning off the preparation with cotton wool, Max crossed to a washbowl and rinsed his mouth, previously extracting certain pads, attached with gold wire.

AND while Sergeant Bluett, dumfounded, as he always was by this man, looked on, Gaston Max went on talking:

"Tonight you were clever. I confess that, to this present moment, I do not know how you succeeded in tracking me to Buckingham Gate and back." Sergeant Bluett handed him a fizzing tumbler and clinked it against another which he had prepared for himself. "My compliments, my old, and your very good health."

"Thank you," said Bluett and flushed like a schoolboy. "The same to you."

"I detected no sign of you until you actually followed me into the yard. Therefore, I left the door open in order to learn if you would come in."

"Oh, I see. It isn't open as a rule?"

"My faith, no! Too many of me use this address. Peter Finch has a small room, and Sales Transport Company is also myself. Mr. Bernstein occupies an office, and below is Paolo Moroni. This rascal is in the wardrobe cupboard, there, with the rest of them. Paolo I consider to be one of my best characters."

Bluett nodded. "But you surely don't live here?"

"No, no, I do not live here. An old friend, so beautiful and so fervent a patriot, but, alas, a prisoner in her villa at Cap Martin, permits me to occupy her charming flat in Sloane Street."

He had dressed with the speed of a quick-change artiste. Now, draping the monocle cord about his neck, he sat down and lighted a cigarette.

"You're a clever one," Sergeant Bluett reaffirmed with conviction. "I suppose we butted in on you, coming to Destrée's flat?"

"No, no. I butted in on *you*. When I heard what the chief inspector had arranged, I rushed to a friend of Mr. Bernstein and asked to be taken to play roulette. But how fortunate! The good inspector nearly trod on a ball which had been lost. I recovered it in the chink of time."

"Oh, did you?"

"But of course! I do not wish those people to be arrested. They are part of my fishery. Myself, I care not who killed this Loeder. We shall find out about that, all in good time. Let us not by hurry disturb my beautiful case."

"There's something big in the wind?"

"But, yes, something very big. Name of a name! larger than all other cases put together! . . . *Ss!*"

Abruptly, on that warning hiss, he fell silent, grasping Bluett's arm. He stepped to the dressing table and pressed a switch. The room became plunged in darkness. "Listen!" he whispered.

Sergeant Bluett, aware of a hastened pulse, stood up and listened; indeed, he held his breath. From Gaston Max, somewhere near him in the blackness, no sound came.

Their joint efforts seemed to impose a sort of superstillness on the room; and then it was that both detected that faint sound which had first arrested Max's attention.

Creaking . . . and Sergeant Bluett knew immediately what occasioned it: someone who groped on the stair, and clutched the handrail, that handrail which Bluett had so urgently avoided. This sound receded.

"Stealing down," whispered Gaston Max. "I wonder what he heard. I, as myself, must not be discovered here."

"What about *me?*"

"Rush, my old! Try to capture this stealthy prowler!"

He flashed a ray momentarily, throwing open the door, and Sergeant Bluett, welcoming action, went out like something expelled from a mortar. "Who's there?" he shouted, directing light down the stair. "I want a word with *you!*"

NO RESPONSE came; only a sort of padded scuffle. Bluett went recklessly down all three flights. He found the door wide open and sprang into the yard. A southwesterly wind drove clouds across the face of a waning moon, and a rent in the flying vapor allowed light to spill out for a period of seconds. In this brief light he saw the fugitive.

A bent, indefinite figure scudded around the corner into Great Windmill Street. Bluett raced to that point and stood stockstill, listening. Darkness had fallen again: he could see nothing.

"My old, he has escaped!"

Charles Platt
SCORE CARD

"Let me know if you scrape a team together, so we can start"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PLATT

Sergeant Bluett physically jumped. Gaston Max stood at his elbow.

"Phew! that gave me a start! Did you see him?"

"I saw him. What did *you* note?"

"He ran like a sprinter—but he had a funny run."

"He is as active as a cat, although he has some injury, some deformity. He is a limping man, my respected—he is one who limps . . . Who is this limping man?"

IN THE gray light of a misty morning, William Sawby's coffee stall glittered like a beacon. Enshrined in that backwater of shattered masonry beside the main stream of Bond Street, it issued a cheery invitation to early travelers, urns shining, cups rattling, with the beaming countenance of Sawby, a rosy sunrise, to bestow benediction upon all.

Tom Wilkins, the milkman, was there, and his pony, white forefeet on the broken paving, had his head overhanging the counter, inspiring visions of Bottom the Weaver. Mrs. Ryley, the charlady, another "regular," occupied her usual place; and now, up came Michael Corcoran, K. C., the warden, his steel helmet slung on his back.

"Good morning, everybody!"

"Good morning, sir," Sawby replied, and automatically filled a cup with steaming coffee. Then he switched on the radio.

There were two items of news which provoked some interest: One was a War Office announcement that combined operations units had landed in force at a French port, destroying valuable installations and blowing up stores and workshops. "All objectives were achieved," said the communiqué. The other related to the death of Sir Giles Loeder. "Scotland Yard is working upon a new clue which points to the probability that robbery was the motive of the crime."

A swift, light footstep attracted Michael Corcoran's attention, and he turned as a tall man, whose tweed suit created an impression that it had shrunk, walked up to the stall, his tawny eyes rapidly taking stock of Sawby's customers. "Good morning, Inspector," Corcoran murmured.

The bulletin being ended, Sawby switched off and nodded to the newcomer.

"Coffee, please," said Firth.

"You are early afoot, Inspector?" Corcoran suggested; he knew the senior detective officer of the C. I. D. quite well, as he had practiced at the criminal bar.

"I haven't been to bed yet!" Firth replied dourly.

"Great Scott! Loeder case?" The barrister modulated his long-range voice.

"Yes, sir. A constable on patrol has found a leather folder—a sort of portfolio—in the area of a blitzed house in Mount Street—empty. It has been identified as the dead man's property."

"Mount Street. That's near where the body was found, isn't it?"

"Quite near," said the chief inspector, a reply laconic and noncommittal which Michael Corcoran, an enthusiastic criminologist, accepted as a hint that further inquiries would not be appreciated.

ON TREASURE ISLAND, Dan Corcoran, in a deck chair, and Fay Perigal, seated on a bank of velvet grass, watched a kingfisher work the little stream, poised upon an overhanging branch.

The wheeled chair, which Toby had navigated down from the cottage, stood by, a basket which was strapped to it laden with magazines and periodicals. Corcoran, pipe in mouth, lay back, hands folded behind his head, alternately looking at the brilliant plumage of the bird and up into a dazzling blue sky.

Fay was knitting a woolen pull-over. She was off duty for the afternoon, but had chosen to spend it here on Treasure Island.

"How did Dick come to be up at Oxford with you, Dan?" she asked, breaking a long silence. "I mean, he is an American."

"Dick was a Rhodes scholar, Fay. That's how it happened."

"You were great friends there, weren't you?"

"Well, yes, rather. Our rooms were on the same stair. We went about nearly everywhere together; had similar tastes in sport. I was reading law, but I think I should have chucked it in any case."

"Why? Didn't you want to be a barrister?"

"Not particularly. The Learned Parent's idea. But then he has a flair for it; something I never should have had. Any fool of a witness could tie *me* up in knots."

Fay laughed, a burst of that happy laughter which belonged to her true self. But a moment later her gray eyes grew clouded.

"What was Dick going to be?"

"Oh, he was undecided. His people haven't got much money, apparently; and he couldn't bear the idea of going into business. I don't quite know what he would have done, if Hitler hadn't settled it for him."

"You joined the Air Force together, didn't you?"

"Absolutely—hand in hand."

"He's a good pilot, though, isn't he?"

"First-class. He's the right type, and he has the kind of cool nerve that doesn't take unnecessary risks: levelheaded, which is more than I can say for myself."

There was another silence.

"How did Dick get on with your father?" Fay asked, after a time.

"Oddly enough, they have never met. Whenever the Learned cropped up at Oxford, somehow he always missed old Dick, and Dick would never come to stay, on vacations, because he said he hadn't the means to return hospitality. A queer fish. But I'll bet my boots they get along like anything when they do meet."

"I simply cannot make out what has become of him, unless"—Fay drew a long breath—"he has gone off and married her."

"What! The hairdresser? Oh, chuck it! I can make a better guess than that. He has found out, as you found out, that she is something of a jumble sale, and he's too much ashamed of himself to . . . Hullo! who approaches?" He sat upright, staring in the direction of Rosemary Cottage. "The station taxi, unless these old eyes deceive me."

Fay sat up, too, a heightened color discernible in her cheeks. Then was heard a masterful, penetrating voice: "Come back and collect me sharp at five. I count on you."

"Ye gods!" said Dan. "It is the Learned Parent!"

And indeed it was Michael Corcoran, K. C., in person! Towering, mentally and physically, over Corporal Toby, who presently appeared in the capacity of guide, saying, "This way, Your Honor," he approached Treasure Island, arrayed in flannel trousers, a brown-check coat, and other units of a sporting character.

"Hello, Dan! I've left a big dull case to my junior and dashed down to inspect."

"Hello, Dad! Glad to see you."

"Hello, Nurse Fay!"

"Hello, Mr. Corcoran!"

"I count myself worthy to be called Mike."

"I simply wouldn't dare!"

Michael Corcoran, away from court and chambers, exhaled an infectious gaiety which reminded Fay of the mysterious Dr. de Brion.

"Couldn't we have tea here on Cape of the Woods?" he presently suggested. "I'll lend Toby—Ben Gunn—a hand." He stooped and picked up a newspaper open at a page which bore the headline: Sir Giles Loeder Mystery. "Which reminds me, while we are on the subject of pirates and other criminals, I've got a tip straight from Scotland Yard about the Loeder murder. Shall we talk about murders? I love 'em."

"Yes, if you like," said Fay, but her smile was a pretense.

"The police have found a leather case, belonging to Sir Giles, empty, in a damaged house in Mount Street. They are practically certain, now, that he was murdered for his money."

He dropped down on the grass beside his son, squeezing Dan's arm. Fay quietly crossed the little bridge, intending to make preparations for tea. Halfway over, unseen by either, she suddenly stood still. A tall, slim figure in Air Force blue, that of a man who had not come through Rosemary Cottage but who had entered by the side gate was approaching Treasure Island. He saw Fay at the same moment that Fay saw him. He, too, stood still.

Fay broke the silence with one word: "Dick!"

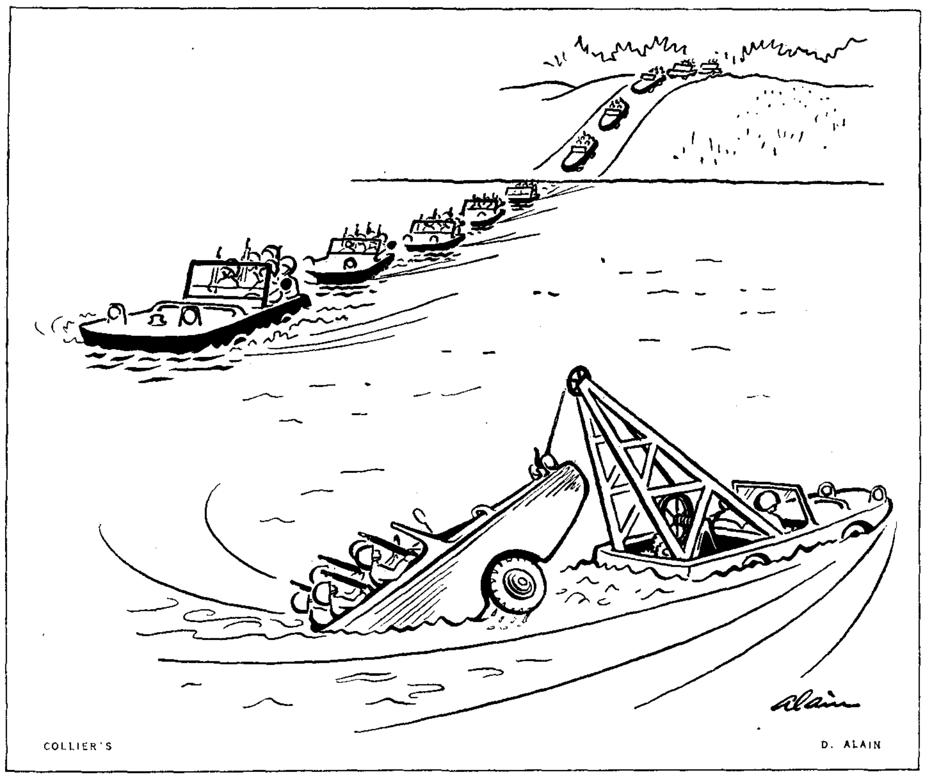
He answered with another monosyllable: "Fay!"

WHAT Fay saw in his face made her heart beat almost suffocatingly: Dick was fighting with emotions more complex than any he had known. A shout from Dan Corcoran brought those two troubled spirits to earth:

"Dick, by all that's wonderful! Ye gods, man! Where have you been? Come over here and explain yourself!"

Dick Kershaw managed to smile. He stepped upon the bridge and grasped both Fay's hands. "Fay, my dear," he said, looked into her eyes and passed on.

Dan was standing up, pipe still between his teeth, and Michael Corcoran had risen also. He stared hard at Kershaw; he was striving to remember where he had seen him.



"I'll take no excuses," Dan shouted. "We want a detailed account of your movements, Flight Lieutenant Kershaw, since you left Ashbrown. My father will conduct the examination."

"So this is Dick," said Michael Corcoran.

"I am very happy to meet you at last, sir."

AND as their hands clasped, Michael Corcoran remembered that morning at Sawby's coffee stall, remembered the disorder which had marked Kershaw's appearance, and buried the memory deep. He was proportionately astounded when Kershaw, meeting his regard steady-eyed, added: "I have seen you before. But you may have forgotten."

"Indeed—where was that?"

"At a coffee stall somewhere near Bond Street, very early one morning, sir—the morning following the death of Sir Giles Loeder, to be exact."

"Oh, yes, let me see, I do seem to recall—"

"I had no idea who you were at the time, or I might have asked your opinion."

"My opinion of what?"

Fay stood just behind Dick Kershaw, listening. A tense note in his voice, a quality in his bearing, warned her of something to come—something of which she was afraid. Dan, facing Kershaw, had recognized this, also.

"Well, sir—your legal opinion. You see, I killed Sir Giles Loeder . . ."

"Fay, dear, can I hope you will understand if I ask you to leave me with Dan and Mr. Corcoran for a few minutes?" Dick Kershaw's voice was steady but his hands were tightly clenched—"I mean, for *your* sake."

Fay had grown ivory pale, pale as on that night when entering the lobby of Lord Marcus' house she had found a dead man on the couch. "I believe, Dick," she replied quietly, "it might be better if I stayed. What you have just said, of course, came as an awful shock . . . but I think I know quite a lot of the rest."

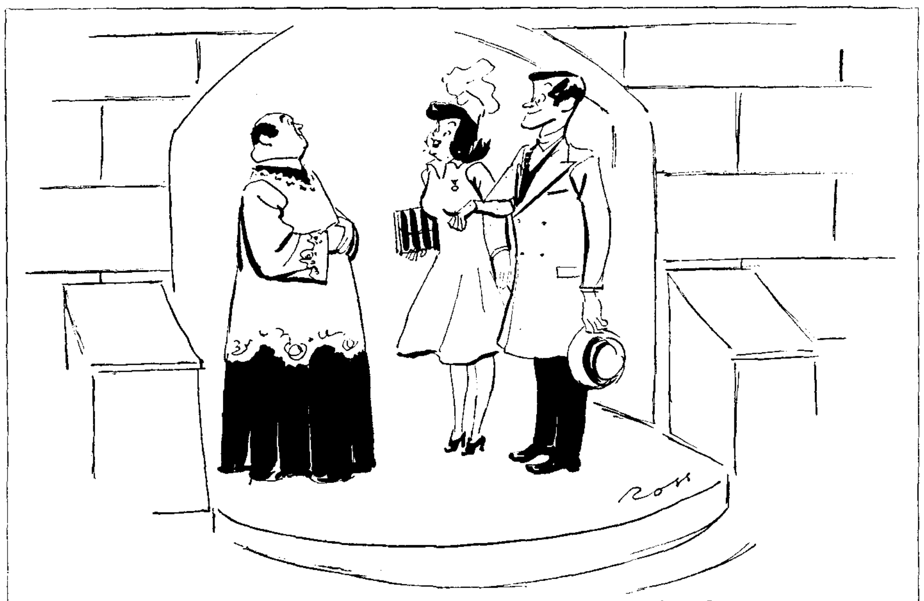
Michael Corcoran, one difficult to surprise, stood amazed. It was Dan, his tones betraying how profoundly this news had staggered him, who intervened.

"It's true, Dick. There isn't time to explain; but I think Fay knows why you did this thing."

"What's that?" Kershaw's clear eyes were turned in Fay's direction. "You know? How do you know?"

"Well, Dick, I suppose it was fated that I should know. An Air Force officer (I was never introduced to him) was talking to someone just behind me in a crowded corner at Julie's party on the very night that it happened. He seemed to know quite a lot about"—she paused before pronouncing the name—"Rita Martin. I simply couldn't avoid hearing. I didn't want to listen a bit, but I had to. And he said that you were—entangled with this girl, and that she—"

"Yes?" Dick prompted gently.



"I don't believe you ever met my husband, Reverend. Before the war he was quite a golfer"

"That she was Giles Loeder's mistress, and was"—she made a tiny *moue*, a mere ghost of its true self—"just playing you up. He said, if you ever found out, he didn't know what would happen. And when, right on top of that, I found Sir Giles lying dead—"

"*You* found him!" Kershaw exclaimed, and took a step toward her.

"Yes. I know it hasn't been in the papers, but—well, what's the good of talking about it now?"

"No good at all, Fay," Dan Corcoran said. "Also, quite beyond the point. Don't you agree, sir?"

"I am afraid," replied Michael Corcoran, "that I am not at the moment in a state of mind nicely to judge of the value of what Fay may have to tell us. I know very little of the facts. The papers have been unusually reticent, even for wartime. But if, as I understand to be the case"—he turned to Dick Kershaw—"you require my legal advice, I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick Kershaw.

"But not at all. You have appealed to me. And I am quite sure that your astounding statement must conceal other facts which have an important bearing upon the case. Let us all sit down, and you can give us your story from the beginning."

Fay, rarely removing her glance from Dick Kershaw's face, resumed her former place on the grass. Michael Corcoran sat down beside her, put his arm around her shoulders and gave her a reassuring hug. Dan settled himself in the wheel chair, and Kershaw, leaning back upon a rail of the bridge, faced them, clasping the woodwork on either side of him tensely, so that his knuckles showed white. Toby, holding one shoulder higher than the other, had retired.

"MAYBE it makes it a bit easier," Kershaw began, "to find that you, Fay, and you too, Dan, know something about what a fool I have been. How you came to be mixed up in this thing, Fay, is beyond me. I don't think"—he lowered his eyes for a moment—"I would have dared tell you any of this, if you hadn't heard about Rita Martin. There is no need to go into the dreary business of how I met her and all that, and I can't explain to you any more than I can explain to myself why I so completely lost my head over her."

He bit his straight underlip and stared down into the water. For a few moments there was no sound but that gurgling laughter of the little stream.

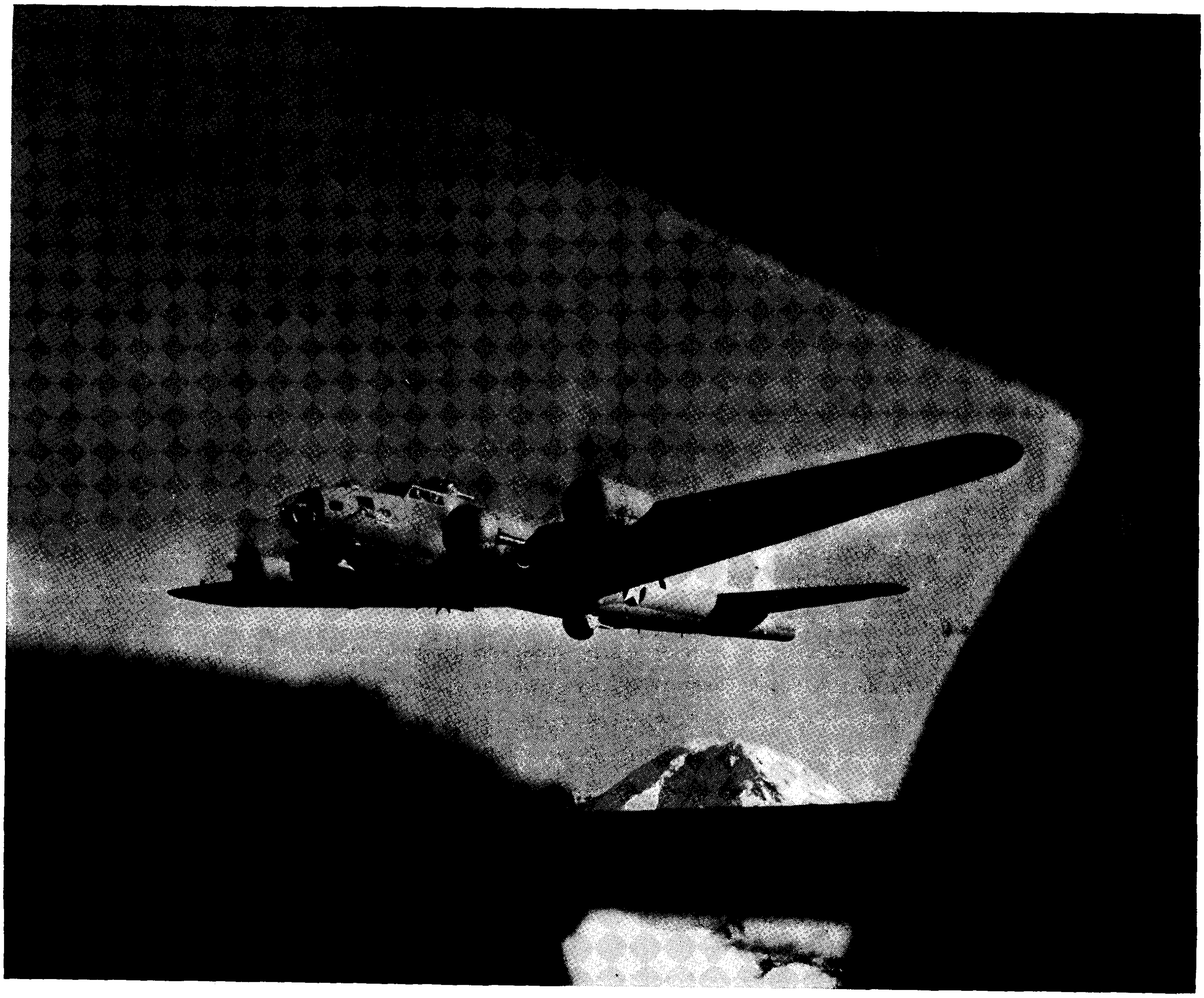
"Anyway, although I don't believe it seems reasonable, and perhaps it isn't, the whole fabric I was building crashed in a single night, in fact, in a single hour. I can't say who the man was whose conversation you overheard, Fay, but I have since found out that quite a number of my brother officers who go around town rather more than I do knew I was being led up the garden. I suppose I am one of those fools who need to see a thing with their own eyes before they can believe it. Well, that proof came my way."

He paused again, as if to collect his ideas, or it may have been to recover control of himself.

"Various rumors had reached me: I expect they were intended to reach me. I had been rather under the weather; nothing serious, as I told you, but the fear of going limping around for the rest of one's life is rather a nervous ordeal; so perhaps it's likely I was a bit on the morbid side. At any rate, when I got sick leave, I made up my mind to settle these doubts once and for all."

In a casual way, but nonetheless obviously as a prop to his composure, Kershaw took out his cigarette case, automatically offered it, but was met with shaken heads. He selected and lighted a cigarette.

"I was to have met Rita directly I got away from Ashbrown, but I had formed



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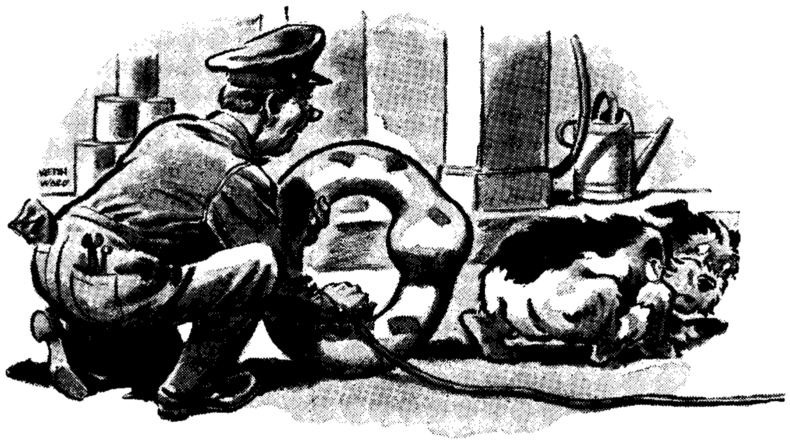

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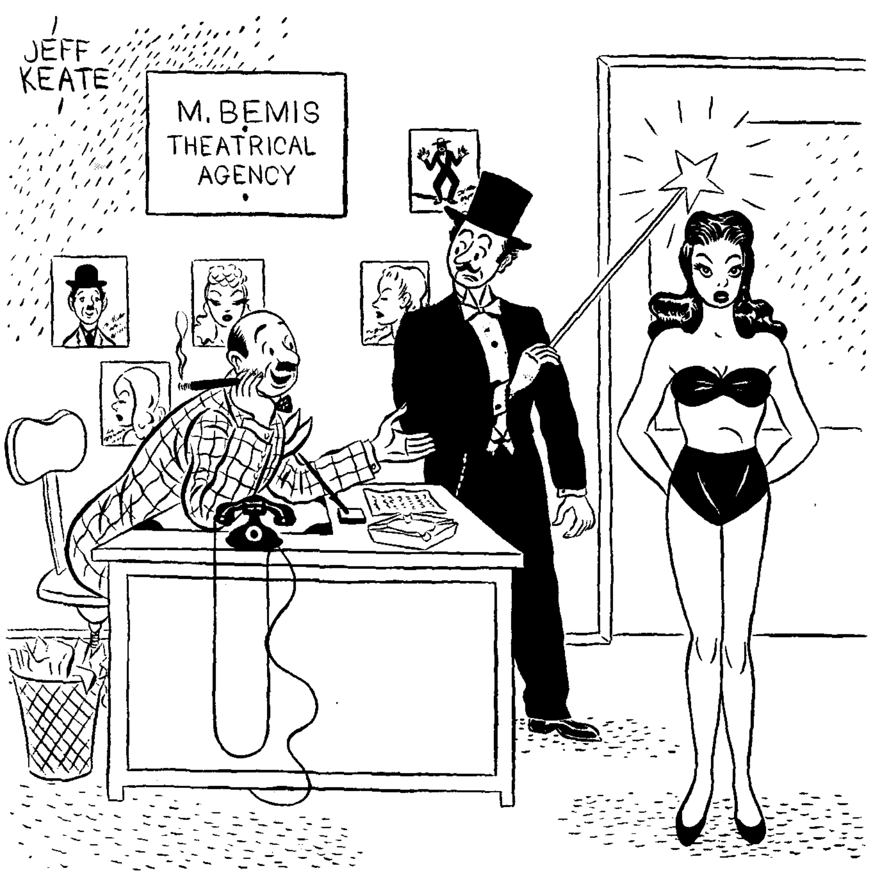


COLLIER'S "All right, you can make her disappear. But why?" JEFF KEATE

another plan. I didn't go to any likely hotel, and I kept out of your way, too, down here; I avoided the club as well. I went to a cheap and dreary place at the back of Lancaster Gate. There's a café in King's Road, Chelsea, and I remembered that from the window tables it was easy to see the door of the apartment house in which Rita lives. Sitting there, I waited for her to come back from Simone's.

"She came in a taxi. If I had not been what I am—a blind fool—I should have wondered before about her way of life. She always traveled in taxis, and her apartment, now that I began to think about it, could hardly have been kept up on a hairdresser's salary. Anyway, I waited there, drinking more cups of coffee. It was getting dark, but I knew I couldn't miss her."

Memories of the ordeal through which he had passed were beginning to influence his voice, his bearing. Fay had thought how tired he looked; now, she thought that he appeared positively haggard, as he went on with his story:

"When she came out again, she was in evening dress. She stood on the other side of the street for a while, looking right and left. She was evidently in a hurry, and as no taxi appeared, she began almost to run toward Sloane Square. I paid my bill quickly, dashed out and followed her. Quite a few people were going by underground but all the same I saw that I couldn't risk traveling in the same elevator. I took a ticket at random and rushed down the stairs.

"She had got there ahead of me, but just as I reached the platform a train pulled in, and I was in time to see her get on board. I took a seat in the next coach. No need to bore you with details. I nearly lost her when she changed at Charing Cross; but when she got out at Oxford Circus I ran up the stairs there as I had run down at Chelsea. It was blackout by now, and I knew that once she got outside, I should lose my chance. But I had made good time on the stairs, and I picked her up again.

"Once out on the street, I kept close behind her. She was trying to find a taxi. Presently, during a traffic holdup, she darted right out and jumped into a cab that was pulled up by an island in the middle. I didn't know what to do. I thought all my trouble was going to be wasted. But it was quite dark, and I ran across just as the cab pulled off. I stood there looking after it, right on the island, when a man driving a private car slowed up and said, 'Can I give you a lift?' "

Kershaw paused, looking from face to face. "That seems like Fate at work, doesn't it? 'I have just missed my friend,' I told him; 'she is in that taxi just ahead. If you could manage to keep it in sight—' "

"He said, 'Jump in. That's in my direction.' Then, only a few minutes later, he sang out, 'The taxi is pulling up outside the B.B.C.'

"That settled it. I thanked him and jumped out just in time to see Rita go into Broadcasting House. When I say that settled it, I mean it confirmed the rumors which had reached me about Loeder. I was certain now that she was going to meet him, because I knew that he was broadcasting after the nine-o'clock news. So once more I settled down to wait."

THE dull, flat voice of the speaker, accompanied by a harmony of bird notes, the serenity and beauty of an English countryside, served to strengthen, in the minds of those who listened, this drama of tormented jealousy enacted in darkened London.

"Outside Broadcasting House, just around the corner, I reserved a taxi. I hadn't very long to wait. I stood on the steps, beyond the doors which open into the big entrance hall. Rita came out with a man. I wasn't three yards from them. I might not have known who he was if someone else who came out at the same time had not asked, 'Can I give you a lift, Sir Giles?'

"I knew then; I knew that I had been right; and I knew that I was a fool. But I couldn't condemn her, yet. I had no claim whatever to deny her anyone's friendship. I listened, and I heard Loeder reply, 'If it isn't taking you out of your way, I want to go to Hay Hill, Mayfair.'

"When the car pulled off, I worked my old trick. I said to the taxi driver, 'Those are my friends, ahead there. Someone has given them a lift. Do you think you can follow on to Hay Hill, Mayfair?' We arrived just in time to see them get out and go into a big block of apartments. I watched them step into the elevator, then

I read all the names on the board, but Loeder's wasn't there. I knew, though, that a lot of London flats were sublet, and I had little doubt that Rita had gone to his apartment.

"I had to keep walking away as though I was making for some place on the ground floor, because quite a number of people began to arrive and go up in the elevator. There was no attendant, but it was self-working. It occurred to me that maybe there was a party and that Rita's doings so far were innocent enough.

"I made up my mind to wait, if necessary all night. If she didn't come out again, that was good enough. If she did, I would follow her. I'm not going to describe my frame of mind, but I'm afraid it was pretty ugly. After a time no more people arrived, and I just walked up and down the steep, deserted street outside, wondering if I had misjudged her, wondering which apartment she was in; feeling I wanted to find out, to stand in front of her and to ask her outright what she was to Sir Giles Loeder.

"A full moon kept bursting through the clouds and shining on blacked-out windows so that they looked all lighted up from inside. I never knew that London was so silent at night, so lonely. A warden and a policeman were the only people who passed during the next hour, and I found myself counting the barrage balloons I could see from the top of the street. Well, between eleven and midnight, some of the people I had seen go in came out again, which confirmed my idea that there had been a party. But still, there was no sign of Rita. More than once I weakened: I was getting very tired, and thirsty, and I was not really quite fit. But I had made up my mind to see the thing through, so I clenched my teeth, and stuck it.

"At last, someone rang up the elevator again. Then, from above, I heard her voice. I ran outside before she could reach the hallway. There was no car, and no taxi anywhere about, so that wherever she was going she would have to walk for a time, at least. It was getting darker with fewer patches of moonlight. I reckoned on following without being seen. When they came out they passed within a yard of me—Loeder and Rita. And right then, from their conversation, I knew there was no more room for doubt."

Kershaw, now, was exhibiting distress signals; he spoke rapidly, tensely. He had discarded his cigarette and clutched the rail of the bridge again with both hands.

"I felt completely sick. I can't explain that feeling, that wave of nausea which swept over me. But I cursed myself for a poor fool and conquered it. And when they moved off down Hay Hill, arguing, I was close behind. They had been to a party of some sort; so much I gathered. And now he was trying to urge her to spend the night at his flat, which it seemed was quite near. The very way she declined would have been evidence enough. They walked on; he had his arm around her and was kissing her. He was carrying some sort of portfolio. Suddenly, on the next corner, a taxi appeared, slowed up and the man called out, 'Taxi, sir?'

"Rita seemed to jump at the chance of getting away. 'Really, Giles, dear,' she said, 'I have a hard day tomorrow, and I must go home.' He tried again to make her change her mind, but she insisted on getting into the taxi. I stood there watching him kiss her, long, possessive kisses. It made my blood boil like mad. Then, picking up his portfolio, he waved as the taxi drew off, and Rita blew a kiss to him. I was standing back in the shadow of a doorway. It was a moment of pitch-darkness, the moon was quite obscured; then Loeder, as a sort of parting gesture, maybe, shone his torch and waved its beam in the direction of the taxi.

"A reflection, or something, must have shone upon me for a moment, because I saw Rita, her face white and frightened, leaning out of the window staring back—not toward where Loeder stood, but toward the doorway in which I was hiding."

"LET me be quite clear on that point," Michael Corcoran interrupted. "Are you sure, or moderately sure, that this girl saw you?"

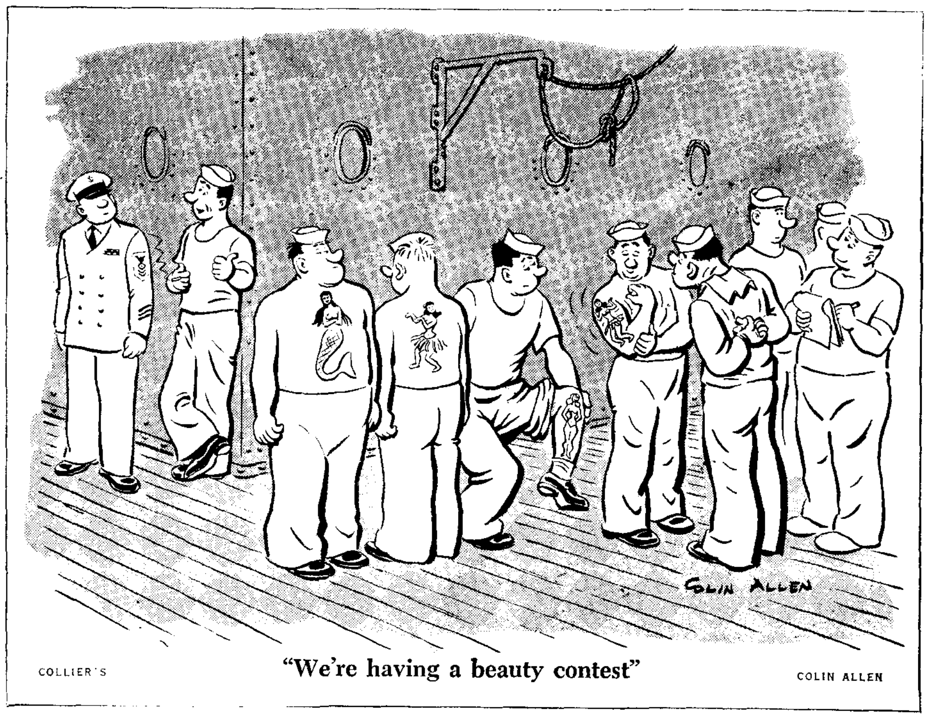
"I think I can say that I am absolutely sure she saw me."

"H'm! Go ahead."

"Although I knew that I was in no proper shape for an interview, I made up my mind all the same that I would have it out with Loeder. He moved on briskly as if sure of his way. I followed him until he turned into a side street and I could be sure there was not a soul about. Hearing me overtaking him, he stopped, spun around, and flashed a light in my face.

" 'Oh!' he said, 'an Air Force officer. I thought it was a pickpocket.'

"Naturally, I don't remember my exact words in reply, but I told him my name, and said that maybe he had heard it from Rita. He said, 'No. I don't recall it,' and walked on. Then I grabbed him by the shoulder and twisted him around to face me. He said, 'What are you up to? Do you want to spend the night in jail?' So, keeping my hand on his shoulder, I told him all I had to say. I held myself in check; I used no violent language; I stated the plain facts as I saw them: that he had used his money and his position to seduce a girl who likely enough would have gone



COLLIER'S "We're having a beauty contest" COLIN ALLEN

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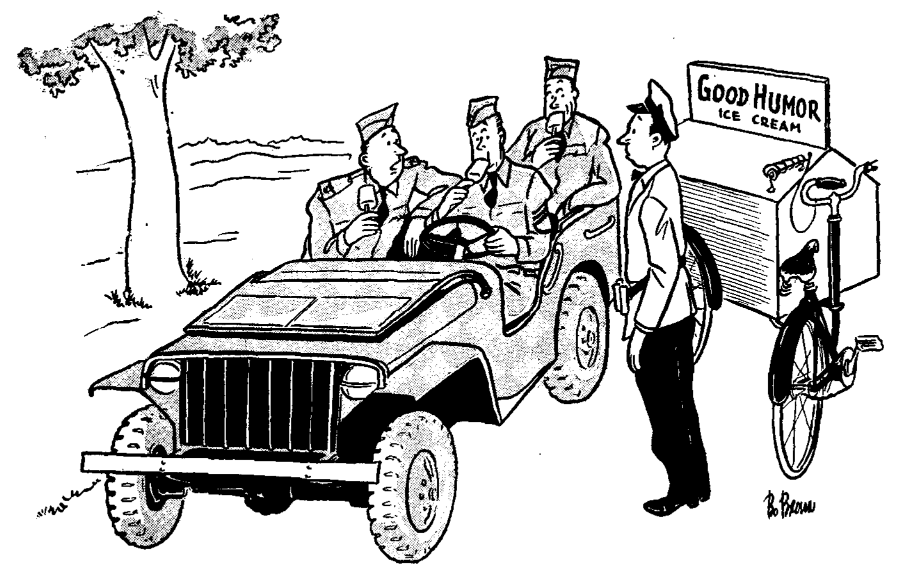


"You understand, of course, that this does not constitute an endorsement of your product by the War Department"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

straight if she had never known him, a girl who had to live on whatever she could earn, and in times such as these was to be pitied if she fell for smart clothes and entertainment.

"Not a soul came near during all this time. I never heard a sound except once or twice that of distant traffic. Finally, I said to him, 'There is just one thing I am going to ask. You have a wife, but I know you are separated. If you mean to get a divorce and marry Rita, that lets me out: I have no more to say; the choice is hers.'"

Kershaw stood up and clenched his hands in an effort to retain control, an effort which he was unable to conceal. Fay, biting her lip fiercely, stared down at the grass. In a moment, Kershaw resumed:

"His reply was what led to the tragedy. I hold no brief for Rita Martin; I know, now, that she's a little twister. She has no more sense of morals, much less of comradeship, than I would expect to find in a barnyard. That is beside the point. He laughed in my face. What he said about Rita I am not going to repeat. Then, with the portfolio which he carried, he struck my hand from his shoulder and turned away. By this time, although I had fought hard, I had begun to see red. I tore the thing from him, threw it down on the sidewalk, and said, 'Put up your hands, because I am going to thrash you until I am tired.'

"He did—and he took me by surprise. Dan will tell you that we both worked pretty hard at our boxing. In fact, if the war hadn't come, I guess Dan would have got his Blue."

"You would have got yours first, Dick."

"That's as may be. But I am not entirely useless, anyway. Well, neither was Loeder. Fighting in the dark was a novel experience for me, and he registered one or two hard knocks before I got his measure. Then the moon shone out suddenly, just as he gave me an opening, and I caught him with a straight left over the heart. The weight I put into it gave my groggy foot a sharp twinge; in fact, I almost fell, too. But Loeder went down for the count, rolled sideways, and then lay still."

"STOP there!" Michael Corcoran broke in. "Where was his portfolio?"

"I don't know. I had snatched it away from him and thrown it aside."

"Is it possible that his head struck the pavement so hard that he died of concussion?"

"That was not my impression, sir. Although it was a fairly strong blow, I don't believe, when I consider that my ankle let me down, how it could possibly have been a knockout. But he fell."

"Was the pavement wet?"

"No; the rain came later. Anyway, as he didn't get up, I bent over him—pretty cautiously, because I was expecting a trap. But when I moved him he just went limp, and lay flat with his arms stretched out."

In their excitement, none of the three men had noticed Fay. Now, suddenly, Dick Kershaw noticed her. She was supporting herself unsteadily, one hand resting upon the grass.

"Fay!" he cried, and sprang from the bridge to her side, dropping to his knee and throwing his arms around her. "Fay, dear, don't let it hurt you so much. I know it's horrible! But it was a fair fight."

"I know it was, Dick," she whispered, and looked up at him. "Don't worry, dear. Nurses know how to take care of themselves. But somehow, as you were talking—I could see it all."

"Are you quite sure?" He stood up.

"Quite sure."

He stayed where he was, standing beside her, and went on: "I concluded that he was out right enough, and I may as well admit that I rather lost my head. It came to me in a flash that if the affair led to a police court, I should be kicked out of the R.A.F., and I knew, beyond any shadow of doubt, that Rita wasn't worth it." He stared down at Fay during another long pause. "Then I heard footsteps, coming up rapidly. Well, the rest is easy . . .

"I bolted. I have told you that I don't know just where this took place, and I may add that I don't know which way I went. I just tramped on and on, along dark streets and across squares, with the whole beastly business going round and round in my head like a crazy circus. It made me sick to think about Rita, and even then, long after I had left him lying, it made me coldly, murderously angry to think of Loeder. He's dead, and I shouldn't say it—but that man was a dirty dog.

"I sat for a while on a seat in some large open space. It may have been Hyde Park, but I couldn't be sure. Whenever I heard a policeman coming, I moved on. You see, Loeder knew my name; I was quite sure he would report the matter to the police when he came to, and I hadn't made up my mind what my defense was going to be.

"In the meantime I didn't know what to do. The little hotel I have mentioned locks its doors about eleven, and to get in I should have had to ring and so attract attention to myself. I thought it better to stay out. I must have walked for miles. Sometimes I wondered if I was going mad or had already gone mad. Then it rained, as it rained several times during the night. I sheltered under trees, or in doorways—anywhere, but still kept on walking. I went right on like that until daylight came. Then I found myself in Bond Street. As it began to grow light, I recognized where I was. I saw a coffee stall among a lot of wreckage in a corner, and I walked over there." He fixed his steady glance on Michael Corcoran. "That was where we first met, sir."

"Yes," said Michael Corcoran, looking anxiously at Fay. "That was where you heard on the radio—"

"That Loeder was dead. When I heard that, I lost control again. You see, I had been in hospital for some time and I was not quite myself, I suppose. I went back to my hotel at Lancaster Gate, and managed to get in, so early in the morning, without being noticed. I was scared; I admit that. But above all, I was wretchedly ashamed of myself—ashamed of the motive which had led me, although unintentionally, to take a man's life. I didn't know what to do.

"There were only two people I could think of whose advice I would dare to ask. For long days and nights—oh, such dreary, sleepless nights—I tried to whip up courage to come down here. I read every scrap of news I could get hold of. But it was little enough. I realized that for some reason the police were suppressing many of the circumstances; and that was worse than ever. I began to feel like a hunted criminal. Every time a constable came along Craven Terrace I thought he was coming for me. I can't explain this mood; I know it was contemptible; I wouldn't have believed it possible. Fay"—he dropped on his knees beside her again—"I knew how it would hurt, but I came to tell the whole story to you and to ask for your advice." He reached out his hand. "And for yours, Dan."

"There are two things you have to do," said Michael Corcoran briskly. "First, is to stay here. Can he stay here, Nurse Fay?"

"Of course," said Fay. "I can easily arrange it with Matron."

"The second," Corcoran went on, "is to make quite sure that no living soul, except the four of us now present, hears a single word of this. I don't want you to go back to London, Kershaw. Arrange in some way to have your things sent down. For the rest—well, I shall have a number of questions to ask—but leave the rest to me.". . .

An interview which had some bearing upon the astonishing discovery in South Audley Street, or, more exactly, upon a subsequent development in the mystery, took place one morning at the assistant commissioner's club. Lord Marcus Amberdale was lunching with Colonel O'Halloran.

THEY sat at a side table in the lofty bar, an apartment impregnated with that service aroma peculiar to clubs whose membership is almost entirely confined to officers. Lord Marcus' handsome, lined face was troubled as he stared across the table at his old friend, and the colonel's little eyes were blinking furiously.

"I find it peculiarly difficult to state the facts, O'Halloran. I am regarded in many quarters as suspect—an unhappy atmosphere in which to spend one's days. Even here"—he extended a long, sensitive hand—"I am conscious of it. Furthermore, I have reason to believe that officers from Scotland Yard are actually covering my movements. I think I have detected this on more than one occasion. I am not complaining: I have no right to complain. But at its best, it is a waste of your fellows' time, at its worst, an intolerable implication."

"Quite see what you mean," rattled the assistant commissioner. "Follow entirely. Must agree. As a matter of fact, wanted to talk to you about it all. Glad to see you in any event. Haven't seen enough of each other in recent years."

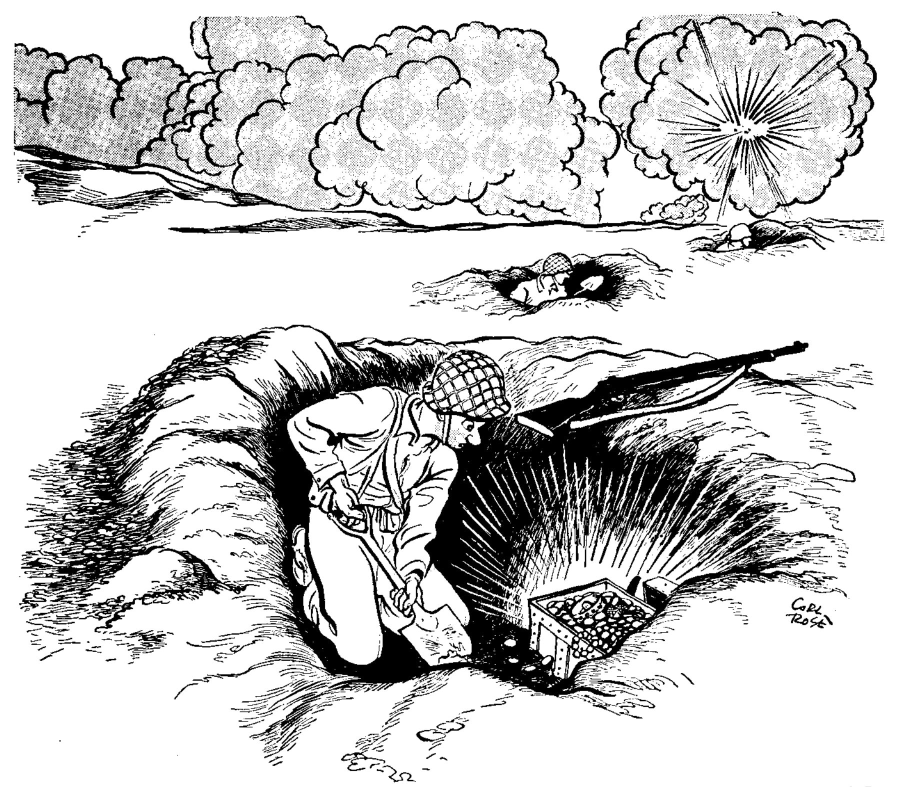
"It is a great pleasure to me," Lord Marcus declared and raised his glass of sherry with old-fashioned courtesy. "This consciousness of a sleepless surveillance is prejudicial to my work. As you know, I have placed my knowledge of the Near East at the disposal of the Ministry of Information, and my employment is of a highly confidential character. A mere whisper would be sufficient to destroy my usefulness."

"Don't misunderstand me," said the colonel. "Haven't agreed you're being watched in any way. Contrary to my orders if you are. But frankly, one can sympathize with Chief Inspector Firth. Rather groping in the dark; and after all, Amberdale, dead man was found on your premises. Can't get away from that."

"It is inescapable, but I have no more idea how he came to be there than if he had been found in Buckingham Palace."

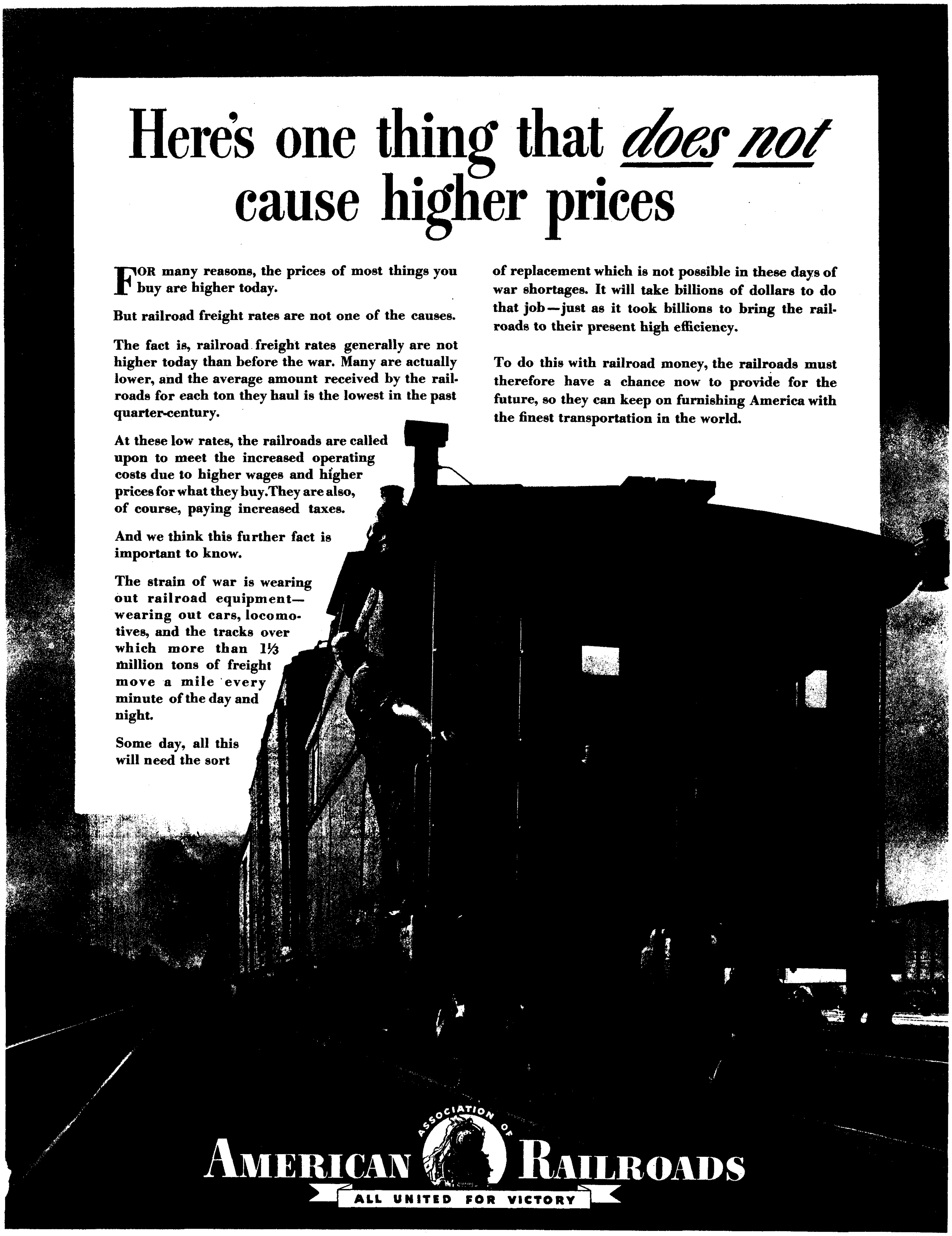
"Fully appreciate that. But plain fact remains that man wasn't found in Buckingham Palace; he was found in your house. Infernal eccentricities"—he held up his sherry glass, blinking at it viciously—"key in flower box outside door, that sort of thing, all make it more difficult to investigate. *Then, your friend Mrs. Vane knew Loeder.*"

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

Here's one thing that *does not* cause higher prices



For many reasons, the prices of most things you buy are higher today.

But railroad freight rates are not one of the causes.

The fact is, railroad freight rates generally are not higher today than before the war. Many are actually lower, and the average amount received by the railroads for each ton they haul is the lowest in the past quarter-century.

At these low rates, the railroads are called upon to meet the increased operating costs due to higher wages and higher prices for what they buy. They are also, of course, paying increased taxes.

And we think this further fact is important to know.

The strain of war is wearing out railroad equipment—wearing out cars, locomotives, and the tracks over which more than 1⅓ million tons of freight move a mile every minute of the day and night.

Some day, all this will need the sort of replacement which is not possible in these days of war shortages. It will take billions of dollars to do that job—just as it took billions to bring the railroads to their present high efficiency.

To do this with railroad money, the railroads must therefore have a chance now to provide for the future, so they can keep on furnishing America with the finest transportation in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

We Starve Our Friends

Continued from page 22

shall atone for this crime against childhood? What are we getting in exchange for the slow, agonizing death of a whole generation of the children of the freedom-loving countries of Europe?

While conditions in Belgium and France are more desperate than in Norway and Holland, suffering is nevertheless very severe in both the latter countries. These four countries are accessible by sea. The children of other countries, such as occupied Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia, are equally in need of assistance, but for the present, there is no way to get supplies to them. But the fact that we cannot help all is no excuse for not saving some.

In the fall of 1940, the American Friends' Service Committee found itself in France in possession of sufficient rice, lentils, beans and chick-peas to afford a little extra nourishment each day to about 50,000 children in the Free Zone. We decided that the best way to do this would be to institute supplemental feedings in the schools. Eleven departments of southern France where food conditions were the most difficult were selected. With the help of school physicians, social workers and teachers, we chose the 50,000 most needy children in these departments.

In many places, school canteens already were in operation. In others kitchen and dining-room installations were provided. Competent workers were secured to cook and serve. Each school was sent enough food to provide a standard ration for six weeks for each child selected to be fed. Inspectors from our staff visited these canteens regularly to see the children eating and to consult with teachers and physicians. Each child was given from two to three ounces of food daily. It was only a tiny portion but enough to keep the child from losing weight and to preserve a degree of health that would make possible complete recovery if the period of privation were not too long.

In the fall of 1941, this system was extended to 84,500 children. If sufficient food had been available, it could have been enlarged to include all the needy children of France.

There can be no doubt about the depth of French gratitude for the school canteens or the real determination of the people to repay us. We have received thousands of letters from the children, their parents and their teachers, expressing their affectionate thanks.

Gratitude of a Child

One tiny tot wrote: "We hope little American children will never be as hungry as we are, but if they are, we will save our centimes for them. Never will we forget your friendship and kindness. In helping us, you are helping France to rise again."

In many French cities, there are maternity clinics to which mothers bring children for advice concerning their nourishment. In December, 1940, we examined the weight curves of some 5,000 babies in Marseille and found them steadily falling.

A small stock of powdered milk was given the physician in each clinic. He was authorized to give this to the mothers of undernourished babies and instruct them carefully how to use it. Within a few weeks the falling curves leveled off, and shortly after began a steady rise which continued until June, 1942. Then the distribution of milk was discontinued because Washington refused to give us a license to buy additional supplies of dried milk in Switzerland.

One does not like to think what happened to the babies after that.

In the winter of 1940-41, we distributed vitamins to a quarter of a million of the neediest French children. Some of these were in the form of vitaminized chocolate squares. The tinfoil wrapper of each square carried a message of friendship from America. The girls made bows of these wrappers and wore them in their hair. Everybody knew of this gesture of friendship, and the papers carried columns about it.

During the winter 1941-42, we were unable to get permission from Washington to take vitamins from America and our distribution was reduced to 100,000 children, the supplies coming from Denmark. Last winter, there were none. Tragically enough, vitamins no longer would be useful to most of the children unless food also was given. Their health has deteriorated to a point where, without additional nourishment, vitamins are quite useless.

In the spring of 1939, half a million Spanish refugees came flooding into France. It was a wretched mob. The people had no papers, clothing, baggage or money. France might have refused them; she did not want them and yet generously she accepted them en masse, giving the world, perhaps, its most outstanding example of charity on an international scale.

Later, France accepted more than a million refugees from the Low Countries and Central Europe. For all these people, she appropriated public money and continued to share with them her last crust.

Internment camps were set up in the spring of 1939 to provide for those refugees unable to find work, who had no other means of sustenance. Some 300,000 people were placed in these camps, which at that time were simply large areas of sand surrounded by barbed wire. There were no barracks, no feeding, sanitary or medical equipment; but gradually crude provisions were made for these necessities, and the French government appropriated sufficient money to buy food.

As the Spaniards were absorbed into industry, returned to Spain, or sent out in work gangs, Central European refugees were placed in the camps. As long as food supplies were available, the refugees were adequately fed. By early 1941, however, food had become so scarce that the commandants of the camps could not purchase enough. Consequently, these victims of persecution suffered more and more from starvation.

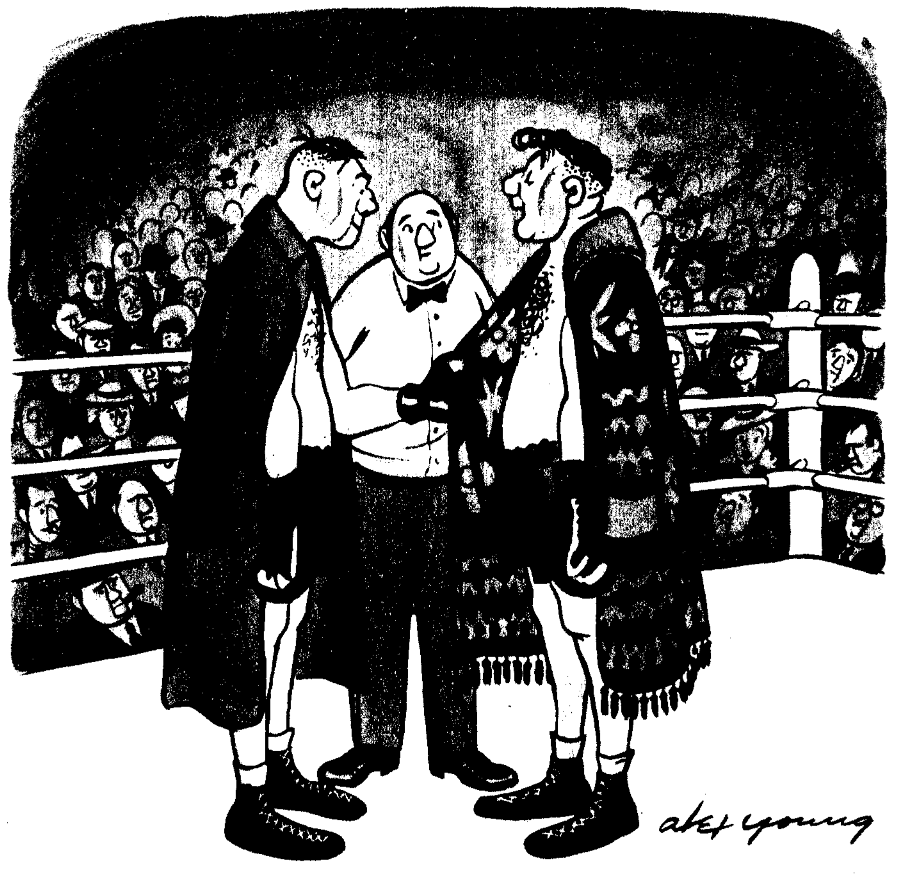
The American Friends' organization supplied supplementary nourishment for the children and for 8,000 of the neediest adults. In spite of all we could do, however, I saw full-grown men in these camps weighing as little as seventy-five pounds. I saw them in all stages of starvation, some with horribly swollen bodies, others too weak to rise from their pallets of straw. It must be remembered that they were refugees from totalitarian states—martyrs to their convictions—educated, intelligent, freedom-loving, skilled men and women, capable of making a contribution to any country and yet condemned to a lingering death by starvation. Our appeals to Washington and London for food with which to save these unfortunate people were in vain.

Good Charity and the Best Strategy

Our own brave lads are dying on many fronts, and I would not advocate sending food to the children of Europe if I thought it would prolong the war or send more of our sons to their death. Happily, what I propose would not only save the children but would give courage and strength to our allies and friends and greatly enhance the possibilities of satisfactory postwar reconstruction. It is good charity, and the best of strategy. In my opinion, it would shorten the war.

Let me give you enough detail, so you will see how our work was carried on.

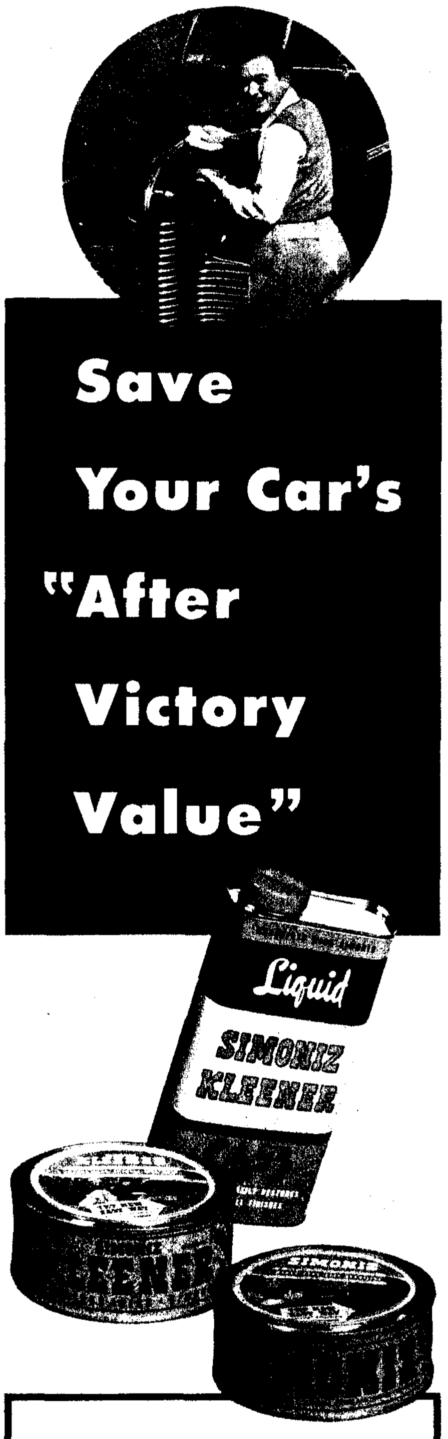
During 1940 and the first half of 1941, we purchased milk in Switzerland, canned fish in Portugal, rice, peas, beans, lentils, and chick-peas in Central Europe, Turkey, Egypt, Northern Africa, Madagascar and French Indo-China. When these supplies arrived in Marseille, they were put into our warehouse. Trusted staff members



"It's a Japanese kimono—a gift from my kid brother who is also in the fight game"

COLLIER'S

ALEX YOUNG



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To the skilled metallurgists who have chosen its tough steels and hard alloys, there is beauty in the Allison's metals.

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But beauty is as beauty does.

So to the pilot on the fighting front, the sum of all this is the beauty of performance — the dependable, unfailing action so vital to his mission and his safe return.

And to General Motors, whose purpose was to produce the finest aircraft engine ever built, the beauty of the Allison lies in its record of accomplishments on fighting fronts that circle the globe.

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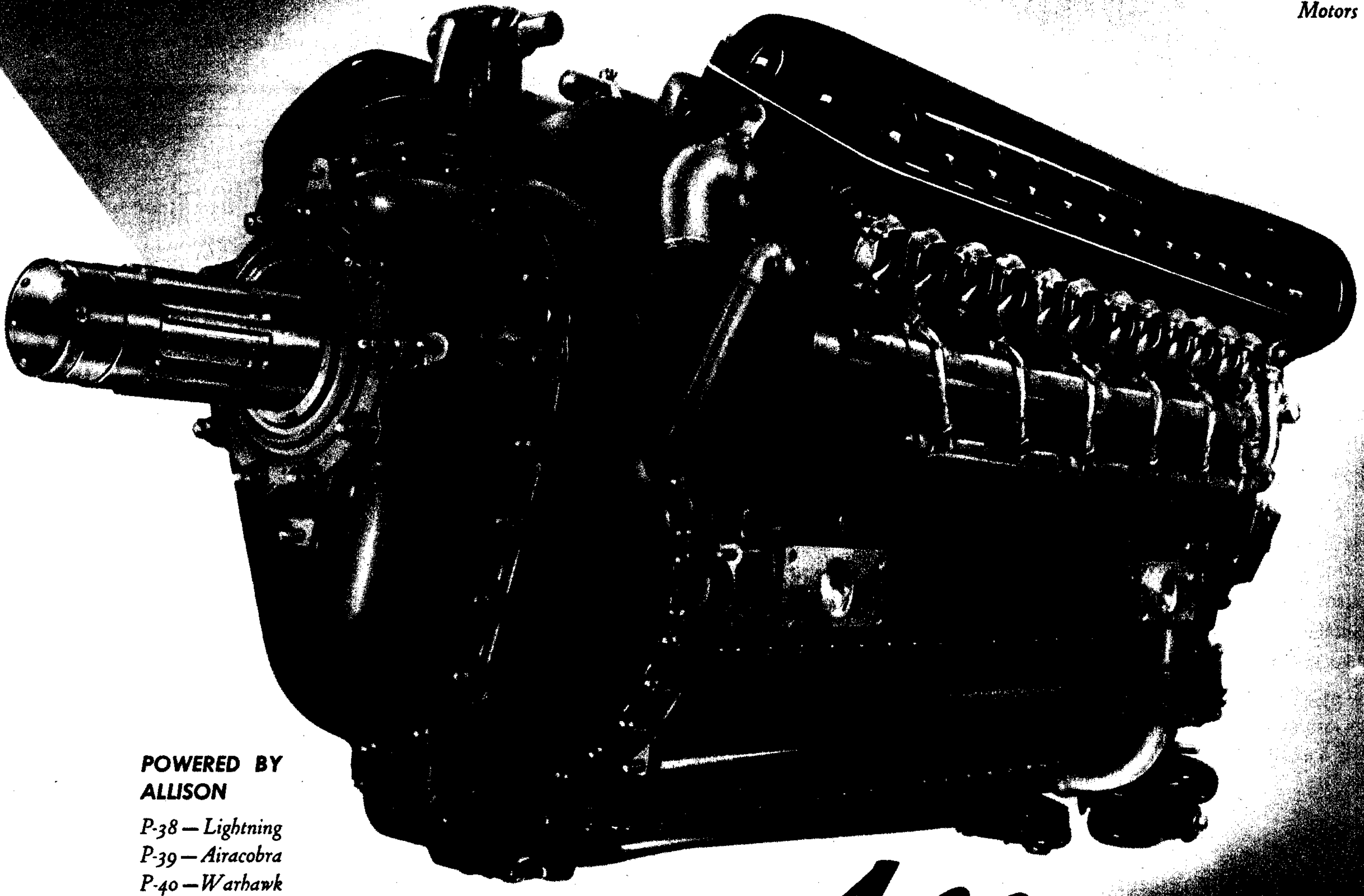
A comprehensive booklet entitled "Airplane Power" may be obtained by writing: Room 11-230, General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Mich.



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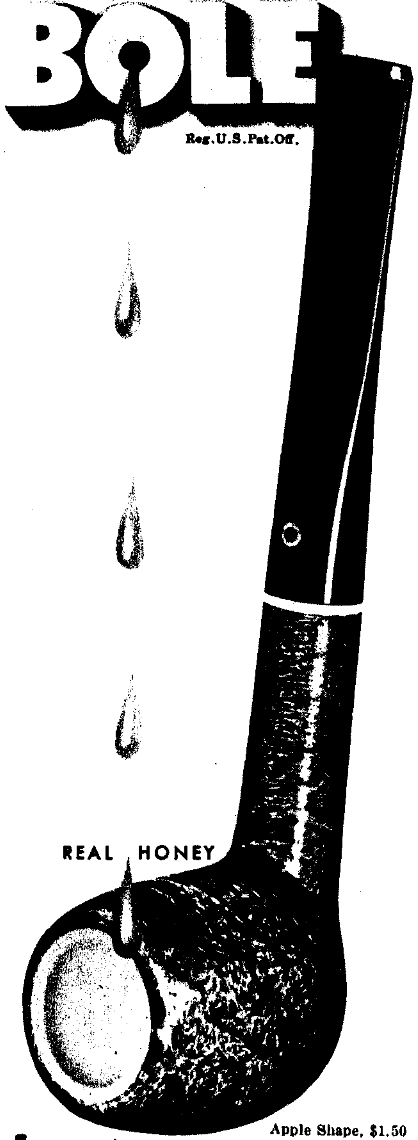

Apple Shape, $1.50

the honey-cured smoke

Look at this pipe, and you'll see it's yellow inside. That is the distinctive and exclusive Yello-Bole bowl lining, carefully blended of golden Clover-Blossom Honey, Sage Honey and Honeysuckle Honey, which forms a kind of hearth in which your tobacco burns. The smoke acquires a most fragrant and agreeable character from this, unlike any other, and of many thousand men who've smoked them since 1933, *not one* ever complained of having to *"break-in"* a Yello-Bole!

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50
to be introduced soon

YELLO-BOLE
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were on duty in this building night and day. An order signed by me or, in my absence, by my assistant, was required before any of these stocks could be removed. Smaller stores were kept in our branch warehouses in other principal cities of southern France, carefully guarded by staff members.

When a shipment of food arrived in one of the colonies, it was immediately placed under lock and key. It was cooked and served to the children by members of our own staff. By no stretch of the imagination could any of it have been lost or wrongfully diverted to other uses.

When a shipment of food arrived at one of the internment camps, it was placed in a special storehouse and was carefully guarded. This food was cooked and served separately to the children or old people entitled to this supplemental ration. It was not in any way mingled with camp supplies. Members of our staff and other social workers kept the whole operation under close observation at all times.

There is no way by which Germany could profit directly or indirectly as a result of these operations. The only result was that the children aided by our work had more food than they otherwise would have had. The amount of French food consumed by the French people and the amount of French food taken by Germany were not affected one way or another.

Incidentally, the rumor that forty per cent of the food going into Greece was taken by the Germans is false. On April 19th, the State Department issued an official statement saying that the Germans did not take any of the food being sent to Greece and that the operation was satisfactory. I received the same assurance from the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London and from the American Red Cross.

The Germans have never taken any of our food; neither have they taken an equivalent amount of French food. Every child to whom we fed a tiny portion of imported food each day ate also all the food that could be procured for him with his own French ration card, proving that, as a result of our operations, there was not a crumb left over that the Germans could have taken.

False Statement on Food Rations

I have heard it said in high circles that when imported food is given to a family, the Germans immediately cut the ration of that family a corresponding amount, so that the net result was merely to place this food at the disposal of our enemies. So far as France is concerned, that statement is not true.

The feeding operations we are proposing would not be a burden on the American taxpayer. There are Norwegian, Belgian, Dutch and French funds in this country sufficient to purchase any quantity of food which it is proposed to send. These funds can be unblocked by our government.

It cannot be argued that we cannot save these children because of a food shortage here, for we still have a large surplus of grains, and the small amounts of fat, meat and milk required could be brought from South America. Neither can it be argued that the South American food is required for ourselves and our allies, for we have not at present sufficient shipping to move all of it.

Some could be devoted to saving these children without depriving us or our allies of anything. Shipping is not a problem, for neutral ships which cannot be hired for the war effort are available to transport food from South America or the United States to the children of the occupied countries, as neutral ships now are taking food from Canada to Greece.

The International Red Cross is ready to assume responsibility for food distribution and to use Swedish and Swiss personnel as it does in Greece. Everything is in order: the food, the money, the ships, the supervision. Official permission from Washington and London is the only thing needed.

Today we are winning the war but losing the peace. We are allowing the freedom-loving peoples of the occupied countries to be decimated by starvation while the Germans are being well fed. No matter what the peace terms, a well-fed Germany will have a postwar advantage over the tubercular, starvation-reduced malnutrition victims of the occupied countries. Neither well-populated cemeteries nor misshapen, undersized children with subnormal minds and twisted personalities are fit material with which to reconstruct democracy in Europe.

The people of the occupied countries are definitely on our side and want to help us, but there is danger that we may lose a large measure of their gratitude if we refuse to send them such assistance as may be within our power.

SUMMER ON THE HOME GROUNDS

Since our car no more may roam
Headily from home, sweet home,
Our benighted baby boy
Isn't slated to enjoy
Gusts of straight monoxide gas,
Billboards hiding trees and grass,
Motorcyclists, tough as nails,
Sporting bushy raccoon tails,
Or those Sunday traffic snarls
With their strident threats and quarrels.
What a tragedy that he
Misses such a galaxy
Of the joys we used to know
When the world was on the go.

MARGARET FISHBACK

Many Frenchmen have said to me, "We love America. We want you to win the war, and we will help you, but we know, and you know, and we believe the governments in Washington and London know, that you could save at least some of our children without in any way assisting the enemy, and we will never forgive you if we see our children die before our eyes when you could have saved them."

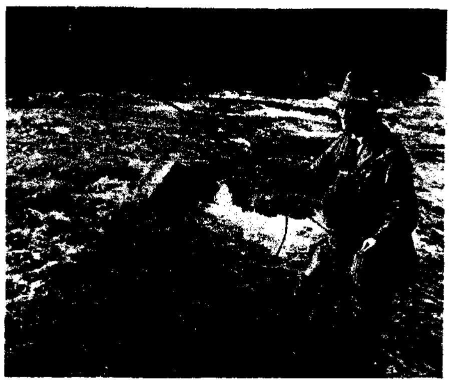
Military necessity might require the starvation of these friendly people if, by doing so, you could starve the enemy. But you cannot do that in any case. You can only starve your allies and friends—the people who want to help you—and that will prolong rather than shorten the war.

As a limited relief project for 10,000,000 of the most needy children, nursing and expectant mothers of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, I have suggested the monthly sending of 30,000 tons of cereals, 6,000 tons of fats, 9,000 tons of meat and 6,000 tons of milk, making a total of 51,000 tons monthly. This would provide each of these persons with a daily ration of cereals 100 grams, fats 20 grams, meat 30 grams, powdered or condensed milk 20 grams. In addition to what they are now getting, this would probably keep them in a fair degree of health.

Who can measure the value of 10,000,000 children?

Shall we, like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side, saying that because we did not do it, there is no obligation upon us? What of our future relations with these countries if we sit by, doing nothing, while they die of starvation? What faith will any people, anywhere, have in our humanitarian protestations if we refuse to succor our own allies and friends?

THE END



Angler predicts excellent post-war fishing

FISHERMEN take note! With so many devotees of Izaak Walton otherwise occupied in making the world *unsafe* for the Axis, millions of game fish are finding their home waters safest in years. Piscatorial populations are expected to soar by the end of the war. When the Big Job is done, *you'll* want to hook into some of the finny "war babies" that will be itching for a hard white-water battle. Buy plenty of War Bonds and Stamps today. First, you'll help to make sure that Victory's "in the bag." Second, you'll put aside money to pay for a trip to the Big Woods and bag your full share of the big catch that's waiting for you. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

FIGHTING FRONT
ST. LOUIS

To help our fighting men along this road to victory... buy war bonds!

★

To help you do a good day's work in St. Louis... get a good night's rest at

HOTEL Lennox
Every Room Air Conditioned • Noise-Proofed
From $3.00

CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT
COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER
7

DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER

Shore-to-Shore Invaders

Continued from page 13

formerly required and has cleared the decks for planes, heavy machinery and other items that can't be stowed below.

The 2,170-mile trip completed in May by more than thirty E.A.C. barges from the Florida training camp to Cape Cod proved that the Army's salt-water soldiers are at home asea. The ten men in each boat slept on rough, built-in bunks and did their own cooking in temporary galleys. Gray-painted canvas coverings protected them from the light hurricanes and heavy seas they encountered, and at least two of the crews hammered together authentic Chick Sale booths and set them high out over the stern, half moons and all. A "ground crew" followed them up the coast in trucks, but a maintenance boat at the tail end of the mile-long column made all necessary repairs to engines and hulls.

A rough log of the trek tells the story of this, probably the Army's most unorthodox maneuver to date. Total elapsed time: 38 days; total running time: 26 days; average daily distance traveled: 87 miles. Farthest point from land: 45 miles. Longest nonstop run: 132 miles.

Incidentally, the 303 men and officers on this trip rode out storms and rough water like seasoned sailors, thanks a lot to Lt. Col. L. L. Barrow, of the Williams Hospital at Camp Edwards. Since the early days of training, Col. Barrow has been developing a seasickness remedy and now he's pretty sure he has a formula for all types of motion sickness. As part of the experiments, the world's first and only seasickness machine was planned and put together. It is something Rube Goldberg ought to see. On each end of a mechanical seesaw is a cubicle equipped with a seat, blackout shades and lights. Also, in doubtful cases, a washbasin. With a man in each chair, a couple of switches are snapped on, the cams, gears and levers begin to grind, and the cubicles move in three directions at once with distressing realism. (The Williams Hospital is thus probably the only institution of its kind that takes a perfectly well man and does its best to make him sick.)

Some of the hundreds of men tested have succumbed to the machine in three minutes; others have managed to hold out for half an hour or more. Almost all of them weathered a second indoor voyage with the aid of the capsule cure. This boon to motion-conscious travelers is known as U. S. Army Development Type 2116X318049Z—but you and I will have to continue to get green around the gills while in transit until peace comes and the Army releases the formula.

The difficulties encountered in the planning and execution of any specific invasion are enormous, and the variations are endless. No one knows this better than the boys who wear the red sea horse on the left breast and the blue and gold shoulder patch of Combined Operations: the eagle, tommy gun and anchor, representing the forces involved—air, land and sea.

Keep a weather eye out for the doings of the American Engineer Amphibian Command. Theirs is the job of being among the first to start the ball rolling. It'll be up to them to keep it rolling until there are no more War Bonds for sale.

THE END

Gissimo, Junior

Continued from page 11

stake and that my own future was wrapped up with them and I must win him over as well as others like him."

So, as the wine flowed, young Chiang talked of a rejuvenated China struggling for existence and with great hopes for the future.

At the right moment he played a trump card. Offering pardon for former crimes, Chiang asked for a promise of reform and co-operation. The chieftain, Wang, held a consultation with his men. Some mistrusted Chiang and doubted whether he could keep his word. Chiang, however, had won over the chief, and the chief won over the rest. The youthful administrator heaved a great sigh. His first hurdle had been surmounted.

Word of his success spread. Subsequently, always unarmed, he visited other gangs with equal success. Today thirty-four bandit leaders are his friends.

Persuaded to Bury the Hatchet

Village fortresses were built not only as protection against bandits but against recurrent outbreaks of clan feuds. When a member of the Peng clan killed a young buck from the Yeh clan, Chiang stepped in, called a meeting of clan leaders and thrashed out quarrels of a hundred years' standing. He lectured them on the folly of fighting among themselves when a common enemy was threatening to enslave the country. He persuaded them to bury the hatchet and start anew.

To bind the agreement, he deviated from the ancient custom of sacrificing a chicken before the local idols. Instead, he demanded the clans' bloodstained battle flags—each blood spot representing a life taken—which together were burned before a portrait of Sun Yat-sen. The law, however, still had to be satisfied, so the Peng clan gave up the murderer, who was jailed for three years.

The oppressed populace began to place confidence in the new administrator.

All over the countryside were placed little yellow boxes, wherein people could post grievances and suggestions or expose corruption, assured that all letters were kept strictly confidential. Through this means, Chiang was able to gain evidence against the intrenched gentry by whom the people were still intimidated.

Once, through a tip-off in the accusation box, he was able to catch two wealthy bankers smoking opium. Since they were supposed to have taken the government's compulsory cure, to be caught smoking made them subject to the death penalty. While young Chiang might have been inclined to impose a somewhat more lenient sentence, the bankers made the mistake of attempting to buy their freedom by offering to give two airplanes to the government. Upon hearing this, young Chiang ordered their immediate execution by a firing squad.

In early days, when he was not so well known, Chiang enjoyed poking about, incognito. Once disguised as a food vender he entered a closely watched house, catching a group of gamblers red-handed. Again, tipped off that revelers at a banquet planned to visit a house of ill fame after the dinner, he disguised himself as a ricksha puller and went unrecognized until he dropped the shafts before the house entrance.

When the city was bombed, he personally helped with the fire-fighting and rescue work. While clearing debris, he called to an officer passing in a ricksha to

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

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26th King George's Own Light Cavalry.
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"Mysore"—"Seringapatam"—"Ava"—"Central India"—"Afghanistan, 1879-80"—"Burma, 1885-87"—"Givenchy, 1914"—"France and Flanders, 1914-18"—"Aden"

HONOURS OF

DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1892 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMUNIQUES from the social front stress the importance of a veteran campaigner. Whether it's assembly at your favorite bar, or mess call on the home grounds, strategy dictates Dewar's White Label and soda—highball of the highlands—cited over 60 times for distinguished service!

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
Perth
12 YEARS OLD
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
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Twelve Years Old
Specially Selected and Blended by
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White Label 8 years old
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FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9 x 12 full-color prints of officers. Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., 350—5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. C.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Schenley

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

lend a hand. The officer, not recognizing him, replied haughtily, "I am a colonel—"

Whereupon young Chiang retorted exasperatedly, "I am your general—and pitch in there."

Later, the colonel spent three hours on his knees in expiation before the monument to fallen soldiers.

Within an hour after the bombing, police posted signs throughout the city notifying the homeless that they were entitled to eat in any restaurant and stay at any hotel at government expense until relief measures were set up.

As young Chiang became acquainted with New Kannan's problems, his plans for reform and reconstruction began to develop. He surrounded himself with young men—eager, honest and energetic like himself. The average age of local magistrates for the eleven counties is not much over thirty. One submagistrate with sixteen thousand people under her authority is a 22-year-old girl.

Chiang Ching-kuo's work is attracting attention and capturing the imagination of the nation's youth. Some weeks ago, he came to Chungking to attend the national convention of the Saminchui Youth Corps. The results of his five-point three-year plan, now in its third year, were carefully studied. Aimed at political, economic and social reconstruction, the plan specifically aspires to the attainment of these objectives: 1. Everyone shall have enough to eat. 2. Everyone shall have clothes to wear. 3. Everyone shall have a house to live in. 4. Everyone shall have books to read. 5. Everyone shall have work to do.

I met young Chiang in Chungking, and he invited me to visit New Kannan.

The Amazing Chiang, Jr.

Of medium height—a bit on the smallish side—weighing perhaps one hundred and thirty pounds, he is athletically built, quick-spoken, husky-voiced, round-faced. His features resemble his father's very little. He is exuberant, cheerful, almost always smiling and always ready to see the humorous side of any situation. He speaks Russian fluently. His English, learned years ago at Shanghai, is limited through lack of use. In the plane he read in Russian the collected works of the nineteenth-century Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko.

Hour after hour, the take-off was delayed. Our pilot received a message that twelve Jap planes had appeared over Kweilin. We detoured and killed time in the air until word flashed back that the Jap planes had flown off.

At the airport we were met by Chiang's Russian wife, whom he greeted with a resounding un-Chinese kiss, to the embarrassment of the spectators. He grabbed up his eight-year-old son, Ailan, and hugged him. He also has a five-year-old daughter, who remained at home in Kanchow (some maps call it Kansien), the principal city of New Kannan.

Twenty-seven-year-old Mrs. Chiang—soft-spoken, pleasant-voiced, of good sturdy Russian stock, whom he married in Russia—has been a faithful mate and an inspiration in his work. Speaking only Russian when she came to China over five years ago, today she speaks Chinese fluently, as well as passable English, although they speak Russian together.

We took a train at Kweilin for Kukong, on the Canton-Hankow Railway, about one hundred miles north of Canton. Then by car we traveled 140 miles northeastward to Kanchow. We arrived after dark. I noted the clean, well-lighted, paved streets, the well-dressed shoppers and the bright shops. Here and there were gaps in the line of neatly painted shop fronts where ravages from Jap bombings some months before had not yet been entirely repaired. On the arch across the entrance to a park which had formerly been the execution ground, I read: "New Kannan is a world of youth."

In the days that followed, I watched Chiang Ching-kuo work. He inspired the modernized factories, progressive schools, nurseries, library, museum and various institutions. In the model prison, there were no barred cells or high walls, no ball-and-chain shackles. The reformatory emphasized rehabilitation through self-respect rather than punishment. The prisoners were taught trades; they spent several hours daily in classes and worked on the adjoining farms. On festive occasions they were given a holiday to visit their homes. The night of the Generalissimo's birthday, they were permitted to join the big lantern parade with only one guard for a hundred prisoners, yet none attempted to escape.

While Kanchow possesses perhaps the most de luxe rickshas in China, few citizens patronize them because "Hsiao Chiang" (Little Chiang) never uses them. He believes in health through exercise. The youth of New Kannan is abundantly sports-minded. There are daily tournaments in wrestling, tennis, volleyball and basketball. Chiang himself exercises half an hour daily and expects everyone in his government to do likewise.

BIGHEARTED

Joe Stern of Roanoke, Virginia, dropped thousands of nickels in parking meters for absent motorists whose time was just about up. He left a card explaining his act, and 99 per cent of the motorists repaid the nickel.

Judge S. John Morrow of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, ordered a man brought before him to pay $45 a month for the support of his family. The man asked the judge to set the amount at $60.

When the Board of Selectmen of Palmer, Massachusetts, raised the salary of the superintendent of streets $10 per week, he refused to accept the increase "in the interests of economy."

When Mrs. Mary Barrie died in Winnipeg she left her house to Mr. Barrie on condition that he provide a lifelong home in it for her first husband.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

The morning after my arrival, Chiang held a regular mass meeting of Kanchow's school children. Now and then he stopped to examine hands and admonished those with dirty nails. To one much-embarrassed five-year-old he said kindly: "They won't be dirty next time, will they?"

Then, mounting a platform, he addressed them, beginning by asking what three things are most important.

With one voice, ten thousand youngsters replied, "First, a strong body; second, hard study; third, good conduct."

He asked the best student in each group to raise a hand; then the poorest—whereat everyone laughed.

The youngsters began edging up onto the platform and gathered around him, crowding him off to one end and almost off the platform altogether. Yet he continued talking and led them in shouting slogans: "We want to be heroes, independent, with our heads touching heaven, and our feet on the ground. We want to be heroes who will continue the glories of the past into the glorious future."

Following the meeting, Chiang addressed the schoolteachers, reminding them of their responsibility. He pointed out China's backwardness due to lack of education and exhorted them to develop in children a sense of love, beauty, laughter, strength and, above all, pride in a strong body.

His pet project is a new children's village, located about an hour from Kanchow.

Over a thousand youngsters are housed in a score of modern buildings on a spacious campus. Half of these are refugees and orphans, children of soldiers. Except for directors and teachers, the village is a miniature Lilliput. It has its own municipal government with its own mayor—an astonishingly self-assured eleven-year-old refugee—its own police station, its police force with ten-year-old boy and girl cops wearing miniature police uniforms patrolling campus streets, and its own courts. Tiny farms are managed by co-operatives.

At a luncheon the children gave us in a kindergarten playroom, overalled, eleven-year-old Mayor Liu Chih-wei spoke in a confident voice: "Though we are young, we feel the same responsibility as our elders. We solve our own problems, cultivate our own land, haul our own water, do our own needlework."

Watching Chiang, I observed tears welling up. When the youngster finished, Chiang hugged him. He aims for a school for every village. Many old village idol houses have been converted into schoolhouses, thus bringing "new gods to old temples." For older folks, there is a system of mass education. Units of ten families are required to do "two hours' daily studying, reading, writing, arithmetic and current events." They use simple textbooks, the first lesson in which reads: "I am Chinese; you're Chinese; he's Chinese; we all love China."

On walks through the countryside, wearing simple blue denim, young Chiang frequently drops into farmers' homes or a village shop and asks for the lesson book to be produced and the lessons read. He examines report cards.

Now and then peasants stopped him to pour forth some grievance. As an old woman dropped to her knees before him, wailing piteously, he quickly bent forward and lifted her.

"Don't kneel, don't kneel," he said hurriedly, for to him the old custom of kneeling before addressing an official is unworthy of New China. She said her winter clothing had been stolen, whereupon he ordered the local authorities to make an investigation.

Open Court of Justice

Perhaps the most successful feature of his administration is his regular Thursday-afternoon open court. The richest merchant or poorest peasant alike may avail himself of this opportunity to bring troubles to him direct and obtain justice. He listens patiently, renders immediate decisions or orders investigations.

A shopkeeper appealed confiscation of an unregistered twelve bolts of cloth he'd been hoarding. He pleaded the loss would mean hardship for his five children. Chiang ordered an investigation of his financial status and promised if his statement were true he would order him paid the cost price and have the merchandise given to the poor.

A blind woman with three beggar children asked for food. He directed her to a relief kitchen.

"Is there really food there?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes."

"Every day?"

"Yes, every day."

Her face beamed happily as Chiang detailed a smartly saluting Boy Scout to escort her and her children to the kitchen.

A pregnant woman with a child in her arms asked for money to pay debts, since her husband was in jail. Chiang refused, saying personal debts were not the government's responsibility, but he volunteered to give her free hospital service until the new baby was born.

To break the old custom of elaborate and expensive weddings, often causing the young couple and parents to go deeply into debt, only mass marriages are permitted in New Kannan. These are held monthly at a cost of two American dollars a couple, which includes rental of the marriage costume, flowers, ceremony, license and a group photograph. Thirty-four couples were married at a ceremony I attended.

Young Chiang, in his usual high spirits, clowned with each couple as they came forward to receive the license, while several thousand spectators crowding a new auditorium laughed.

I offered a cash prize for the prettiest bride. Young Chiang suggested I give it to the couple having the first child. I agreed, whereat the audience howled, and brides and bridegrooms blushed.

"Long Live China!"

I watched Chiang whip the emotions of gathered thousands into the wildest frenzy. It was the night of a big campfire for New Kannan's Boy Scouts. Mounting a rickety improvised platform in the center of the big parade grounds, he led them in shouting, "Long live China! Long live the Generalissimo! Down with the Japanese dwarfs! Down with the traitor Wang Ching-wei!"

Then young Chiang asked, "What shall we do with Wang Ching-wei?"

"Burn him! Burn him!" the crowd answered.

"Then let's do it now!"

An effigy was rolled out onto the field, and, as the torch was applied, Chiang began beating a gong as the crowd yelled, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Spontaneously a huge snake dance began, with thousands of youngsters stripped to the waist, leaping and whooping. It was a fantastic scene in the flickering light from three huge bonfires. Jumping from the platform, young Chiang brought up the tail of the wild dance, shouting hoarsely and banging a gong which was drowned by the roar of approval.

Over a simple meal in his modest, tastefully decorated little home built on the site of a razed once-notorious gambling house, young Chiang discussed his problems—past, present and future. He elaborated on the five objectives of his three-year plan: Everyone shall make enough; have enough to eat and wear; a house, books and work. He admitted it was the most difficult achievement to attain in a short period. However, he hoped by the end of this year the plan would at least have planted seeds for future harvest.

"For this reason, we've preferred to plant sturdier pine trees rather than fruit trees," he said metaphorically.

For this reason, he has concentrated on the education of youth to develop personality, stimulate inquiry, ambition and pride in achievement. Once the seeds have taken firm root, he believes his work will be done.

"And where will you go then?" I asked.

"First, I'll go to America," he replied unexpectedly.

He said the Generalissimo told him to learn English and prepare for America, where he plans to study industrialization with special emphasis on electricity for "electricity is the mother of industrial progress." His life's ambition is to develop transportation as a preliminary to the exploitation of natural resources and the industrialization of New China.

Some hours after I left for my return to Chungking, Jap planes bombed Kanchow again.

THE END

Mail time at the Marine Corps Base, Quantico, Va.

A fellow's mail really "comes to life" when it brings a batch of snapshots . . . .

That's the way our boys in the service feel about it — that's why they put "snapshots from home" up front among their needs and wants.

Of course, there isn't as much film for you as in normal times — Kodak Film is now rationed to dealers because the Army and Navy need so much. So what film you can get should be put to work at the all-important job . . .

And make your pictures count—take the kind of snapshots you'd want to receive yourself . . . homey scenes and home faces. Send them in your letters—visit him regularly in snapshots . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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Soft? No word like that in this worker's language. Like him, millions of other American men and women have a job to do. And they're doing it! Ten thousand Reliance workers are proud to supply these patriotic millions with Big Yank Work Clothing and other necessary garments—and to serve our armed forces with parachutes for men and matériel, and a wide variety of Reliance-made garments for the U. S. Army and Navy.

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Reliance
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Straight from the Heart

Continued from page 20

Val wasn't asleep and she wasn't dreaming, yet it was all there before her closed eyelids, sharp and clear again. She could even smell the spicy scent of ginger lilies and hear the small sound of the shade flapping in the wind on that lovely Sunday morning. She was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, watching Ted shave and berating him about the chocolate milk. She had been making muffins for breakfast and found he had poured chocolate sirup into the whole quart of milk, the night before, instead of into their glasses, when they were having a snack at bedtime. Now, there was no other milk! . . .

Ted's face leaned over hers, clear and brown above decorations of shaving lather. His eyes were twinkling. . . . "Use the chocolate milk, silly! Give 'em some glamor. They'll be chocolate muffins!" He dropped a kiss on her upturned face, leaving a blob of lather. . . .

It was so real, her hand went up to brush it away but touched only her smooth cheek and empty air where Ted's face should have been.

She sighed deeply but did not stir; she was careful not to stir, not to disturb it, lest the dream dissolve. . . .

She remembered the shiny look of the little kitchen, brave with paint and curtains, as she went back to her muffins. Above the beating of the batter came the distant familiar drone of planes, mingled with lazy guitar music from the radio. She was glad Ted didn't have to fly, today. A whole, lovely, long day off together!

"Pour the coffee," he called. "I'm coming. . . . Hey, listen! Funny they're having gunnery practice on a Sunday morning. . . . Awful close to shore, too." He stood irresolutely in the doorway, and above the clatter of the beater came the dull w-w-whumps of distant explosions. She poured the batter into the muffin rings and glanced up at him. He still stood in the doorway, tall and angular, brown of hair and eyes and cheeks, listening with a puzzled, intent look on his face.

THERE were footsteps on the back porch, and Em and Charlie Brush came in from next door. Charlie's face had the same alert, listening look. . . . "They're wasting a lot of ammunition for Sunday morning maneuvers," he said. No one answered him because just then the radio music stopped abruptly, and there was an instant of utter silence in the house.

It was broken by a hoarse, staccato, "Stand by!" from the radio. . . . "Oahu is being bombed!" a voice shouted hysterically. "We're being bombed by the Japanese!" Then a different voice overlaid the other, said sharply, "Attention, all military personnel! Pearl Harbor is being bombed by the Japanese. *This is no drill!* All officers and men report to their stations, at once." Confused noises followed, like static or explosions, and then, "Attention, all military personnel!" and the incredible words were repeated over and over, as if the announcer could not believe them, either.

For an instant, they stood frozen. Then Charlie said, "This is it!" and bolted down the back steps toward his garage.

Ted flung himself into the bedroom for his belt and holster, and then they were running through the kitchen, and the engine of Charlie's car was sputtering in the yard. Out of the corner of her eye, as she dashed out, Val saw the pan of chocolate muffins on the table, waiting to be baked. And she thought, irrelevantly, Now I'll never know how they taste.

Then they were out in the hot sunshine and planes were hurtling overhead like angry hornets, and to the south a cloud of smoke rose toward the sparkling sky.

There were frantic half-heard words and Ted's arm hard around her, swinging her off her feet, his lips hurting hers. . . . He leaped into the car. The engine still labored, coughing and sputtering, and Charlie was shouting, furiously, "Heave to, *you girls! Give the damn' thing* a push!"

And pushing madly at each fender, they got it started. The car rolled down the sloping driveway, the men inside straining forward in an anguished effort to help it move. They did not even look back, or wave.

She didn't see or hear from Ted for three days; she never saw Charlie again.

"Here's your tea, Mrs. Jameson," the nurse said, touching her gently on the shoulder. She pulled back the blanket and helped Val to sit up on the narrow table.

"Been asleep?" she asked cheerfully.

Val shook her head. "I've been to Hawaii." . . .

VAL came out of the building that housed the Blood Bank and went slowly to her car. She did not feel quite awake yet.

A tapping of brisk feet behind her made her glance around. It was the nurse, her red-lined cape around her shoulders. She asked, "How do you feel?"

"Fine," Val said. "Just awfully hungry! May I take you somewhere?"

"Why, yes. I'm going to a tearoom a few blocks down, for lunch. . . . Sure you feel all right?" As she got in the car, she looked Val over with a professional eye.

"Quite sure. I'll come back soon and give you the blood out of the other arm!"

They both laughed. "Well, not for two months, my dear!" the nurse said.

"Better tell me what day *she's* not on duty?" Val nodded back, as they drove off.

"Come any day but Tuesday and Friday. But she won't bite."

Val gave a rueful smile. Suddenly she didn't mind telling the nurse. In fact, she wanted to. . . . "You see, she's my mother-in-law, but she doesn't . . . er . . . like the idea much!"

The nurse's blue eyes grew round. "You mean . . . you just walked in on her?"

"Yes. It was quite undermining. I hadn't seen her since I married her son in Honolulu. She had picked out another girl for him, but, of course, he couldn't stand her! I was her secretary. It sounds like a very bad movie, doesn't it? And Poor but Proud won!"

"Well, that needn't keep you from helping us," the nurse said practically. "I'll phone you. I have your address on file here."

"Yes. It's the same old apartment where I used to live with two other girls." But Val did not tell her how desperately queer that sameness was, at times. There was a nightmarish quality to it, because now everything was so terribly different. She had lost a way of living, a life she used to have, and couldn't find it again. . . . "I used to work in a travel bureau," she went on, quickly. "That's why I took the job with Mrs. Jameson—to see the world! She's Navy, you know, and has been everywhere with her husband, and now she gives travel lectures."

"What a mother-in-law!"

"She is rather remarkable." Val stopped the car in front of the tearoom. "She seems older than she is, because she's been important for so long and has had her own way all her life."

The nurse got out and looked up at Val. "You go home and take a nap, Mrs. Jameson, and eat a thick steak—if you can get it! You'll feel better."

"All right," Val said, docilely, because it didn't matter where she went.

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Due to wartime demand for vital ingredients by our armed forces there's *less* A•1 Sauce for civilians nowadays. But there's *some, and don't you forget it!*

Keep asking for A·1 Sauce. It'll be along from time to time—to add mouth-watering flavor to your meals. *Send for free recipe booklet.* *G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*

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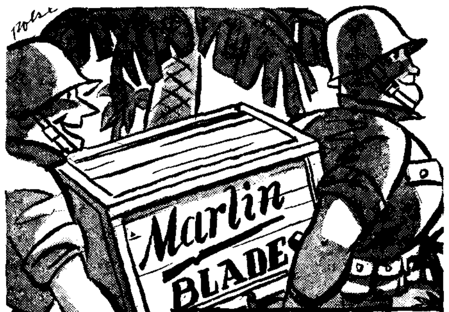

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Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces—make *yours* last longer!

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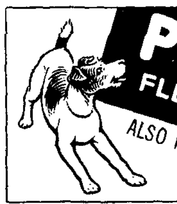

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HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

MAKE YOUR SHOES WEAR LONGER WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS

An utter lassitude possessed her. She was driving slowly on through a parkway, when she saw far ahead a jacaranda tree, with swaying bluish-lavender flowers. As in a dream, she went toward it. . . . Now she was under its lovely cloudlike bloom. She cut off the motor and leaned back, looking up into the familiar blueness that had bloomed at her kitchen door.

And all she had lost came back to her, in small, separate pictures, so much more real than the present; memories floated up the pool of her mind, lingered, slowly sank again. . . .

IT WAS Ted's voice she had liked first, even before she ever saw him through the mirror. She had heard it, gay and clear, above the tapping of her typewriter, that morning in Honolulu, as she sat with her back to the half-opened door, transcribing Mrs. Jameson's endless notes on her new lecture. It was the second time she had heard his voice without seeing him. . . . Almost as if Mrs. Jameson had planned it that way.

But he had asked about her. . . . "Who's that you've got cooped up in there, Mom?"

"Just my secretary."

"What's the matter? Hasn't she any face?"

"Oh, Ted, hush! . . . Marjorie sent you her love."

"Margie, eh? So, it's your secretary who has the nice husky voice on the phone?"

His mother went on firmly talking about something else, and Ted went on firmly side-stepping "Margie," whoever she was.

Val knew he was leaving, and tilted back her chair until she was opposite a mirror on the wall. She would see what he looked like, this time!

And she did. For when he passed the door, his eyes were waiting for that moment and promptly met hers in the mirror. She almost fell over backward in surprise and chagrin, and the chair came down so hard on its four legs, it jolted her very teeth. He had given the mirror a gay, audacious salute, then was gone.

She knew, without question, that she would see him again. And that very night, she met him in the lobby of the Moana Hotel, as she came in from dancing with a young Naval officer, from home. They had parted at the elevator and as the officer went smartly across the lobby, Ted Jameson appeared as suddenly as if he had risen out of the floor.

"Miss Valentine? Please don't go! . . . I need your advice about . . . er . . . my mother's birthday present."

She turned around so quickly that her white evening dress swirled around her, and she caught the admiring glint in his eyes, which he promptly made solemn and polite. Behind them, the elevator door clanged and the cage went upward, leaving them almost alone in the deserted lobby. It was very late.

"Birthday?" Then she made her voice cold: "I don't believe it."

"Now, now, is that nice? Do I lie in my teeth?" Then he chuckled. "Well, I do if I can get away with it! . . . Don't go! Really, Miss Valentine, it *is* an anniversary, tomorrow, or something besides being Wednesday. Do help me!" He grinned engagingly, and his keen, appreciative eyes flicked over her. . . . "So you have got a face, after all!"

She said, calmly, "You're a little tight, aren't you?"

He nodded frankly, his eyes very bright and direct.

". . . And, also, over alien territory?" she went on, pointedly.

"I wouldn't know. I threw my compass overboard, this morning," he returned, as pointedly. "Listen, I'm going back to the station in a moment. Flying, tomorrow. All I wanted was a suggestion for a present. I'm serious." Then he gestured toward a row of glass doors at the end of the lobby, leading to the flagstone patio facing the sea. . . . "If you could give me a moment . . . ?"

Val could hear the deep murmur of the surf, as she glanced out, hiding a smile. There were chairs and tables and umbrellas in the court, the scent of flowers, and a huge banyan tree in the center that cast strange, beckoning shadows in the moonlight.

She shook her head, firmly. "I can give you suggestions while we walk to the front door," and she led the way toward the street entrance. He glanced back regretfully.

"Worth trying!" he murmured, following her.

She stole a look at him. He wore whites, which made him look very brown, and his face was all planes and angles under the harsh lights. He was like laughter, she thought, young and flashing, and he had a lanky grace as he strode along beside her, alert, pliant, so that somehow you knew he had wings.

"Inspection over?" he asked, suddenly, and she blushed, then laughed. "I'm due one from the admiral in the morning, but passing this one seems much more important."

He pushed open the door in so casual a manner that she scarcely noticed they had walked out into the soft, warm night, until she saw the palm-lined street before them.

"You really must go," she said softly. "Send your mother flowers. . . . Now, good night. Go home and get some sleep, if you're flying tomorrow."

"Flowers! The very thing!"

Then she saw with apprehension that he had wheeled toward the huge urns that flanked the entrance, half a dozen of them on each side and filled with blooming hydrangeas, pale pinks, and ravishing blues. Before she could say a word, he had seized the first plant with both hands and yanked it out by the roots. ". . . 'S already her birthday! After midnight. . . . Take 'em up to her right now!" And he charged off through the door and across the lobby toward the elevator, dribbling black dirt and flower petals on his immaculate white shoes and the shining marble floor.

Val flew after him, clutched his arm. "Ted, stop it! Do you hear? Take that back this minute! Do you want to land in the brig?"

THE sound of his own name made him pause in delight. . . . "So, it's Ted! All right, Val! What must I do?" He was perfectly docile.

She led him quickly out the door, looking back in a panic for the signs of uproar this desecration must cause. But the night clerk still dozed behind his desk; the doorman was nowhere to be seen.

In frantic haste, she made him plant the hydrangea back in its tub, which he did obediently enough. Then he held out grimy hands for her inspection. She turned back his white sleeves and led him to a hydrant farther down the lawn.

As he dried his hands on the handkerchief she had to get for him, gingerly, out of his back pocket, he grinned at her. "Val, you're wonderful! Only I don't see why Mother has a monopoly on your services. I need you, too, to save my career, at odd moments!"

"Odd moments were not in my contract," she said, exasperated. "You'd better get yourself back to Ford Island, this minute!" And she whirled about and dashed for the elevator, without daring to look back.

Upon receipt of a huge box of flowers the next morning, Mrs. Jameson's chiseled features had softened. "Boys are so pathetic," she murmured. "They try so hard to remember the right days. . . . Darling

"*Work on your* *own* *teeth awhile. I'm enjoying Sir Walter Raleigh.*"

THAT SMILING PATIENT up there has learned two simple rules that always give him more real pleasure from his pipe. He cleans it regularly —and he always uses mild and fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from the choicest Kentucky burleys, it's the brand of *grand* aroma . . . "*the quality pipe tobacco of America.*"

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Down Buffalo Way

It's Spring Salad at Adrian Tuyn's . . .

ADRIAN TUYN'S
TUYN SALAD

Prepare equal amounts of lettuce, romaine, endive and add a lesser amount of watercress with a sprinkling of parsley. Cut up tomatoes, chives, spring onions, radishes and hard boiled eggs. Add these to greens with Swiss cheese cut in tiny pieces. Prepare dressing as follows:

⅔ olive oil ⅓ cider or wine vinegar

Add French-type paste mustard, salt and paprika to taste. Chill salad, then thoroughly mix all ingredients with the above dressing.

Adrian Tuyn's is at 147 North Street,
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NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Salad at Tuyn's is something to be approached with great expectations. Tuyn's food has rare deliciousness. And you can approach Goebel Beer with the same great expectations, for Goebel good taste is preferred not only in Buffalo, but throughout the East and Midwest. To get this good taste order Goebel Beer. Wouldn't you like to try it today?

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GOEBEL BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Ted! My birthday is not for two months, but this means everything!"

It was a prophetic utterance, Val knew. *It did mean everything—to her.* Something resistless, inevitable was drawing her along, as though this tall, exultant young man whom she scarcely knew had taken her hand and was pulling her breathlessly along with him up to some dazzling, sun-filled height.

That week, he kept dropping in unexpectedly on his mother. Once while she was dictating and had no time, he said afterward, "to put Val in a corner." He was a sympathetic listener, while his mother told him the idea of her newest lecture: The Habits and Inhibitions of a Polyglot People. As he listened, he watched Val with attentive, dancing eyes. And she could feel the tightening conflict between mother and son.

TED said her eyes were rain clouds because they were gray and heavy-lashed, but that her mouth, eager and laughing, was a contradiction. . . . "How are you on tempers?" he inquired. This was some days later, as they rode up into the hills, past cane fields and miles of coconut groves with their drooping, glittering fronds. . . . "Would you nag?"

"I don't think so," she said, reflectively. "I think I'd throw things."

He nodded approval. "Give me action every time!" Then he said that it scared the daylights out of him, to think how narrow a margin it might have been, between the selection of Val, or some other secretary. They might not have ever met! He was quite grave about it, slowing the car so he could turn his eyes on her face. "How desperate to think that one's happiness might depend on a chance meeting, or a glance in a mirror," his eyes twinkled, "occurring at just one moment in life, and no other! Or, what if *you* had answered my mother's advertisement five minutes sooner, or perhaps stopped to put on lipstick and come ten minutes too late!"

"You terrify me!" She laughed aloud. She was conscious without looking at anything, that all around them green trees and vines and flowers moved like water, and the spicy scent from banks of ginger lilies stole through her senses, vague as a forgotten poem. It came and went on the warm, spring wind, tantalizing, insistent as lovely words. And there was a fragrance of wet, rich earth—the smell of land, mingled with the salt smell of the sea.

Then Ted stopped the car on such a steep slope that they were tilted far back, quite out of perspective, with only the blue sky and the long, dripping blossoms of a golden shower tree swimming in her bemused eyes.

He said gravely, "After all, Val, we're not really sure of anything but today."

She turned her head on the leather seat and looked at him, aware of an urgency in his voice—as if the brilliant sun might cloud over at any moment, and all the lush tropical growth wither on its stalks; as if the very air, sparkling as quicksilver, held an impermanence. There was hurry in his voice and hands and eyes—in his taut mouth.

"You're going to love me some day, so why not begin to think seriously about it, now? Oh, darling, I know you're all shut away in a thin, lovely shell. You've been brought up that way. All nice girls are. . . . And I ought not to shatter it so rudely. But there's so little time, I tell you! We don't dare waste it. . . . I've never loved anyone before. Do you believe me?" His hands held her wrists very lightly, and his words had a soft, imperative, beseeching earnestness.

Overhead, a skylark whirred past, spilled out three liquid, golden notes, and Val answered simply, "Yes . . . I believe you!" And all the gay, protective armor of her own making, the sophisticated answers, the flick of laughter fell away from her—because it had no place, here—fell away, and broke into pieces at her feet. . . .

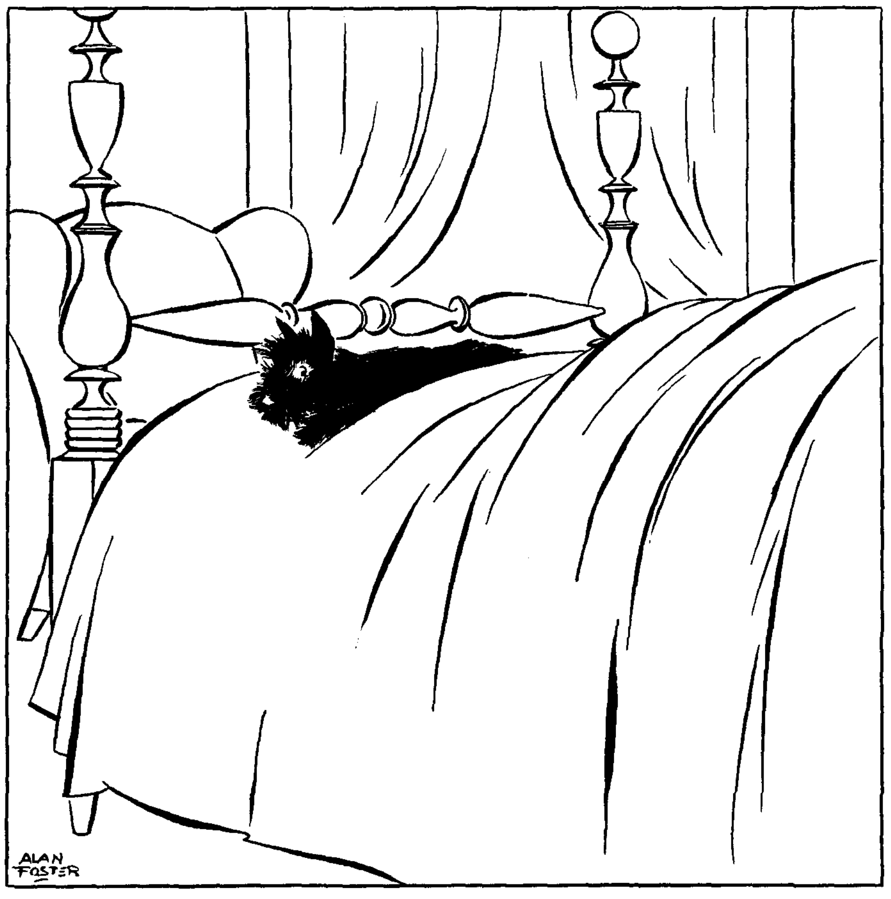
Ted would brook no delay in their marriage, even though it meant his father could not be present. Val knew that Ted was a "Navy Junior," that his father was a vice-admiral at a desk in Washington. He was one of those who stuck pins in a map on a wall, Ted said. They talked it over. "Dad was with the fleet in the last war, when I was born," he told her. "He was very cut up about it, so it's tough, cheating him out of being present at two out of three of the most important events of my life. But he'll understand."

Two out of three. A small, icy wind blew across Val's heart. Death was the third. And she wondered, where would father and son be, then?

Ted had warned her. "Hold everything, because Mother'll give us the works!"

And she did. . . . "Surely, you'll wait until your father can get here?" Her voice was full of a careful, cold courtesy. "He's coming out in a few months on an inspection trip." Her unspoken hope was plain. Given enough time, this infatuation would die a natural death.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "The President likes to sleep at the head of my bed"

"A few months may see us *all* blown higher'n a kite!" Ted said airily.

"Don't be ridiculous! Remember, marriage is an important step. It bears thinking about." Mrs. Jameson did not raise her voice, but the effect was of shrillness, cutting beyond belief. "You've fallen in love before, and it never lasted."

"Darned right it didn't," Ted said, fervently, "because this is *it!* Though, I must say, it's not very sporting of you to mention those other times." And he caught Val's hand and held it to his cheek, as intimate a caress as a kiss.

MRS. JAMESON turned sharply away. "You're letting your father down, Ted."

"He'll understand. When you're practically in a war, Mother, you've got to get things squared away."

She met his deep, excited brown eyes and said, scornfully, "You're so childish, talking about war! And evidently it means nothing to you that your father wasn't here when you were born. Now he'll miss your marriage. You're thoughtless and selfish! I don't even suppose—!"

She broke off, and her face turned so cold and bitter that Ted gave a short laugh and said, "Careful, Mom, I can read your mind! You're wondering if I'll be so careless as to die somewhere, where Dad can't reach me, also!"

"Oh!" Val gasped, "I can't bear it, if I'm making you do this to each other!"

"THIS," Ted said, lightly, "has been done often before. Water off a duck's back! Don't let it worry you, darling." He actually chuckled. "Pull in your horns, Mom! You don't want Val to think she's marrying into a fishwife's family, instead of a vice-admiral's?" Then he snatched up a pad of paper, gave Val his pen. "Here, write out your resignation, so you'll be through with one branch of the family before you take on another. Even I can see," he added apologetically, "it's quite a family to ask any girl to take on!"

Val wondered at the ease with which she forgot that rather dreadful interview.

Mrs. Jameson had accepted her resignation with icy calm. In the same manner, she accepted a daughter-in-law and sailed almost immediately for the United States. But Val liked the cable she got from the vice-admiral and kept it propped on the mantel for a long time.

The lovely months in Hawaii passed slowly as a dream, until—being finished in one shattering instant—Val found that, dreamlike, they had only occupied a few brief seconds of time.

She was still thinking about them when she came into the apartment later that afternoon and stood quite still, staring. A telegram lay on the hall table.

The sword, swinging back and forth now, over her head.

She knew how death feels. For three days, that time in Honolulu, she had known. It was the color, the scent, the touch of ginger lilies outside their window. Cool, white petals, death was. . . . Now, it was a yellow envelope and it had no feel except the brittle crackling of paper as she tore it open; no scent except the faint, bitter odor of ink. She pushed the door shut behind her and it made a loud bang, which she did not hear as she leaned stiffly against it, staring at the printed words.

". . . Regret to inform . . ." But no, there wasn't any "regret to inform." It did no regret; it merely said tersely, "Lieutenan Theodore Jameson wounded in action Further bulletins will be sent you on his condition. . . ."

The icy hand squeezing her heart relaxed a little. . . . Wounded. Not dead Read it again; make sure. Take it in—he's *wounded, I tell you.* Not dead—oh thank you, God, for wounding him! No no! I mean for not letting him be dead

Then the icy hand began to squeeze tight again. . . . Wounded? How? Eyes—back—legs? Cripple for life? Blind?

She was fumbling for the knob, jerking the door open behind her. Then she was running back down the long flights o stairs. *They* could find out. There were ways. A vice-admiral could find ou about his own son, couldn't he?

She was in the car, whirling off down the street—down endless streets, around corner after corner, toward the tall, imposing, narrow house where she had gone so long ago, for a job.

There it was again, elegant, intolerably dreary-looking—its arched windows like raised eyebrows. When she got out of the car this time, faintness swept her, and she was furious at herself, fighting it back The gray stone steps seemed insurmountable. Climbing them was like pushing agonizingly slowly through water.

AT THE top she clung to the wrought iron railing, after ringing the bell, taking deep breaths to steady herself. Bu there was never quite enough air for those deep breaths, and they kept on going down her lungs, down, down, *like bubbles in her* veins, dissolving into nothing.

Then the door was opened by an elderly butler, whom she remembered.

"Haynes, is Mrs. Jameson in?"

"Yes, miss. Whom shall I say?" Then *his brows lifted, startled.* "Why, it's Miss Valentine, isn't it?"

"I'm Mrs. Theodore Jameson now Haynes." From a long distance away, she looked at him, and it was surprising how clearly she saw the shock, interest and approbation warring in his face.

"Mister Ted's wife? But, I didn't know—it was you!" he stammered. "May I offer my best wishes, miss!"

Without warning, her eyes filled with tears.

He looked down, then, at the yellow envelope crushed in her hand. Instant comprehension dawned in his face. Suddenly he began to shake.

"Something's — happened — to Mister Ted?"

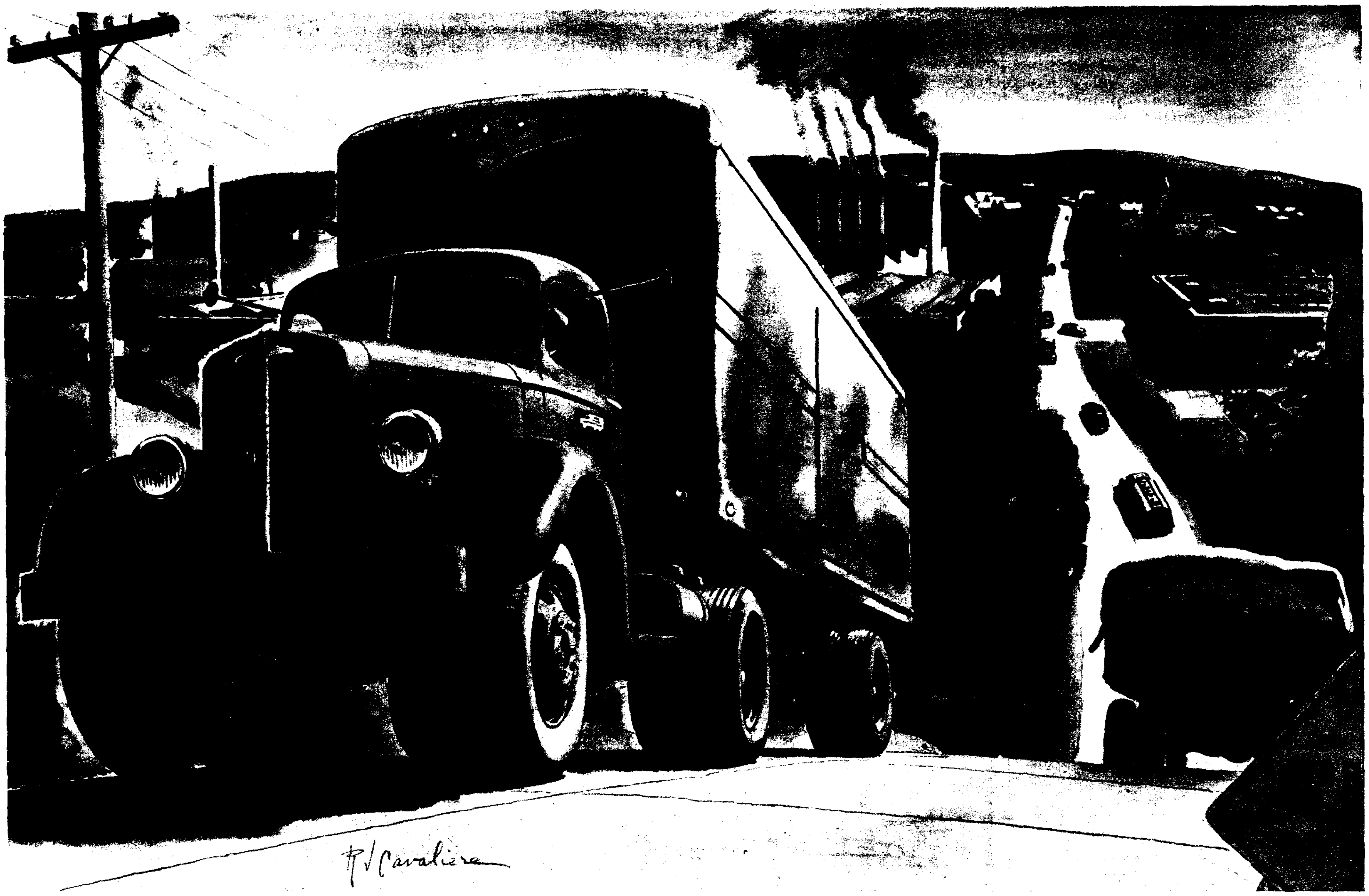
She said, quickly, "Wounded, Haynes! Then she doesn't know yet?"

As he shook his head, unable to speak, she patted his shoulder comfortingly. "Perhaps it's not so bad. He may be safe in a hospital, somewhere." Then she breathed, "Safe!" and closed her eyes an instant. "You'd better take me to Mrs. Jameson, at once."

They went into a small sitting room, where Mrs. Jameson turned from a large desk covered with papers and said, "Yes?" frostily. It was just as it always had been and Val actually *looked* down to see *if* she had her notebook and pencil in her hand, instead of the yellow telegram.

Mrs. Jameson followed her glance and Val saw the stiff face change. "Then—you know about Ted?"

Val nodded mutely, and Mrs. Jameson went on with great calmness, "The admiral telephoned me from Washington, that one of the officers on his staff, Commander Waring, had just landed in San Diego—flew in from Hawaii. He phoned



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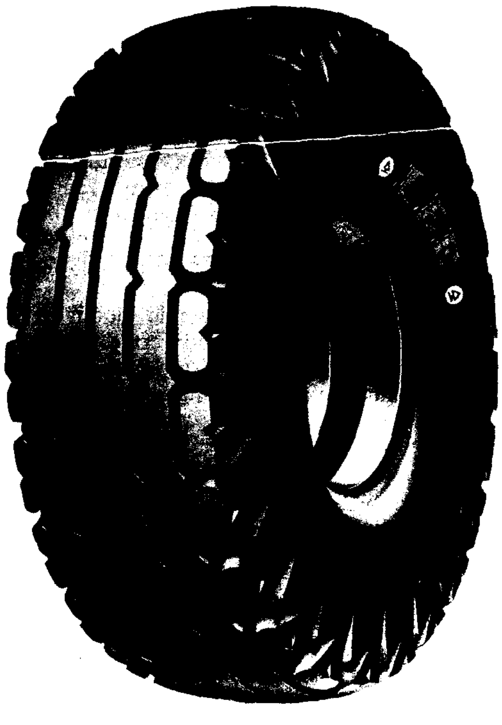

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him that he had seen Ted on the Consolation, a hospital ship which had just reached Pearl Harbor. It's a head wound."

Stupefaction overcame Val. "You knew all that—and didn't call me?" she gasped. "When I came straight to you!"

Mrs. Jameson shifted uncomfortably, turned over some papers. "I was going to phone you as soon as I got out these Red Cross reports. . . . Er, won't you be seated?"

As if it were a lecture she was giving, Val thought wildly. . . . *Won't you be seated?* . . . Anger washed over her in such a tremendous wave that she shook all over and held on to the chair for support. "Have you a heart, at all?" she cried.

Mrs. Jameson's chin lifted. "Let's not be emotional . . ."

"Emotional!" Val choked. "Were you ever? No, not even when your husband was overseas and Ted was born. You were probably planning lectures! But surely you can't have a baby without some emotion! You must love Ted—a little."

Mrs. Jameson gasped, "How dare you say such—" Then she stopped because the telegram fell from Val's hand and fluttered to the floor between them.

They both stared down at it. It was Ted, lying between them, wounded, dying perhaps. While they quarreled.

A SHUDDER went over Val at this treachery, and she cried out, "Oh, forgive me! We mustn't quarrel at such a moment. Ted needs us both, and all our love. Perhaps he's suffering horribly this minute, and we can't help him. . . . Try not to hate me."

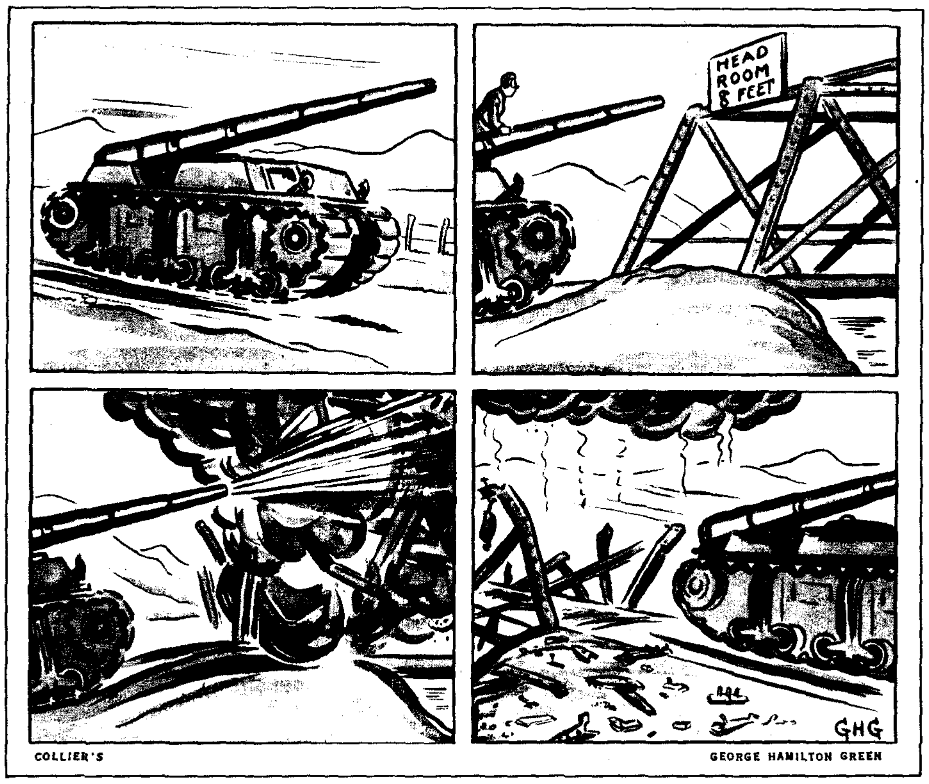
Mrs. Jameson abruptly passed a hand over her eyes, in a strangely helpless gesture. She arose, took a groping step forward, like someone lost in the dark. She seemed suddenly to have grown old, her face all disarranged, as though a mask had fallen. "I'm sorry . . . I've been thoughtless," she said in a stifled voice. "The admiral asked Commander Waring to come to see me, personally, if possible. He is to phone me, if he can make connections. Then, we'll know . . . just how ill . . . Ted is."

Without words, they moved toward each other as if to cling together against some coming blow. But they did not reach each other; nor could they ever cling. Val gripped the tall chair; Mrs. Jameson paused, leaning against the desk.

Then she took a deep breath and said, heavily, "At least, there's a chance for you. My last secretary left to take the examinations . . . the Civil Service. You're a clever girl. No reason why you can't pass them."

"Pass what?" stammered Val, for it wasn't like Mrs. Jameson to ramble this way in disjointed sentences. Or perhaps she wasn't being disjointed. Maybe it was only the room, swinging about Val in a disconcerting fashion. She held on to the chair, fighting off weakness. The nurse had been right when she told her to rest and eat. . . . But it was so incongruous to be hungry at such a moment! She tried to clear her head, to listen. . . . "What has the Civil Service to do with me?"

Mrs. Jameson said, almost crisply, "It seems that a Civil Service employee can be sent to a post, even to islands outside the continental United States, if the island isn't a combat zone. There might be one chance in a hundred that you—!" Her voice fumbled and she held out a hand, as if she were giving Val a gift.



The words whirled in Val's mind like glittering bubbles, settled, took form: islands. Islands floating in a blue sea. Her heartbeats deafened her.

"Thank you," she managed to say, in a low voice. "It's generous of you to tell me. I didn't know! It's wonderful. I can't believe it. A chance . . . ! Oh, thank you, from the bottom of my heart!"

And now, horribly, her knees sagged under her. She slid downward, and the cool polished wood of the chair was slippery under her hand, because there was no longer anything solid to hold on to. . . . How humiliating for this to happen now, with everything going so nicely. All squared away, as Ted would say. . . . But she couldn't fight it any longer. . . .

Mrs. Jameson's startled face swam somewhere above her, and Val gasped apologetically, "It's nothing . . . just . . . hungry! Don't bother . . . about me. Wait for . . . that phone call . . . about Ted!"

THEN her head struck the floor and there was a confusion of voices, of rushing footsteps, crisp orders: "Haynes, quick! . . . That's right, on the couch . . ." Then, to a shrill, exclaiming voice, "Delia, hush that racket! And go get Mister Ted's room ready for her!"

Hands were lifting her. They had a warm, friendly, comforting grasp. Firm fingers found her pulse, and now the crisp voice was closer. It never wavered, but it seemed to have deepened in the oddest way. . . . "Oh, how could I forget? The child's just come from the Blood Bank, Haynes."

Val, drifting off into a pleasant blackness, wanted to smile except that it was too great an effort. Then the blackness was splashed with arrows of golden light like Hawaiian sunshine and, strangely, so clearly, Ted's chuckle came to her. . . . "And so, you made the old girl pull in her horns!"

Then, dimly, far away, came the insistent ringing of the telephone bell.

THE END

God is Good to a Jew

Continued from page 14

flat, but they had died, among them a son-in-law whose dying had left Jacob undisputed king of his roost.

In these crowded rooms, there was place for the refugee, Sholomas, because a grandson had gone into the Army. Jacob was in a continual excitement over the heroic deeds of this grandson and, though a man of great honesty, had taken to lying about his Herman.

"Mine grandson," he would boom at any guest, "is in the Second Front."

The family, knowing that Herman was in Carolina, held their tongues. Hershel alone would have dared contradict, but the Second Front and Carolina were equally confusing places to him, so he, too, was silent.

"He is fighting over there," Jacob would continue, "and getting ready to march to Berlin. We haven't heard from him for some time. Who knows? Maybe he is fighting in Germany already. Over here is his picture. Have a look at it."

Grandfather Jacob would point to the wall where hung several photographs of Herman, revealing him at ten in a white sailor suit doing a hornpipe, at fifteen still in knee pants and holding a violin moodily under his arm, and at nineteen in an Army overcoat with an unexpected humorous gleam in his eyes. Under these photographs stood a bowl of fresh flowers.

The refugee from Poland had been given the lumpy iron bedstead that had once been Herman's and that stood beside a back window looking out on a swarm of other tenement back windows.

"This is a great honor for you," Jacob had boomed. "In this bed mine Herman slept since he was a little boy. Here is where he growed up, in this identical room. I'll betchya lots of times when he is fighting the Germans, mine grandson remembers this room. I am keeping it for him." And Jacob beamed at the stark cubbyhole as if it were a holy place.

The refugee from Poland was a silent and almost invisible guest. The family saw him only when one of them brought him tea to drink at night and a plate with fish and bread. He ate so little that Jacob, whose stomach was in love with everything that grew in the sea or on the land, believed that the white-bearded one would die of famine any hour.

"I don't like to see a man in mine house should starve to death," Jacob complained. "Bring him in some *varenya*."

This was a cherry jam that Jacob considered irresistible. Twenty jars of it had been sent to Herman in the Carolinas.

But Sholomas left the *varenya* untouched. When the tea-bearers opened the door of Sholomas' room, they asked politely, without entering, "Are you all right? If you want something, just say so."

Sholomas would look up and say nothing, so it was presumed he was all right and wanted for nothing.

Sitting around the supper table, the family often discussed their distant relative in the back room. The older ones remembered him from the time before they came to America. He had been a man of learning, and people used to travel miles to the town where he lived to consult him on great problems of piety and behavior.

"You have no idea how famous this man Sholomas was," said Jacob. "He was a great man. A fine, handsome man. Not just a rabbi, but a poet. The finest poems that was written in our language, he wrote. We were proud in them days to have a cousin named Aaron Sholomas. Hershel, tell 'em."

JACOB nudged his rheumy-eyed brother, who spoke up at once in woebegone tones, "I am t'inking of something else. Please don't interrupt me."

"Go on, tell them!" Jacob boomed, and Hershel, sighing deeply, moaned, "You are speaking from Aaron Sholomas?"

"You heard me!" Jacob cried.

"He was a dolling man," Hershel went on moaning. "He raised geese and tended beanstalks."

"Not beanstalks!" Jacob roared. "What's a matter with you? Bees! Bees, he tended."

"Beanstalks," Hershel repeated stubbornly and rubbed tears from his eyes by way of ending the argument.

"It was anyway his wife who raised geese and tended bees," Jacob said. "Because he, himself, was a student all his life. He was not only a rabbi and a poet but a wise man. In the old country, a wise man is different from here," he boomed educationally at his granddaughters. "Nobody laughs at him, but he sits around like a king, helping the people and explaining them how to live. I remember when I was leaving for America, I went to him because I wanted to make him a donation of a few dollars he could give to the poor people who was always his best friends. Because rich people don't need a wise man, either in the old country any more than over here. And he said to me, 'My boy, you keep your dollars. A man starting out on a journey must not give away presents. Because a single dollar—even a few pennies—might prevent him from arriving where he *is* going, you understand. After he has arrived and his journey is over, then he can give away presents.'"

Jacob chuckled at this remembered wisdom.

"I can remember exactly the words he said to me," he went on. "I was a young boy, too. He said, 'A man must not try to buy God's good will in advance. He must only give God presents out of gratefulness. The other thing is like bribing.'"

"That saying is written in the Talmud," Hershel sighed. "Yes, yes, it is everything written down—everything." And summoning a look of hauteur into his woeful face, the dodderer quoted a proverb in Hebrew.

"I remember this Sholomas very well," Jacob interrupted the quotation. "I remember he had eyebrows so big they hung almost over his eyes. And he had such kind eyes you fell in love with him the minute you sawn him."

"A dolling man," said Hershel, "and a fine swimmer. He could swim farder and longer than anybody in this room." And Hershel looked at his robust, pink-faced brother with a sneer, for Jacob had been famed in his youth as a mighty swimmer

Revolution *is Not Always* Revolt

INDUSTRIALLY speaking, revolution is more apt to be amazing progress.

For instance, two years ago the mention of "flat silver" brought visions of wedding gifts and little more. Silver was a drug on the market, with prices pegged politically.

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—a fame which, with the aid of Hershel's grudging corroboration, he had managed to keep alive for forty years. . . .

Several weeks after Sholomas' arrival in the Rabinowitz home, Jacob's daughter stated one evening that the old man should be coaxed into eating with them.

"It's no good for him to sit alone," she said. "He sits there like a dead man. I don't see why we keep him if he's going to sit in a hole like a dead man, day and night. He'd be just the same off in some old people's home."

"He is mine cousin," Jacob boomed, "and he shall stay in mine house. How would it look if I throwed him out after the agency went to all the trouble locating some relative of his?"

"I don't care," said the daughter. "He don't enjoy himself. He makes the whole house like a tomb. I'm afraid sometimes to open his door."

"What are you afraid of?" Jacob asked. "He don't harm nobody."

"He sits there," said Jacob's daughter and shuddered.

One evening a week later, the hearty Jacob sat at the table in silence and nibbled glumly at his food.

"What's the matter with you?" his wife demanded, her head angrily to one side. "Are you sick or something? Go on, eat! What am I standing all day in the kitchen cooking for?"

JACOB frowned at his plate and drank a second glass of brandy. The family talked loudly over his silence, but their eyes looked nervously at his unemptied plate. In the middle of the meal, Jacob pressed his brother to join him in a third glass of brandy.

"You will excuse me, please," Hershel moaned. "I am not feeling so good tonight."

The statement angered Jacob. "You've been healthy as a horse for seventy-five years," he growled, "ever since I known you."

Hershel rubbed tears from his eyes, tucked the corners of his mouth down and trembled his nose.

"What have you got to cry about?" Jacob demanded. "You sit there crying, day and night. For what?"

"He ain't crying," Jacob's wife called out. "That's how he looks naturally. He can't help it."

"Thank you, Sonia." The dodderer looked tenderly at her. "You was always mine favorite dolling."

Jacob pushed his plate of uneaten chicken from him. "I talked to a man from the agency today," he said. "I met him by an accident in Siegel's restaurant. He says to me, 'Are you Jacob Rabinowitz?' I told him, 'Yes, that's my name. What can I do for you, sir?' So we sat down, and he told me from Aaron Sholomas, mine cousin. The whole story. It's something you can't believe. You can't imagine such a thing."

The family nodded and became silent. Jacob scowled at the many platters of food around him.

"Go on, we're waiting," said Sonia.

Her husband looked at his two grandchildren.

"Not in front of them," he said. "Why should they hear such things?"

"We know, anyway," said the older of the girls. "He was in the massacre where all the people in the town were killed. All the Jews were killed."

"Quiet!" said her mother, seizing the child's hand and kissing it. "Let your grandfather talk."

"It is something unbelievable," said Jacob hoarsely. "It was written out in a report about what happened in the town where he lived."

"The name of the town was Scuzin," old Hershel spoke up firmly. "We used to go there in the summertime to swim in the river."

"Thot's right," said Jacob with a deep sigh; "but nobody is swimming on thot river no more. It's for dead people, thot river."

He half closed his eyes, and his voice hoarsened as he went on, "The Germans locked up four thousand Jews in the ghetto behind the walls. They wouldn't let them come out, and nobody is allowed to give them any food, and if they are sick, they can die and nobody is allowed to bring them medizin."

"Ai," said Jacob's wife and lowered her head slowly.

"They was starving and going crazy, them people," said Jacob hoarsely, "and finally they got so hungry they couldn't stand it any more and they start climbing over the walls of the ghetto and breaking down the doors, so they can get out. And they come out into the street looking like animals that are starving to death."

"Ai," said Jacob's wife and bowed her head over her plate.

"The Germans let them people run in the street for a while, begging for food," said Jacob. "Then they start chasing them and shooting down everybody like it was a hunt for animals. The old men, the women, the children, they are shot down by the Germans while they run in the streets begging for food."

"In normal times right about now, I'd be spending my vacation sunning myself on some beach"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Jacob's work-twisted hands clutched at the table edge.

"They shoot down two thousand in the street," he resumed, "and the rest keep on running. They don't even know they are dying, they are so hungry. They run to the river and jump in and start swimming. Where are they swimming to? No place. Where can they swim? They are just crazy from hunger and swimming around and around. The report says two thousand of them was in the river swimming. Them Germans stood by the side and shot everyone of them until the river was full of dead people."

JACOB paused as if he were out of breath, and old Hershel spoke up:

"Simon Meyerberg used to have a mill by the river." His voice quavered. "We used to go there in the summertime and ketch pike. He was a fine man, yes, sir." The dodderer looked far away. "He died when I was a little boy," he added.

"Mine cousin, Aaron Sholomas, was in the river when Germans are shooting," Jacob went on. "He swimmed with the dead people all day and by night he crawled out on the ground and he sat by the side and pulled the bodies out of the river. He was looking for his wife and grandchildren. He couldn't find them because it was dark, and finally he fell down unconscious by the dead people. In the morning a Polish man sawn him and took him up in a wagon and saved him."

Jacob poured himself another glass of brandy. "I can't stand it," he boomed hoarsely. "That man's wife, his grandchildren and everybody he known in the whole world, butchered in front of his eyes."

Jacob's wife began to weep, and the older of the girls whispered to her, "Grandma, don't cry. Please don't cry."

"Simon, the miller, used to have a horse," old Hershel spoke up. "It was called Spilka. Three people could ride on him. I can remember to this day."

"What happened to Sholomas?" Jacob's daughter asked.

Jacob was looking at the photographs of his grandson over the bowl of fresh flowers. The humorous face above the Army overcoat seemed to straighten him in his chair, and he answered in a loud, rasping voice:

"Mine cousin lived for a month hided away by the Polish farmer. Then there was a law passed that anybody who hided Jews had to be killed the same as the Jews themselves. So mine cousin, when he heard this law, left the home of the Polish farmer and walked by night every night for weeks to Lublin. On his hands and knees, this old man crawled in the nighttime to Lublin. And what was there in Lublin for him? Only more Germans. I asked the man from the agency, 'What was he living for? What did he want to go on living for?' And the man explained to me that mine cousin was crazy now and was looking for his wife and grandchildren. He didn't remember they was all drowned in the river."

Jacob stopped, and though he looked long at the photographs of his grandson, he was unable to go on, and the group at the table sat in silence and waited.

"I don't like to think what happened in Lublin," he resumed. "In Lublin, the Germans put twelve thousand Jews behind the walls of the ghetto. Then they killed them. All of them. They took 'em in the field in wagons. Five hundred at a time in wagons on top of one another. They blown them up."

Jacob groaned, and his large hands lifted the brandy glass. The liquor spilled over his chin.

"There was a few of them who wasn't dead," he went on. "When the Germans was shooting the ones that are lying on the ground still alive, they don't shoot Aaron Sholomas. They left him lying with the dead bodies, and in the nighttime he crawled away again. And like before, he hided himself in the daytime and walked every night. Then somebody recognized him while he was crawling in the night that he was Aaron Sholomas, the wise man from Scuzin, and they saved him."

Jacob stopped, his eyes on the doorway. The bearded figure of Sholomas in its long black coat and alien hat stood there.

"Come in," said Jacob softly. "Come in and join us. Move up a chair for him, somebody, please."

His daughter placed another chair at the table. The refugee's eyes were without greeting. They were open and staring and only the doddering Hershel was able to look into them.

"You remember me, Aaron Sholomas," said Hershel. "I am Hershel Rabinowitz, a son of Samuel from Scuzin. Simon Meyerberg who owned the mill there in Scuzin was a first cousin from mine father."

Sholomas moved a few steps into the room and then seemed to become lost. The gaunt white face under the black alien hat remained silent, and its silence struck those in the room as something terrible. There were no words that could speak to it.

Jacob Rabinowitz raised his eyes, and his pink face became chalk. Not Aaron Sholomas but all the dead Jews of Europe stood in their grave clothes beside his dining table. There were millions of them, and Jacob could hear their voices calling in the night as they died. He saw the river of Scuzin with the May flies darting over it and the frogs leaping from the mud banks, and under its willow trees he saw the water filled with dead; old men like himself floating with their arms limp and their faces hidden, old women like his wife drowned and bobbing through the hail of bullets, and many like his grandchildren clawing at the dark river as the German guns picked them off from the shore.

THIS river he knew and he could remember how the moon looked in it. He could see the road that led to its banks and the winding streets of Scuzin and he could remember a guitar that played and a horse that trumpeted in its stall. He knew the smell of this summer night and he knew all the dead, all the crazed figures stumbling through the little streets of Scuzin, the women with their hair streaming and their pale children locked in their arms; the old men muttering to God as they toppled over.

He knew them all, for they were people among whom he had laughed and lived and he could feel the bullets striking them down. He saw them in the river among the leaping of frogs and the hum of startled insects, spinning with the current around the trunks of the willow trees, and they called out in his heart for mercy.

Their voices that nobody heard, their helpless look at the sky as if they were dogs being slaughtered and not people—these overwhelmed Jacob, and the dining room in which he had eaten so heartily for so many years grew dark before his eyes. It became a grave in which he sat with the dead Jews of Scuzin and of all the slaughter places whose names were too many to remember. Jacob covered his face with his hands and his body shook with weeping.

His brother nudged him as he wept. "Jacob," said the dodderer, "you should not cover your face like thot. We have a guest." And in a voice full of sudden dignity, old Hershel added, "Aaron Sholomas, we are proud to have you at our table. Kindly sit down."

Jacob uncovered his face. He saw that Sholomas had seated himself next to his granddaughter. The bony hands of the refugee were resting limply on the table, his face was lowered, and his lips were moving silently.

"Shh," old Hershel looked reprovingly at his weeping niece, "he is making the prayer over bread."

GUADALCANAL FAST FREIGHT

Digest of a Story in Airview Magazine

by ROBERT C. MILLER

United Press Correspondent Robert C. Miller was one of the first to land at Guadalcanal and stayed to the end of the campaign. Major General Vandergrift paid him this tribute: "Robert C. Miller is a good Marine" and Admiral Nimitz commended him for accuracy. The National Headliner's Club gave Miller an honor award for "best foreign reporting" during 1942.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE haunting cry of "too little, too late" which tragically prefaced the fall of Greece, Norway, Singapore, Java and many another Axis victim was never heard in the Battle for the Solomons where an intrepid group of American airmen flying unarmed transports maintained an uninterrupted stream of supplies into Guadalcanal despite the weather and the Japanese.

The job done by these Marine and Army fliers and their Douglas C-47 Skytrains in the battle for the Southeastern Solomons is without parallel in the short history of the Pacific War.

Flying day and night against the filthiest weather the South Pacific could throw at them and over uncharted routes, these men and planes maintained clockwork schedules over thousands of miles of the Pacific, bringing desperately needed gasoline, ammunition, bombs and supplies to American outposts which many times were cut off from their sources of supply except for the C-47s which constituted their only transportation link with the rear.

The Skytrains and their crews chiselled a permanent niche in the hall of fame during those early hectic days in the Solomons when the Marine garrisons at Tulagi, Gavutu, Tanambogo and Guadalcanal seemed to be occupying American-held islands in the middle of a Japanese-dominated ocean.

It isn't an exaggeration to say that had these men and their transports failed us, or had the Japanese been able to close off the continuous flow of aerial freight being flown into Henderson Field, the battle for the Solomons might easily have ended in defeat for the United Nations.

During those trying weeks in September and October when the Imperial might of Japan was being hurled against the Marines on Guadalcanal, it was the rule rather than the exception that the war materials flown into Henderson Field daily by the C-47s would be expended on the enemy within 24 hours after they had been unloaded.

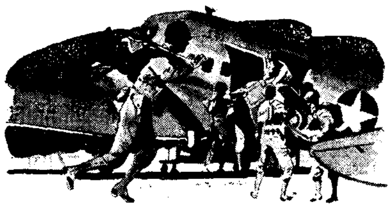
The importance of combat air transport was not wholly appreciated until Japan attacked us on December 7, when suddenly we were confronted with the problem of supplementing our meager merchant marine facilities with aerial freight and passenger service in order to meet the emergency of war.

Based on newly-acquired island bases in the South Pacific, the majority of the C-47s were handed over to Marine Corps aviation authorities who organized the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Service which was to later gain world-wide fame under the name of SCAT. Its commander was Colonel William Wallace, USMC.

Flying continually with overloads, the planes supplied newly-constructed bases with repair parts and emergency equipment transported across the Pacific by the Air Ferry Command and then shuttled to outlying bases. Take-offs and landings were made from cleared strips of land that were poor excuses for an airport even at the best.

The C-47s linked Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Espiritu Sano, Efate and other Pacific installations within a few weeks after the service was inaugurated, but their real test did not come until the Japanese threw everything they had at the Marines on Guadalcanal.

From the early morning of August 9, when the cruisers Canberra, Astoria, Quincy, and Vincennes were sunk in a night battle by the Japanese off Savo Island until the night of October 15 when American Naval forces regained control of the waters surrounding the Solomons, the Nipponese dominated the Pacific in and about the Southeastern Solomons. Even from October 15 until close to the end of the year it was the C-47s which rushed in sorely needed ammunition and materials which had been exhausted in throwing back some new enemy attack.



But it was during the first few weeks when the Marine defenders of Guadalcanal were under virtual siege by the enemy that the C-47s won their spurs.

Three of the most precious commodities on Guadalcanal were gasoline, bombs and incendiary machinegun ammunition. Without these Major John L. Smith's famed Marine Fighting Squadron 23 would never have been able to make its fabulous record against the Japanese Zeros and Mitsubishis which raided our beachheads with alarm clock regularity day after day; nor could Lieut. Colonel Richard Mangrum's SBDs have parried the day and night naval attacks of the enemy by flying down the stacks of the Japanese task forces bringing reinforcements from Truk and Rabaul and sending them home battered and flaming from the bombs flown into Henderson field.

The beleaguered Marines were dependent upon their aviators to fight off the aerial and naval attacks while they throttled the repeated Japanese infantry assaults, and these aviators were forced to rely almost solely upon the C-47s for their fuel and ammunition.

It must have been the prayers of those thousands on Guadalcanal that brought the cargo planes through safely in those hazardous days, for the destruction of even one Skytrain and its valuable cargo would have grounded a large part of our fighter and dive bomber forces, so narrow was the margin we were operating on.

Marine Majors D. M. Gullotte of La Jolla, Calif., and Robert B. Bell, of Darien, Conn., both former airline pilots, were two of the pioneers flying the Guadalcanal run. Planes were so scarce and their services so necessary at that time that none of the C-47 crews got more than a few hours sleep a week on the ground or rolled up in a blanket amongst the barrels of aviation gasoline and ammunition boxes during flights.

The physical beating of the run was absorbed equally by the men and the equipment. Motors were run hundreds of hours past their overhaul periods, and little more than cursory inspections were possible between flights by the overworked maintenance crews who made temporary repairs that would have to last weeks before worn and ruptured parts could be replaced; baling wire was an essential part of every repair man's kit.

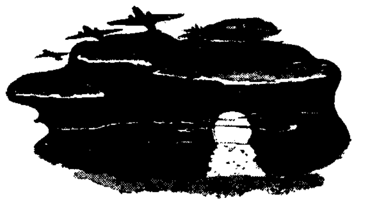
Schedules were changed daily to fool the Japanese coast watchers who would radio the positions of the C-47s to their fighter pilots. For a long time the C-47s played a desperate game of hide and seek with the Zeros which hid high in the sky waiting to pounce on the fat transports as they ducked from cloud to cloud or hedge hopped the waves while flying in another "hot" cargo, or bringing out a load of wounded.

It was impossible to make a run into Guadalcanal without being shot at; if the crews outsmarted the enemy's fighters, there were always the snipers and machinegunners hiding in the jungle close to the approaches to Henderson Field.

Although carriers of death and destruction on their flights to Guadalcanal, the Skytrains served as hospital planes on their return runs, bringing out thousands of severely wounded men in need of emergency treatment unavailable at the front.

The idiocy of war was never more conspicuous than at Henderson Field when the C-47s arrived; their cargoes of bombs, torpedoes, shells and other ingenious implements of suffering and death were carefully unloaded while patiently waiting nearby were the ambulances with the sick and wounded whose lives and futures depended upon these mercy planes which a few moments before had served as aides to Death. As quickly as one ship was cleared of its freight, the stretchers would be tenderly placed aboard, probably on the exact spot where a 500-pound bomb had ridden a few minutes before.

Typical of the assignments given the C-47s was an order radioed a rear base in October. A large Japanese task force had been attacked successfully by American dive bombers, torpedo bombers and motor torpedo boats which had destroyed or damaged several units of the enemy's fleet. But after 24 hours of continuous attacks, the planes and PT boats had used all but one of their torpedoes on the Japanese. The nearest supply of tin fish was more than a thousand miles away, yet a few minutes after sunrise the next day a whole fleet of C-47s landed at Henderson Field, their fuselages bulging with torpedoes. Armed with this new supply, the planes and boats were able to continue their attacks and throw back one of Japan's most determined counter attacks.



And when the next piece of Japanese territory is recaptured by the United Nations on their march to Tokio, SCAT and the C-47s will be right in the thick of it again, flying replacements for exhausted supplies, evacuating the wounded and sick, answering emergency appeals and flying through combat areas in the only "unarmed fighter planes in the world."

TO THE READER: It is hoped that "Guadalcanal Fast Freight" gives you the feeling of pride in American aircraft shared by thousands of Victory Workers who produce Douglas cargo, transport and combat airplanes and more thousands who fly and maintain them on every war front.

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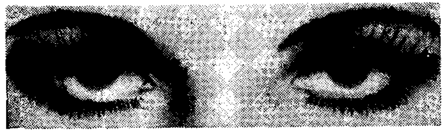

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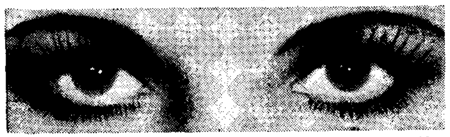

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Late on a September afternoon, Sholomas sat in the neighborhood park enveloped in his long black coat. The light was leaving the sky. As the glare of the sun lifted from the streets, the park in which he sat became full of sharp color and bold outline. The sudden presence of so many vivid things around him confused Sholomas. He stood up and, with his eyes to the ground, walked out of the park.

At nine o'clock Jacob Rabinowitz was worried. He had finished his third glass of tea, and his wife and daughter had cleared the table of everything but a jar of *varenya* and a plate of cookies.

"It's no use talking," said Jacob. "Something has happened to him. Where else can he be at this hour of the night?"

"You are speaking of Aaron Sholomas?" Old Hershel raised his eyes from the newspaper.

Jacob grunted. His brother was taking on daily more and more the ways of an idiot.

"Who else!" he boomed. "Nine o'clock and he ain't home yet."

"He is not a little boy," said Hershel calmly and picked the pinochle cards out of the cut-glass bowl on the sideboard.

HE SAT down at the dining table and started shuffling the deck. A sly look came into his rheumy eyes. Despite his trembling hands and doddering ways, he was able invariably to win a few pennies from his domineering brother.

"Don't botherin' me with the cards," said Jacob. "I'm worried about mine cousin." His large pink face scowled at the clock. "What can a man like thot be doing at this hour?"

"Maybe he dropped in some place for a glass tea," Hershel offered.

"Honest!" Jacob glared at the dodderer. "I hate to say this from my own brother. But you have got less sense than a ordinary child."

A melting look came into Hershel's woebegone face. "Don't get excited," he said softly. "There is some people got all the sense but don't know what to do with it."

Jacob shook off the insult. "I'm going to look around for him," he said.

"What is this?" Jacob's daughter peered out of the kitchen. "What is the racket for?"

"He is going to look for Aaron Sholomas," said Hershel, scowling at the cards in his hands. "You should stop him, dolling."

"You can't go running through the streets," the daughter said. "You're tired from the shop. You'll get sick. Sit down. Sholomas will come home all right by himself."

Jacob was on his feet, his head thrown back, his eyes half shut, which was his way of signaling that he was not to be contradicted further.

"Where is mine grandchildren?" he boomed. "Come on, girls. We are going to look for our cousin."

The night was warm and the streets were full of idle figures. They sat on steps, stood at the curb or tilted back in chairs placed before the dimmed store fronts. Down these tranquil streets, a thought moved furtively and painfully, as if all the idlers resting after their day's work had but one head. It was a thought of death. The idlers in these tenement streets were watching the slaughter of the Jews.

On each warm night, with their tasks done, they sat sprawled in the summer dark and looked on the great killing of the Jews and listened in their hearts to the unheeded Jewish prayers rising from the German massacre grounds. They talked to one another of many things, gossiped and complained, but their souls were fastened on a faraway stage where the strange and awful murder of the Jews was then going on.

Their sons, brothers and grandsons were in the war, and their thoughts were full of Mediterranean names where battles were happening. But these battles seemed like happy events to them. Germans were being killed in these battles. The thought of their kin, armed and fighting fiercely, brought a sigh of relief into the summer streets where the many Jews sat watching the distant slaughter of their kind.

The radios squawking in the night proclaimed the hourly deeds of the distant armies; but deeper and louder in their hearts than all the other voices in the world was the unheeded call of the millions who, without any weapons in their hands, were facing the German massacre squads.

Such was the neighborhood through which Jacob Rabinowitz, holding a granddaughter by each hand, walked in search of his cousin. The tall heavy-waisted Jacob walked proudly with an old habit of arrogance in his ungrayed head. He paused now and then before idlers on the steps and inquired in a peremptory voice if they had seen Aaron Sholomas, the refugee from Poland, who was his cousin. None had seen him, and Jacob marched on, clinging to the hands of his granddaughters.

In the synagogue where he knew Sholomas spent his days, he was told that the old man had left his prayers at seven and walked away toward the neighborhood park. Jacob led his granddaughters there. The two pretty girls were full of love for their tall grandfather as they walked beside him and, knowing that he was unhappy, they began telling him of the fun they had had in school that day and of the fine things their teachers had said to them. Whatever his troubles, Jacob always chuckled proudly when he heard tales of his grandchildren's schooling.

Many people sat on the shadowed benches of the park, and the three searchers walked for a time, looking into their silent faces.

"You sit down, Grandpa," the older of the girls finally said, "and we'll go and look all over the park."

Jacob sat down with a lordly grunt. "Ask the people," he instructed them, "if they have seen him and what way he went. You understand?"

"We will," the girls said eagerly. "You just sit still."

They walked away and Jacob sat on the bench. His large body was straight and his eyes peered into the dark. He felt tired and in his weariness he kept remembering a river in which he had once swum, and a great pain filled his heart. For no Jew would ever laugh or swim in that river again.

"It's no good thinking about such things," he told himself angrily. "It don't do you any good to suffer when you can't help something. Here is a fine park, and the people are enjoying themselves. Thot's enough to think about."

BUT the memory of the river continued to hurt his heart. He looked into the silent, shadowed faces near him, and a miserable kinship with all the park sitters came over him. They, too, were sitting with memories and staring at faraway rivers and villages filled with dead Jews.

His granddaughters returned, out of breath.

"We asked everybody," they told him, "and nobody has seen him at all."

"Maybe he has come home already." Jacob frowned and stood up. He felt the night breeze on his face and sighed.

"It's a fine night," he said, smiling at his granddaughters. "Gorgeous! Look how nice it is here for the poor people."

He took the girls by the hand, and the three of them moved through the streets again.

The family had gone to bed. Jacob sat down heavily at the dining table.

"Go on, go to sleep," he said to his grandchildren. "You got to be in school early tomorrow."

The girls kissed him on each side of his forehead and cried, "Good night, Grandpa."

Jacob remained alone at the dining table, staring fearfully at the empty chairs.

WHEN he walked out of the neighborhood park, disturbed by the sharpened colors of the dying day, Aaron Sholomas awoke from the half sleep of a year. Since the night he had crawled away from the river of dead in Scuzin, the world had been veiled for Sholomas. His soul, like a ghost, had lived only among the prayers in his head.

He looked about him now as he walked and saw the strangeness of streets and buildings, and his head nodded as at an event. He knew that reason had returned to him and he said a prayer of thanksgiving.

I have been away, he thought softly, and his eyes looked timidly on the sights of an unclouded world.

"It is a strange land," Sholomas said softly to himself.

He tried to remember his journey to it, but, when he looked into the past, a pain seized his throat and his mind grew clouded again.

There are things not to be remembered, he thought, and remained like one half asleep and half awake.

He felt the heaviness of his legs and remembered then how old he was and was startled by the number of the years. Like many who devote their lives to thought, yesterday—even the yesterday of his boyhood—had seemed always an hour away from Sholomas.

TIME had not touched his mind or altered its preoccupations during the whole of his life. Because of this, the great changes it had worked on his body had often confused him. He was confused now to find himself so old a man, and he thought that he would never be young again because his memories were gone. The road to youth was finally closed in his heart and he would never run down it again to other days.

As he moved through the new streets, he recalled the letters that had once come to him from this strange country describing its wonders and its oddities. Again the pain seized his throat and his heart felt suddenly made of dust. For the letters reminded him of the house in which he had lived and of his wife and grandchildren to whom he had read them aloud. He remembered his wife smiling at them and saying, "How can people be happy away from their homeland, Aaron? It must be they fool themselves."

The pain almost closed his mind again, but he continued defiantly to think and he saw in his soul the many burning streets and the dead ones sprawled over one another in the roads and fields. That had been their homeland.

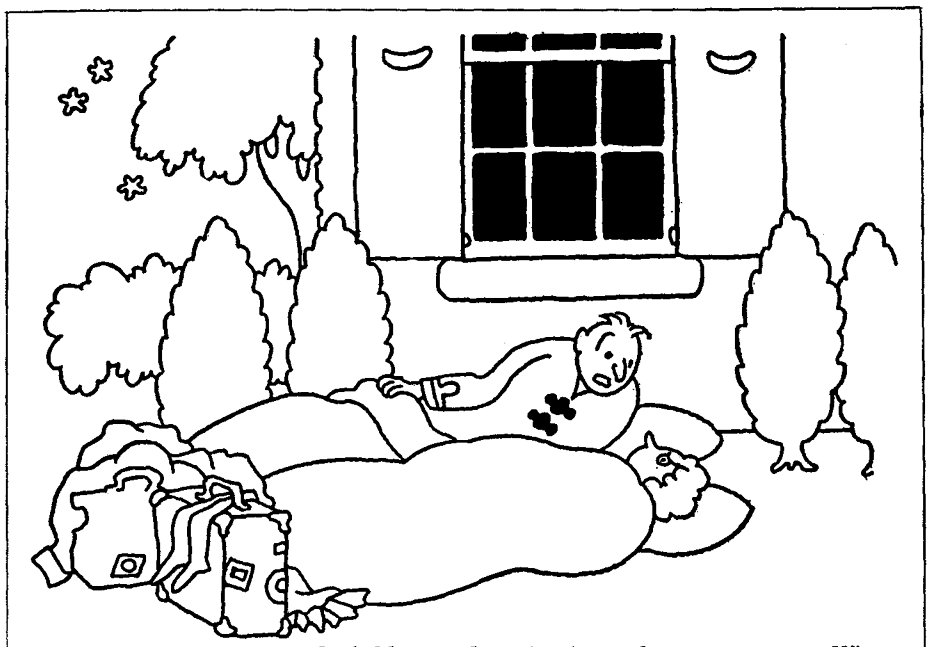
Poor little nests, Sholomas thought, that never belonged to us no matter how lovingly we warmed them.

With a strong effort he kept his thought from running to the grave where all his kin and all his memories lay—the wild grave of Poland.

There are things not to be remembered, he repeated and busied himself thinking of a history that he knew as well as his own.

This was the history of the Jews. He looked into it now, as he had done since his boyhood, and saw the Jews of many countries and many centuries wrestling with the hate of the world. A fair world, it was—full of learning and gallant deeds. But always it darkened around the Jew and always its wisdom and its kindness vanished in his presence. Sholomas pondered the reasons for this as he walked.

It had grown dark, but the refugee from Poland continued his meditations unaware of the nightfall. He was eager to use his mind but he knew it had become like a wanderer, ready to vanish in a mist if he offended it.



"Do you suppose they don't like our dropping in on them unannounced?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

A few people noticed Sholomas as he walked through their city. They saw an old Jew in a long black coat and a ceremonial hat moving slowly in the street. There was nothing in the gravity of the long thin face or the steadiness of the step to tell them that this old man was wrestling with a madness that had imprisoned him for a year.

Sholomas came to a more lighted district. He had been walking for hours and his legs had grown too heavy to move. He stood and mused. These were streets in which Jews were not hated and these were people, according to what he had heard, who were not eager to revile and slaughter them. Sholomas wondered if this were really the truth, for it had never been true in the history he had studied. There had never been such streets or such people in the world. The history he knew revealed that the Jew in moving to a new land carried among his little belongings always the gibbet on which he must hang.

It is not wise to rejoice, he thought softly, over the kindness of a new host.

He had walked far and didn't know where he was, nor could he remember the name of the man in whose house he lived.

HE SIGHED and knew that the silence and emptiness in which he had been living were returning to him again. He thought faintly: I am in another country far from the Germans. But maybe I am only dreaming this is so. Out of much pain, the soul sometimes creates dreams for itself in which to hide.

Sholomas' head grew heavy and he murmured sadly to himself, "God takes away life because I am too weak to look into it. It is not certain that I know where I am. I am old and lost."

He stood with his eyes shut, and the mist covered his mind as it had done on the night in Lublin when the dead moaned in their graves. He began moving his lips soundlessly in a prayer.

After a time, he opened his eyes and what he saw overwhelmed him. He stood for moments trembling and a fear melted his heart. Not far away, a great fire was burning. He could see the flames and the reddened sky and the smoke winding out of windows. Then Sholomas saw there was a crowd moving toward him and he shut his eyes again.

He was bewildered no longer and he no longer doubted where he was. This was no longer a strange country but a familiar one. This was death, the homeland of the Jews. For he knew that where there was a crowd moving, there was death. Where fire burned, there Jews died. Where voices filled the night, there massacre moved with its wild laugh.

It was clear to Sholomas that his hour had come and that, around him, slaughter was raging again. He lifted his head and found new strength to stand erect and think of God.

"Though the Jews are slain as the lowest of beasts," he said softly to heaven, "it is as the children of God they must die, with His name on their lips. For if their goodness is not wanted by the world, they must keep it strong and bring it to God who will accept it."

The sounds of the night overcame him and he stood for a time without thought and waited. Figures rushed by him, jostling him and sending him against a wall. Here he remained with his eyes on the glare of the fire. There came back into his head the voices of the dying in the streets of Scuzin and the voices from the river under the willows and the voices from the fields outside Lublin and from the roads where death had obliterated his people.

He waited for the glare of the fire to sweep over him and for the shouts to bring him death and he thought as he stood before his last hour: They continue to kill us. I must go talk to those who are dying. I must tell them that it is not we who are doomed. It is those who slaughter us who are doomed. For it is not we they are killing, but a thing in themselves they are destroying. And they must live without goodness or the light of God in their souls until they die. For it is not we who die as beasts but they who live on as beasts. It is written that the man of evil shall be powerless, though he vanquish cities. It is written that he can never vanquish goodness or righteousness except in his own soul.

Thus Aaron Sholomas spoke in his mind as he waited for the massacre to carry him to the wild grave of the Jews.

THE policeman who had been keeping part of the Third Avenue crowd from breaking through the fire lines noticed a white-bearded old Jew against the wall.

"Hey!" he called. "Keep moving along there!"

The old man remained motionless, his face raised to the night. The policeman pushed through a group of enthralled fire-engine watchers and came to the old man's side.

"What's the matter, pop?" The policeman took his arm. "The fire scare you?"

A middle-aged woman, standing near them, spoke with sudden nervousness. "He's sick, officer," she said. "I think he's fainted."

"He's standing up by himself, ain't he?" said the policeman, frowning.

Other faces turned toward the stiffened old man at the wall.

"You better get him to a hospital," a second policeman pushed through and decided. "I'll put in a call."

"Poor old guy!" said a voice. "He looks all in."

"We ought to do something," another voice spoke. "We can't just leave him standing up like that."

The night around Sholomas became filled with the kindly voices of an American crowd in the presence of a sidewalk mishap. Someone brought a chair out of the building and put it under the old man. Fingers unbuttoned his odd-looking coat and removed his curious hat from his head. A hand appeared and thrust a small glass of whisky toward Sholomas' mouth.

"Try and drink this," said a voice. "It'll do you good."

Sholomas remained motionless and with his eyes shut.

The faces watching the bearded old man in the chair became silent. The fire in the building had been put out and there was more interest now in this lean, patriarchal figure who sat as if he were dead and yet not dead.

"He looks like a Jew," said the second policeman, returning. "Does anybody know how to speak Jewish so's we can ask him where he lives?"

No answer came, and the silence of a crowd that held no Jews seemed to awaken Sholomas.

"He's coming to," a voice said, and the crowd watched the old man's eyes opening.

THE aged face, white with years, raised itself and the eyes looked frozenly out. There returned to Sholomas a flicker of thought, and he wondered feebly where he was and in what land he sat. Then he remembered the burning street and the shouting and he looked at the ring of faces with disbelief. There was no massacre around him. Voices were talking, and two men in uniform were beside him. One was kneeling and holding a glass to his mouth.

Sholomas sipped the liquor and his eyes continued to look from face to face with disbelief, for he saw kindness and compassion. They were the faces of a strange land, faces that grew tender when they saw an old Jew sitting helpless in the street. The liquor warmed Sholomas, and his mind grew suddenly bright.

The wisdom of Aaron Sholomas looked on this strange street in which he was to die and saw its goodness. Here was the street he had never found in the history of the Jews, the shining street in which faces smiled on the tribe of Abraham.

Many unbelievable things had happened to Sholomas, so unbelievable that his wisdom had fled from life. But none was as unbelievable as this street in which he sat with pounding heart, this promised street full of friends.

In these last moments of his life, the torn soul of Sholomas filled with love, and he thought eagerly as if he were young again and had never tasted agony: After many years and after a long journey, I have found goodness that does not vanish where the Jew stands. I have found a home. God is good!

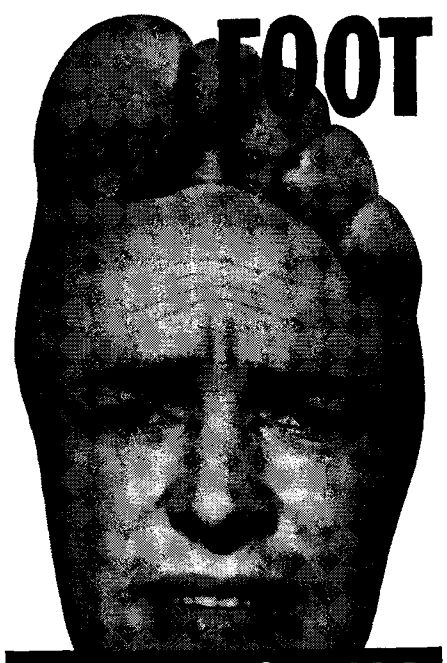
Sholomas closed his eyes, and his lips moved in silence for another moment. Then his body slid from the chair.

The two policemen laid him carefully on the pavement and one of them placed the ceremonial hat under his head. For several minutes, the crowd stood in silence looking down at the dead man lying where people walked. Some of them removed their hats, and others shivered to see, staring up from this busy street, the end of life.

As he had closed his eyes, Sholomas had dreamed of this miracle—that a Jew would be lying dead among strangers and that the night would be filled with compassion.

THE END

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT



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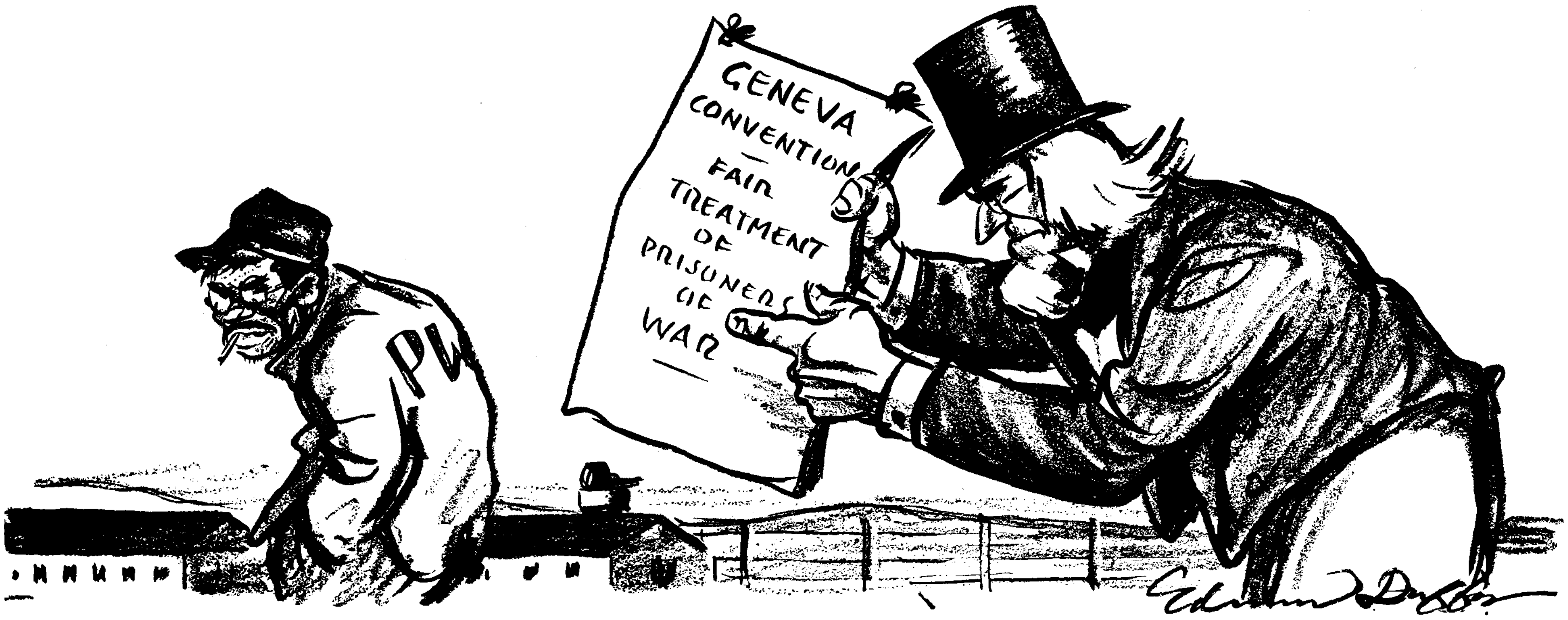
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PW

Fair Treatment of War Prisoners

THE UNITED STATES, as of this writing, has a little more than 36,000 prisoners of war within its borders—about 22,000 Germans, 14,000 Italians, and 62 Japs. Questions as to how best to treat these persons and the numerous others who we all hope will be arriving, are bound to come up.

Nobody has yet suggested an improvement on the basic principles laid down in the Geneva Convention of 1929 on proper treatment of war prisoners—decent food and quarters; officers not to be compelled to work; enlisted men to be required to do camp housekeeping and such work if necessary; modest pay rates, with provisions for sending money to prisoners' dependents; prisoners to be shielded from popular violence or ridicule.

We think it will pay us dividends in the long run to stick conscientiously to these rules, no matter what provocation to violate them may be offered us by, for the likeliest example, the Japs.

The way *not* to treat prisoners of war and enemy alien internees, however, has been vividly illustrated by the goings-on at the big Poston, Arizona, relocation center for Japs moved back from the Pacific Coast after Pearl Harbor. The Dies Committee has been digging up testimony on this matter, and it is anything but reassuring.

The core of the trouble at Poston apparently was that sob sisters and social workers (entirely okay in their proper spheres) got into this relocation center and wished on it a weepy, sentimental method of guarding and policing the internees. Self-government among the interned Japs, for instance, was widespread. The results were only what might have been expected—riots, strikes, food thefts and food waste, sabotage of important telephone lines, and so on.

That's typical American softheartedness. To repeat, this softheartedness is fine in its place, and far be it from us to urge Americans to try to become spiritually like the Nazis or the Jap war lords. But its place is not in war-prisoner camps or alien-internment centers. These institutions should be under firm though good-natured and fair military control, with sob sisters ruled all the way off the reservation and a few F.B.I. or G-2 men scattered around unobtrusively to keep tabs on probable spy activities.

It's to be hoped that the Poston episodes were the last of their kind, and that henceforth we'll manage our war prisoners and internees primarily with our heads instead of primarily with our hearts.

"Delenda est Japonia"

HALLETT ABEND, veteran Far East correspondent, adds his voice to those of others who warn of the Japanese warrior caste's long-range plans to win this war piecemeal if Japan can't win in the present round.

The Japs, according to Abend, now expect an eventual Allied victory over Hitler, at great cost. After that, they hope that war weariness will grip the United States, which by that time will be the strongest of all the Allied nations. The Jap leaders hope that American public opinion will then force some inconclusive peace dicker with Japan, to result in surrender of some of Japan's huge takings but in retention of the portions that really matter to Japan.

After that, the Jap leaders expect to build up their empire, with its great numbers of docile conquered peoples, into a huge fist to strike at the United States, say, twenty years later. The Japs, having a 2,000-year history, incline to take the long view of things.

This prognostication sounds reasonable to us. Therefore, we think that now would be a good time for Americans to begin to steel their hearts for a finish fight to the absolute defeat of Japan.

Cato the Elder (234-149 B. C.) for some eight years wound up every one of his speeches in the Roman Senate with the line *"Delenda est Carthago,"* meaning "Carthage must be destroyed."

"Delenda est Japonia" would be the best slogan we could engrave in our hearts at this stage in our history. We should keep it engraved there until the power of Japan to wage aggressive war is utterly and finally destroyed.

A Cheer for Mr. B. Ruml

AS THE tumult and the shouting over the Ruml plan merge into the tumult and the shouting over getting the nation adjusted to a partial pay-as-you-go federal income-tax system, we desire to lift a loud cheer for Beardsley Ruml.

It was Mr. Ruml, banking authority, merchandising executive and experienced economist, who just about a year ago saw the dynamite lurking in our then method of collecting federal income taxes. All federal income-tax payers were eternally in debt to the government. Virtually all wage earners, because of the necessities of war financing, were on the way to becoming income-tax payers.

The dynamite awaited at the end of the war boom, when millions of people would probably be out of jobs, at least for a while, and would be loaded down with big bills for taxes on their big wartime earnings. National disaster could result.

Ruml proposed a shift to pay-as-you-go in one simple "daylight-saving" operation. His scheme ran into political jealousy, resentment, dumbness, Henry Morgenthau and Robert L. (Muley) Doughton. It had a terrific fight in Congress; but it showed terrific staying power—because it was a sound idea.

Eventually Congress passed and the President signed a variant of Ruml's plan, whereby millions of taxpayers were shifted at once to pay-as-you-go and the rest were enabled to get fully caught up by March 15, 1945. The plan adopted was a bit on the dishonest side, since its net effect on numerous taxpayers was to increase their rates for two years without actually saying so.

Practically, though, the compromise was about as good as could be hoped for, in a country which still lets demagogues get away with far too much. Ruml started us on the way to this great improvement. We hope the taxpayers will never forget what he did for them, much as various politicians would love to have him completely forgotten.

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